

OUR  
STRENGTH AND THEIR STRENGTH.  
THE  
NORTH WEST TERRITORY,

AND  
OTHER PAPERS CHIEFLY RELATING  
TO THE  
DOMINION OF CANADA.

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BY THE REV. ÆNEAS MACDONELL DAWSON.

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# OUR STRENGTH AND THEIR STRENGTH, THE NORTH WEST TERRITORY, &c., &c., &c.

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## PREFACE.

THE matters, of which this volume treats, are, no doubt, of sufficient importance to justify an endeavour to write about them, and in such a way, as to convey useful information and excite a salutary interest in the minds of intelligent readers. But what are the matters treated of? The first limb of the title is mysterious and throws no light upon the subject. Nor is it intended that it should. The author does not conceive that it would be proper any more than it would be possible, to place everything which the book is intended to contain, on the title page. The series of letters which are entitled '*Our Strength and their Strength*,' will, it is presumed, abundantly explain and justify their heading. They have been already accepted by very competent judges, as a complete refutation of the anti-colonial views of Professor Goldwin Smith and his following in England. The fact that they have appeared in the columns of other papers of the Dominion of Canada, besides those of the Journal in which they were originally inserted by the writer, may, perhaps, be considered as corroborative of this position.

The Paper on the *North West Territory* met with a very favorable reception when published, lately, in the Literary Quarterly of St. John, N. B. The Ontario Gazetteer having also published it, and, in a very abridged form, it ought to find place in its more extended dimensions, the author conceives, in this collection. Several notes are appended, which, it is hoped, will be found to be a not unimportant addition.

The Treatise on the Poets of *British North America*, now the *Dominion of Canada*, was first communicated, in the form of a Lecture, at a Sitting of the French Canadian Literary Institute of Ottawa. Some additions, and, may it be said, improvements? have been made in the course of its preparation for the press. It is the first attempt, as far as the writer is aware, to make known our English Poets of Canada to French readers, and the Canadian authors of Poems in French to English readers, at the same time. It would appear, if some able writers may be relied on, that the attempt has not been made wholly to no purpose. "The Author," says *Le Canada*, "understanding how necessary it was to commence by restoring poetry in public estimation, made a selection from the Canadian Poets of both languages, and won for them, whether by quoting their works, or by his appreciations, the sympathy of his hearers. This is a first, and by no means an unimportant step; for, should it once come to be believed that in Canada, there are Poets worthy of being read, and should their names only become known, it is more than probable that our Parnassus would be raised to its true position in the opinion of all who possess that delicacy of feeling, without which, Poetry can never find admirers."—(*Le Canada*, 5 mai, 1868.)



The cordial greeting with which almost all the Poems, contained in this volume, have already met, encourages the writer to publish them in a more permanent form. He is not unaware that he subjects them to a severer ordeal. But he relies, at the same time, on the opinions which have been expressed by the most competent judges on this continent. The Pieces which do not relate immediately to Canadian subjects, may, for the most part, be considered Canadian on other grounds.

The *Vision at Lincluden*, for instance, cannot possibly shock the loyalty or patriotism of any true Canadian ; for, it celebrates an UNION which has promoted more than some believe, or any can express, the prosperity, power, and glory of the British Empire.

The view of *Kaministagua*, as it stood 60 years ago, which accompanies the paper on the North West Territory, cannot fail to prove interesting at the present time. The author of this collection thanks Dr. VanCortland for allowing the curious old picture to be copied.

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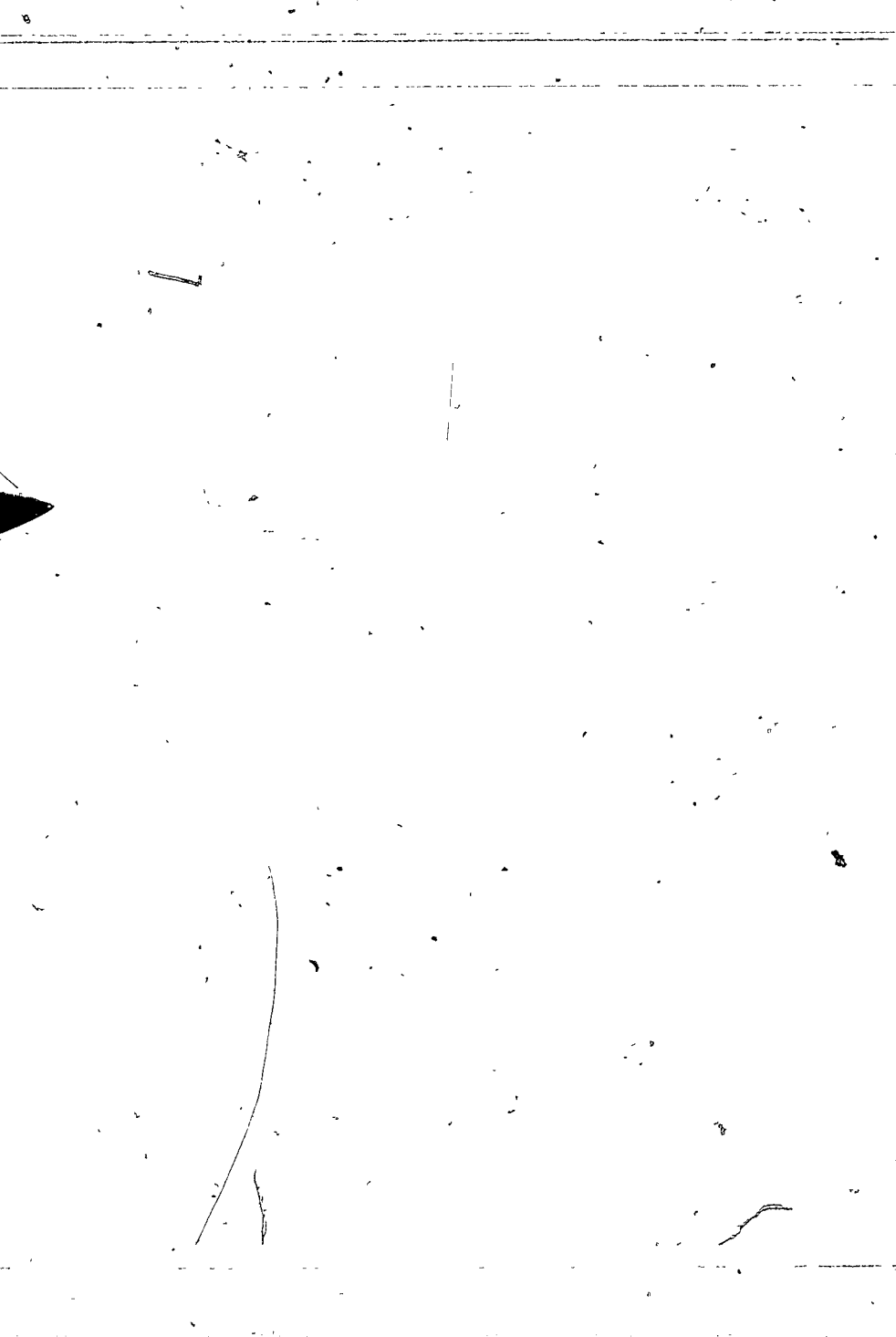
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**OUR STRENGTH AND THEIR STRENGTH.**



## PREFACE

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This title, it is believed, the following letters will be found to justify. In those portions of them, especially, where the means of defence within reach of the Canadian people, are discussed, it will be seen that their strength, although at first view and to a superficial observer, it may appear limited and unavailable, is by no means despicable, even when compared with the apparently greater power of the United States.

At the time at which these letters were written, rather more than a year ago, the fallacious theories of Professor GOLDWIN SMITH appeared to be gaining ground in England. Be this as it may, these theories were widely sustained and loudly proclaimed by the numerous following of the Utopian Professor. Within those walls, where true statesmanship ought to reign supreme, the views of the clever but inexperienced philosopher, found advocates and abettors. Such a man as the RIGHT HONORABLE ROBERT LOWE, (at this moment a Cabinet Minister), failed not to support these anticolonial notions in the House of Commons, and if the language which he employed in discoursing on them, could be relied on, gave proof that his mind was seriously imbued with opinions of a most dangerous tendency, and which, if carried into action, would materially interfere, the writer of the following letters conceives, with the integrity of the British Empire,—might even be ‘the beginning of the end,’—the immediate forerunners of impending ruin.





## LETTER FIRST.

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### THE CAPITAL OF THE CONFEDERATION.

*To the Editor of the Ottawa Times ;*

SIR,—Would you oblige some of your readers—nay, a great number of your numerous readers—by doing justice on a recent letter of Mr. Goldwin Smith, which, I observe, is finding circulation through the press of the maritime provinces? This letter may do a great deal of harm in those provinces, as there are people there, as well as everywhere else, who are accustomed to think, when they take the trouble to think at all, just as superficially as the shallow philosopher who is treating them to a more than usually copious dose of his spurious wisdom. Let it not be supposed that I am dealing too harshly with this minor light of the Oxford firmament. Only take a specimen of his recent epistle, flippant in style as it is shallow in philosophy: “The new Confederation is to have a factitious capital at Ottawa, the counterpart of the factitious capital of the United States at Washington. In the case of America, the worst results have followed from the removal of politics and public life out of the tempering influences of general society, and the direct censorship of public opinion. If there were a North American nation, Quebec—historically, and in every other respect—would be the capital.”

What does the most learned professor mean by “factitious capital?” Does he pretend that only a rich and populous city ought to be chosen for the capital of a country? If so, his notion is quite a novel one. What proofs does history afford of cities having been chosen for capitals on account of their wealth, commercial importance and numerous population? He will find many instances, on the contrary, of cities having grown great in all these respects, chiefly because they were capitals. The capital of the United States is not a case in point. It is quite exceptional. The enlight-

ened fathers of the American Union understanding their weak point, resolved that the seat of government should be remote, as much as possible, from sectional opinion as well as action, and be subject only to such influence as *public opinion*, that is, the opinion of the whole country, should bring to bear upon it. This must be considered as a legitimate influence. But it can hardly be supposed that under an ultra-democratic system, such opinion could make itself be respected, especially at a time of popular excitement, in a populous city of the new world. The voice of the real people could not be heard there. It would necessarily be stifled by the noise and confusion of strange tongues. Men having no stake in the state, adventurers from foreign lands, the reckless, the dissipated, the ruined and the desperate would on such occasions swell the chorus; empty things of every kind would sound loud. Where, then, would be opinion—anything in the shape of opinion? Public opinion—the calm, deliberate judgment of the people,—would remain unheard and unheard, if indeed, it could exist at all. But leaving aside the wise provisions of the great Washington, which it is about just as impertinent to defend as to attack, allow me, sir, a word or two, in defence of our own embryo capital. Why it should be called *factitious*, I am at a loss to understand. Is it because it had to be created as if by some sleight-of-hand, or legerdemain process for the express purpose of being the seat of Government? It existed, and in a state of tolerable prosperity, whilst all the towns of the Province were contending for the honor. It had not to be made. It was making itself rapidly, and without any view to metropolitan dignity. Its happy position at a convenient point of the Grand River, where this noble stream forms the boundary between Upper and Lower Canada, had already made it the chief mart, the resort—if not yet a very fashionable resort—the *town*, in a word, of extensive districts in both Provinces. The rich and populous county of Carleton, Upper Canada, in which it is situated, is coterminous with two great counties of Lower Canada, and it is as much practically, the capital of the county of Ottawa (L. C.) as it is of Carleton, the city of Lower Canada, as far as this Province is settled towards the North—more than a hundred miles, nearly as far in an easterly direction, and much farther towards the west, whilst there is no city nearer than Kingston that

can share with it the advantage of being the chief resort for an extensive district of Upper Canada—a district rich in agriculture, rich in commerce, and richer still in its ever-increasing and intelligent population. It is not to be wondered at, if with all these advantages the “factitious” little capital was growing even whilst it had no other pretension as yet than to be the capital of its own county. During the decennial period which ended 1860, its population had been more than doubled. The census taken that year shows that its increase was one hundred per cent. The resources of the district—a third part of Canada—of both Canadas—all Central Canada, in a word, which resorts to Ottawa as its chief town, are incalculably great. Much had been said about the extravagance of Canadian statesmen in expending so much of the funds of the country on the erection of the magnificent and costly edifices which now adorn the City of Ottawa. A member\* of the Legislative Council, not unconnected with the interests of the “factitious” capital, and whose name you may mention if it seem good to you, Mr. Editor, for it is deserving of the most honourable mention, at once put an end to this noxious talk, by stating in his place in the Senate, that the duties arising from one branch of the trade of the district more immediately connected with Ottawa, would suffice to defray in six years, the whole of the extravagant expenditure which was to weigh down and crush the entire country for generations. Clamour and misrepresentation are at all times pernicious things; and the better it is for the peace and prosperity of the community, the sooner those stubborn fellows called facts, receive orders to achieve their overthrow.

“If British North America were a nation,” continues Mr Smith, “Quebec (not Ottawa) historically and in every other respect, would be the Capital.” Now, what has Quebec to do *historically* with Upper Canada? Comparatively little. In the days of the Hurons and Iroquois and Algonquins, Quebec had indeed some claim to be looked to from Upper Canada. Yet it was beheld with no friendly eye by those tribes who saw nothing beyond a hostile camp within the walls where their powerful enemy had established his dominion. What has the Upper Canada of to-day in

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\* The Honorable James Skead.

common with the Upper Canada of the Indian tribes and the early French immigrants sparsely and insecurely scattered throughout the Province? It is no longer the same Canada; it is no longer the same people. The hunting grounds of the aboriginal savage have given place to cultivated and teeming fields; the aborigines themselves have made way for an entirely new population—a highly civilized population which possesses a capital of its own within its own borders, and which has never been taught either by historical associations, or by actual political relations to look upon Quebec as the ruling city by which its future destinies were to be guided. Let me not however be supposed to consider that the Upper Canada of to-day, and its people are without historical associations, their existence as a people, their social and political being are closely interwoven with such associations, associations compared with which the most ancient epoch of Quebec history is but as a tale of yesterday. In regard to Lower Canada Quebec has some pretensions, and they will be respected. But Quebec has a rival in the city of Montreal—a rival as regards the Empire of Lower Canada. But in what concerns the Upper or Western Province, Montreal is even as Quebec without the shadow of a claim. A place must therefore be sought that would prove equally suitable—equally unobjectionable to both Provinces—a place not connected with the one Province more than with the other, by any historical or any strong social tie. The history of Canada as an united nation, is all in the future, so ought to be the history of its capital, and why should not Canada be a nation, Professor G. Smith's annexation theories notwithstanding? The learned Professor must have failed to observe that he is laboring to impress the world with a very unfavorable idea of his friends (and why should I not also say our friends?) of the American Union, when he represents them as incapable of keeping friendship with any people who have not chosen to adopt institutions exactly similar to their own. I do not believe that they are so bad as this. At all events, whatever may be their shortcomings in this respect, they are not, surely, so great as to be proof against the well-meant exhortations of so learned a professor, so eloquent a writer, and such a warm friend of American Democracy as Prof. Goldwin Smith. Let him, therefore, exhort them to good neighbourhood. It may avail them.

They are in strictest amity with the absolute rule of Russia,—Democracy with Autocracy! Why not some little friendship, too, with a people who have taken to themselves a Constitutional Monarchy as the golden mean? Apply your wisdom, Professor Smith, your eloquence, your American sympathies. They will be better employed than in lecturing us Canadians into notions of annexation, democracy or any thing extreme, of which, at this present time, whatever may be our hallucinations in the future, we have not the faintest, remotest shadow of the shadow of a dream.

NEMO.

Ottawa, 3rd April, 1867.

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LETTER SECOND.

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PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH VS. THE BRITISH NORTH  
AMERICAN COLONIES IN GENERAL AND THEIR UNION  
IN PARTICULAR.

*To the Editor of the Ottawa Times:*

SIR,—The hostility of a learned Professor of Oxford to the British North American Colonies, or to any British Colonies, appears to me quite unaccountable. But this hostility once given, opposition to the union of these colonies is no longer matter for surprise. Union is strength. The enemies of the colonies, therefore must cry it down. It would be consoling to these gentlemen, if not indeed so encouraging to the friends of the colonies, if Prof. Smith had been able to adduce anything like an argument in support of his theory. "For my part," says he, "I have long ceased to believe that British North America will ever form an united and separate state." What will be in the distant future, it lies not with you or me or any man to foretell, most learned Professor. But there is no question at present of the British North American colonies forming a *separate State*. All that they aspire to is that they should be as one people, in connection with their father-land. If at some period more or

less remote, they do not form a great and powerful State, it will not be as Prof. Smith supposes, because they do not possess the elements of national strength and prosperity. Any one who has seen the Provinces of British North America will certainly demur to the Professor's assertion that their "territory is both too straggling and too poor," to form a nation. This territory, indeed, presents a rather extended frontier line, but within this line there is a vast country possessing all but impregnable natural defences, and extending as far towards the north as settlement is possible. On one side only, could it have, in any conceivable circumstances, to meet the attack of an invader. On this one side, no doubt, there are extensive lakes—inland seas—and a broad river, which might facilitate the approach of a hostile armament. But, it cannot be forgotten that these same waters afford equally great facilities for defence to a people who know the value of their country, and are both able and willing to defend it. At many places along the frontier line, nature has placed barriers in the shape of extensive deserts, quite as hard to traverse as the steppes of Russia, where so many brave subjects of the Tzar found a grave when marching to defend Sebastopol. A perusal of Major Dennison's account of the Fenian campaign of last year will show that obstacles to invasion far less formidable than these inhospitable regions, cannot be so easily surmounted. It would require a military genius to discourse lucidly on such matters. But if the long robe of Oxford meddles with them, why should not other civilians? Let some military men of established reputation come forward and tell us that our Provinces are indefensible, and we shall try to wait patiently until our people put their learning to the test. Notwithstanding the great length of our frontier line, Canada is not so assailable as are almost all the countries of Europe, which, however, pretend to be nations, and hold to maintaining their independence. The British Isles themselves have more boundary line than all the colonized Provinces of British North America, and this boundary line *might* be approached at any season of the year. And yet the Emperor Napoleon although he had an admirable choice of places for landing an *invincible* army, along the whole of the channel coast, the entire eastern shore,—something more than a thousand miles from the Nore to the remote Shetlands, along the

western from Land's End to Dunnet Head,—1400 miles at least, or on any part of the coast line, 3112 miles of Britain proper, or on some point of the far extending shores of Ireland, never dared to carry his cherished scheme into execution. Russia, too, at a time when it was her interest to reduce the strength of a powerful adversary, *might* have landed an army—there was no want of men or good will—after a few hours' pleasant sailing on any part of those British shores with which her mercantile marine is so familiar. But the capability for defence does not depend upon a frontier line which nature has made more or less defensible. Powerful and conquering nations have always been able to find access to the countries which they were bent on acquiring. No mountain range save one,\* or stormy ocean ever checked the advance of all grasping Rome. Why did Russia fall back from before the defenceless walls of Constantinople, whilst she could penetrate into the fastnesses of Circassia, which were deemed impregnable? And more recently still, how came the quadrilateral to be no protection to one portion of the Austrian dominions, whilst another found no effectual defence in the mountain passes of Bohemia? Time only will show who is to be the power, and the conquering power, on the continent of America—whether the more enervated and ease-loving Southern, or the hardy pioneer from Northern Europe, who hews for himself a home out of the woods of the north. But it may be that happier destinies than those of war and conquest are in store. We live in a better epoch; and it may also happen that the generations that are to succeed us, will improve still further on the growing wisdom of our day, and learn to subdue the only enemies with which, let us hope, they shall have to contend—those enemies which nature herself has given in the climate of the new world—its winter's cold and its parching summer heat—its dense forests and its rugged surface, which yield only to hard, indomitable, persevering toil.

Does Prof. Smith hold that Canada is a "straggling" country, because its boundary line does not happen to be a straight line? It is continuous and well defined. But within it the country is only sparsely settled, waste and uncultivated regions intervening between the settlements. If this be the learned Professor's idea, it is founded on erroneous infor-

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\* *Mons Grampius*—the Grampian Mountains

mation—on such information as may have been once correct, but which now finds its fitting place in the antiquarian department of his college library. Generally there is continuity of settlement, wherever there is settlement at all. Newly arrived colonists do not seem to relish the idea of having extensive forests and uncultivated tracts between them and the parts of the country which are already inhabited. True, the country is better settled near the frontier than in the interior. But it must be remembered that no Canadian settlement is as yet of very ancient date. It was natural that the lands stretching along the St. Lawrence and the lakes, should be first occupied. And these lands are so well populated now, that settlement, as a matter of necessity, is pushed every year more and more into the interior of the country. With the exception of the hewers of wood who sometimes cut out a farm for themselves in the midst of the forest, Canadian colonists, with a degree of wisdom not unlike that which guides an army when advancing against a hostile territory, instead of going singly or in *straggling* parties, to seek new possessions, thus exposing themselves to wild beasts and all the difficulties and dangers and discomfort of an isolated existence, proceed in a compact body to the conquest of the rugged but fertile wilderness. Although venturing on the use of figurative language, which learned Professors may tell me is not suitable for an epistle, I do not mean to say that on any given day, or in any particular year, legions of settlers may be seen axe in hand, marching in serried array against the pine trees and the wolves, but simply that township is in course of being added to township, each new settlement being contiguous to, or very nearly so, as a general rule, to a part of the country already cultivated.

I must now, Mr Editor, take a little rest. But if you kindly allow me, I shall return to my task and shew that much poorer countries than Canada have enjoyed a national existence. Why should I not persevere in vindicating facts so well known in these Provinces, even if my persistence should cause the Professor to cry out, like the one-eyed giant of Homeric story,—“no man hurteth me.”

Your faithful servant,

NEMO.

Ottawa, April 7, 1867.



## LETTER THIRD.

THE RT. HONBLE. ROBT. LOWE, M. P., AT WAR WITH THE  
B. N. A. COLONIES.

*To the Editor of the Ottawa Times:*

SIR,—Allow me to defer for a few days any further remarks in reply to the sophisms and misstatements of Prof. Goldwin Smith, in order that I may bestow a few moments on a more important enemy of the British North American Colonies. A member of the British House of Commons—Mr. Lowe—said, not long ago, in replying to Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Carnarvon, the Right. Hon. Mr. Cardwell and other gentlemen, who recommended the making of an Intercolonial Railway as well as an union of these provinces: “This plan of inducing the colonies by persuasion and by the influence of a loan of public money, to enter into a particular form of government is fraught with this evil, that we represent ourselves to them and to the world as taking a peculiar interest in the manner in which they choose to regulate their internal affairs and their relations with America. Now that we have given them self-government, let them manage their affairs their own way, and don’t make ourselves responsible for the manner in which they regulate their foreign relations. The management of our own affairs is quite sufficient for us, without our mixing ourselves up in matters with which we have no concern, and over which we do not for a moment profess to exercise the slightest control.” The Hon. member must have drawn largely on his imagination when he spoke of “*a plan for inducing the colonies to enter into a particular form of Government.*” For so matter-of-fact a man as Mr. Lowe, this must have required no inconsiderable effort. And yet the idea is entirely ascribable to his inventive powers. For it is not yet beyond our recollection that the scheme of uniting the Provinces of British North America was conceived in these provinces, adopted by the leading men of both parties in the State, and urged by them on the attention of the Imperial Government. Even whilst Mr. Lowe was delivering in the House of Commons,

his idea of "a plan for inducing by money and persuasion the North American Colonies to enter into a particular form of Government," there were still in London several members of the delegation which had been sent to induce the British Parliament to enact the form of government in question. If this measure met with unanimous approval, we are struck indeed, with the wonderful concurrence of opinion between the statesmen of Great Britain and those of the North American Colonies, between the Imperial Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures, but we fail to discover anything like the *plan* of which Mr. Lowe complains. What money was required, what persuasion was wanting to induce the colonies to enter into a form of government which their legislatures had already decided upon adopting, and which, through their duly accredited delegates, they formally asked the general legislature to sanction?

Mr. Lowe proceeds to say that by inducing the Colonies to enter into a particular form of government "we (the members of the British House of Commons) represent ourselves to them and to the world as taking a peculiar interest in the manner in which they choose to regulate their internal affairs and their relations with America." One would suppose on reading these words, that the honourable member was speaking of some other country than a British colony. If, indeed, there were question of a foreign state, it would be highly indecorous that British statesmen and legislators should interest themselves in its internal affairs and foreign relations. But in the case of a colony that has grown up under the fostering care of the parent land, it would be strange, indeed, if the rulers of that land took no great interest in its affairs. It would become them so to interest themselves if it were only from motives of philanthropy, the greater and the richer, and the more powerful encouraging and aiding those who are weaker as yet, less wealthy and less important. But how much more must it not appear to be the duty of the mother country to intervene, on all fitting occasions, in the affairs of the colony, when it is remembered that that colony does not stand in the position of a poor relation, but being an integral portion of the empire, has claims that cannot be set aside. How important are not her colonies to Great Britain! Does Mr. Lowe consider that they ought to be abandoned, and that the British people ought to be satis-

fied to remain pent up within their sea-girt islands? Does he forget that they are essentially a maritime people—a manufacturing and a commercial people? They must, therefore, have ships, and trade, and materials to supply their manufacturing wants. But all these things are not derived from the British North American colonies. No, indeed. But on the same principle, Australia and New Zealand, the West Indian possessions and even India itself, must also be abandoned. And yet, how useful—how necessary—are not all these countries, especially in great emergencies, to a land that has outgrown its agricultural supplies, and must rely for the sustenance of her people, on her largely developed industrial resources, and her vast trade which, chiefly through her colonies, extends to every clime? But, could not the British, influential as they are, establish commercial relations with foreign countries? Do they not already enjoy such relations? It must, however, be observed that all such relations are dependent on the good will of the people with whom they are or may be established.

If nations that are now jealous of Britain's power and glory, beheld her shorn of her colonies, would they not soon give her to understand that she had commenced a downward course? Would they show themselves so willing as they generally are at present, to cultivate with her friendly trade relations? Is it not possible even that a coalition might be formed according to the pattern of that "continental system," by which the mighty Bonaparte baffled in the field, hoped to humble the pride of his pertinacious adversary? Neutrality in time of war within any foreign State, or of war between two or more foreign States, might not avail us. During the civil war that raged so long in the American Union, where, but for a colony, would have been an important branch of commerce, the cotton trade, which is essential to numerous populations both in England and Scotland? True, but this colony was India. India therefore must be retained, even although it should be manifest to the whole world, that British legislators *interest themselves in her internal affairs as well as in her relations with foreign States*. Canada did not supply cotton in the emergency alluded to. Let the Dominion of Canada, therefore, be severed from the Empire. Agreed. But how is the operation of severing it to be achieved? Only two ways are possible. It must either be

given up in compliance with the wishes of its people, or it must be ceded to violence. The former way it will be time to consider when the people express their desire for such a severance. The latter would indicate inferiority, decadence, downfall. It will be remembered that when Rome could no longer defend her most distant possessions, the enemy were not far from the heart of her power. As soon as her smallest colony could declare itself independent in defiance of her authority, nation after nation threw off the yoke, until the Huns, the Goths and the Vandals rushed like a whelming avalanche on the renowned city, that had boasted herself so long the mistress of the world. But it is not the pride of Empire or of conquest, but only utility by which the British people ought to be actuated. They can therefore, well afford, without any diminution of their national glory, to rid themselves of certain colonies which are more expensive than they are useful. Without admitting that this could be done—that British prestige would not be lessened if the Dominion of Canada were severed, is there nothing to be said on the ground of utility? Suppose the severance effected, our ships and our commerce both on the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, would be wholly at the mercy of a rival power. This power, as is well known, is somewhat jealous of our greatness. In the event of a cessation of the present friendly relations,—a calamity with which we earnestly hope humanity will not be visited in our day, but the possibility of which we must nevertheless, contemplate, what supplies of any kind could we derive from any portion of the American continent? The State with which we should be at variance, would of course afford none. The greater part of North America (not including the United States), which is at present so willing, so anxious to serve us, would likewise be under the necessity of refusing its aid. But after all, in case of famine at home, what would such aid avail us? To all who know the productiveness of the British American Colonies, the reply is obvious. No doubt, English gold could purchase largely from other nations, but only in the event that they were willing to sell. National jealousies, the idea of protecting trade, war, famine, “continental systems” might prevail. In these colonies, only one of the evils alluded to, could by any possibility exist. It would be a strange,—although a possible coincidence, if scarcity extended over British

America at the same time as in the British Islands. But in countries the productions and the industries of which are so varied, famine can hardly be supposed. Among the grain producing lands of the world, the Dominion of Canada ranks the fifth, and many parts of it are unequalled. The distribution of genial rain over its surface, and its unrivalled sunshine offer a sure reward to the toils of the husbandman. It abounds in cattle, sheep and horses. This was well shown when the immense demand by America immediately after the war, and up to the time of the expiry of the Reciprocity Treaty, could only raise somewhat the price of beef for a few weeks. Its numerous lakes and rivers swarm with all varieties of fresh water fish. Its extensive Atlantic coast possesses the largest and most productive fishing grounds in the world, not excepting the far-famed dogger bank of Northern Europe. I should exceed the limits of a letter if I were to speak of the vast and varied mineral wealth of British North America. It may be that the iron mines of Sweden shall fail, or be closed against the British people, but from Canada may be drawn an endless supply of iron ore yielding 80 per cent. of the purest metal; and steel, such as has never been seen or manufactured even at Sheffield. With the barest mention of the gold, copper and other metals which abound, it may be at once stated that the coal-fields of Nova Scotia and the North-West Territory may one day prove to be a source of wealth and long continued national greatness, when the coal mines of England are exhausted. What with steam navigation, the vast railway system, the want of anything like an adequate supply of firewood in old England, the time might come when her people would bitterly regret having listened to the baseless theories of such enemies of the colonies as the right honorable Robert Lowe, M. P. and Professor G. Smith. For the sake of this one commodity of coal, it might be expedient, still for some time, that British statesmen should *interest themselves both in the home and foreign relations* of these promising and ever growing colonies. Favored they are indeed, with self-government, but which is not apart from or independent of the government of the good and dear old Fatherland. And until they can treat directly with foreign powers, to do which is beyond the privilege of any colony, the mother country will continue, not, it may be presumed, without the

permission of the Hon. Member—Mr. Lowe (she has already the good leave of an overwhelming majority of his fellow-members) to bear this burthen for them, and to regulate, as a sense of duty shall direct, *their relations with foreign powers, even with the neighboring power of the American Union.* The Hon. Member must bear to be told that such things are the affairs of the British people, as much as any other matter which nearly concerns them, and that over these same affairs the British Parliament exercises, and for some time [probably will continue to exercise very considerable and legitimate control.

I have not yet done with the right honorable Robert Lowe, M. P. But I dare say you will have no objections, Mr. Editor, to allow me to have done writing for the moment, my epistle being already, I fear, too long for your columns. A friend in New Brunswick wishes to hear what I have to say about Mr. Lowe and his anti-colonial doctrines: so, as soon as you have a little space, I shall return to the charge.

I am faithfully, &c., &c.,

NEMO.

Ottawa, April 29th, 1867.

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#### LETTER FOURTH.

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THE RIGHT HONORABLE ROBERT LOWE, M. P., STILL AT WAR—THE COLONIES DETERMINED TO GIVE HIM NO QUARTER.

To the Editor of the Ottawa Times;

SIR,—Having mentioned in my letter of 29th April, that a friend in New Brunswick desires to know my opinion of the anti-colonial and anti-British views lately expressed in Parliament by Mr. Lowe, I shall offer no further apology for asking once more a little space in your columns.

The honorable member having advised his fellow members to leave the British American Colonies entirely to them-

selves, as if they were something with which the British people have no concern, proceeds to find fault with the admirable plan which has been adopted with a view to increasing the strength and prosperity of these provinces. He considers, and I dare say, he sincerely considers, although it struck me at first that there was something like affectation in what he said, that the union of the British North American Colonies as recently decided on by the British Legislature, "is a sort of challenge or defiance to the United States." In the days of knight errantry, perhaps the confederation of several neighboring States or Provinces would have borne the appearance of a challenge. But in our sober times, when so great a portion of mankind hold the opinion that a much greater measure of national as well as individual happiness may be enjoyed by cultivating the arts of peace, than by sacking towns and devastating fields, a few provinces which besides, cannot be suspected of aggressive views, may be allowed to concur in adopting some plan for increasing their resources, their trade, their wealth, and even for mutual defence, without being accused of throwing down the gauntlet to a neighboring country. If any people of the United States, as well as Mr. Lowe, should happen to view the confederation of the provinces in the light of a challenge, as an union set up as a rival to their greater and now long established union, Canadians are prepared to undeceive them. But why should it be necessary to say that no such challenge, no such rivalry is meant? Must every householder who makes improvements in his dwelling in order to increase his comfort and that of his family give an account of all that he does to his neighbors, and explain to them the objects he has in view, lest they should suspect him of some sinister intention towards them?

A New York journal lately anticipated the answer which all Canadians are ready to give when it cordially congratulated them on the means which they so wisely have had recourse to, in order to increase their resources and their happiness, whilst they established at the same time a new safeguard for the continuance of rational liberty on the American continent. Such is also, I hesitate not to affirm, the opinion of the great majority of the American people. It would be unfair to form a judgment from the rash utterances lately delivered in the Congress of the United States,

this Assembly being composed in great measure of very youthful and inexperienced members. Mr. Lowe, even, must acknowledge that there is a wide difference between defiance and defence. It is the privilege of the weakest and the most humble to have recourse to the latter, whilst the former does not always become the powerful and the strong. If we look to the animal creation, from which we are taught to learn many useful lessons, we shall find that the least and most contemptible are gifted with means of defence which are proof against the strongest. Now, without wishing to insinuate any comparison of these provinces with the hedge hog, or with that other not over beautiful Canadian animal which, by diffusing around itself anything but a pleasant fragrance, puts its boldest enemies to flight, I will say that this country is entitled to defence, is privileged to possess defence, and that, moreover, it may avail itself of its powers of defence, and that too, as far as need may be, without giving any reasonable cause of offence to any neighbor, however sensitive. As soon as any community is organised and comes to possess political institutions, it necessarily sets about providing the means of defending those institutions, and it so acts when in the neighborhood of powerful states, as well as when surrounded only by provinces or countries that are not more powerful than itself. If it neglected such measures, it would be despised, and not without cause. But in providing for their own defence, the smallest states acquire a title to the respect of the greatest and most formidable, and by means of their alliances, as well as by the energy and national spirit of which they give proof, secure for themselves a position which, in the event of new arrangements consequent on wars or diplomatic negotiations, must always be considered. Defence, therefore, is very far from being defiance. And if in the case of Canada, it were so viewed, we should only be convinced that it ought to be all the more effective and available.

It is difficult to imagine how it could have occurred to Mr. Lowe that the Canadians, by taking measures for their defence against any possible enemy, place themselves in a hostile attitude towards their neighbours of the United States. There is no war, or rumor of war, with those States. On the contrary, we hear of nothing but friendly relations. Are not Canadians, who go to push their fortune in the



United States, made welcome there? And do we not behold every day citizens of the United States coming to Canada with a view to improve their fortunes? And who among the Canadians ever finds fault with his American neighbors for investing their capital in Canadian enterprise, or for applying their industry in the improvement of a country—the resources of which are as yet only partially developed? Many Americans in the hard and trying time of their internal troubles, must have rejoiced that there was another dominion than their own, on the continent of America. And it argues not a little in favor of the absence of any hostile feeling towards them, that so great a number of their citizens, when compelled by the misfortunes of war, to abandon their homes, found shelter and hospitality on the soil of Canada. Nor was it from sympathy with one side more than another, that this hospitality was bestowed. Opinion was divided as regarded the cause of variance in the United States. And I think it is not too much to affirm that when an American came within our borders, whether on business or for the sake of a temporary home, the question was never asked him whether he were of the North or of the South. It was the privilege of Canada, as a free State, to receive both. And it would not have become her to repel the members of one party in order to win the favor of the other. It is no proof surely of any want of good neighborhood, that the Canadians showed themselves inclined to renew the Reciprocity Treaty which had proved so beneficial to both countries. I cannot help entertaining the belief that the American people generally, especially those amongst them whose interests are connected with trade, would have been glad to see the treaty renewed, and that the plan for renewing it was only defeated by some politicians who may yet live to see the error of their way. Commercial relations have not ended, however, with the treaty. And surely the determination of the two people to trade with one another under *difficulties*, does not prove any nascent hostility.

It is fitting, nevertheless, that the means of defence should be increased as our population increases, and in proportion to the development of our agricultural and industrial resources. Whatever provision, therefore, may be made for defence under the new order of things its development will be gradual, and it must be a long time before it could

be interpreted even as an appearance of hostility or defiance.

But in vain shall we protest against war and hostile intent, whilst men in Mr. Lowe's position drive us whether we will or not, into hostilities, declaring openly in the British Parliament, that our object in uniting the Provinces is *not defence against aggression*, but that "*we are setting them up as a rival to America.*" No wonder if the assembled Commons received this utterance with cries of "no, no." Notwithstanding this energetic denial of his charge, Mr. Lowe continues to discourse upon it as if it were well founded, and then proceeds to descant most learnedly on "*the absurdity of thinking that we can defend these colonies against any attack by the United States.*" There is no question, not the remotest rumor of such an attack. But granting it for argument's sake, does Mr. Lowe pretend that the British Empire would be unable to repel it? An invasion of Canada by the Americans would necessarily be the result of a quarrel either with the Canadian or the Imperial Government. We cannot suppose so wise and considerate a people as the Americans plunging without cause, into the expenses and the horrors of war. A quarrel with the Canadians would be of their own seeking, and they would not think of provoking such a quarrel unless they had a view to the annexation of Canada. That they trouble themselves about such a thing is more than I can believe, and there are many reasons, which so acute a people cannot fail to see, for thinking that it is more conducive to the general well-being and happiness, that so large a continent as that of North America should be divided into several States or nations. Only think of Europe all under one Government! And yet the idea of such unity has more than once entered into the dreams of men. It has been realised, too; but only for a moment. Charlemagne wisely divided the empire of Europe. Louis XIV. never could win it. Napoleon gained it, but only to see it scattered to the winds. America must appear, when its geography is considered, still less fitted to form one undivided dominion. No doubt, if the Canadians saw that the only safety for themselves and their free institutions was to be found in annexation to the United States, they would be the warmest advocates of such annexation. But they will surely fail to be so, whilst they behold in their present relations a stronger and

more permanent guarantee for constitutional government and the liberties of the people than any for which they could exchange it. The objects which the British North American Colonies are anxious to promote, by uniting in one dominion, are liberty through constitutional government, national prosperity and happiness, but by no means *rivalry*, far less *defiance*. The advantages for which we strive, the Americans hold in honor. They cannot, therefore, quarrel with us for endeavoring to secure them. And we shall be careful to give them no other cause of quarrel. There are several reasons why we should believe that the Americans will not seek to be at variance with their Canadian neighbors. One or two of these I shall now state as briefly as possible. In the first place the American people have too much sense to think of raising a quarrel with us without any provocation on our part. If they did so, it could only be for the sake of playing for a while at the melancholy game of war. Now, it appears to me that they are a people who with ever such great resources, would only resolve on a state of war when it became absolutely necessary. Their prosperity and happiness depend on their agricultural, industrial and commercial pursuits. War requires that all these should be seriously interfered with, if not completely abandoned. If not for a mere point of honor, they might, however, determine on war for the sake of territory. This is equally improbable and unworthy of so great a people. Have they not already more territory than they can occupy or utilize for generations to come? Are the resources of all their States as yet thoroughly developed? And how many "territories" do they not possess, in which colonization is scarcely commenced? If, besides, they wanted more territory, they could purchase it; and this would be cheaper than going to war for it. Of this there could be no better judges than the Americans themselves. For of late years they have transacted business in both ways. They know to a cent, what the extensive Northern region which they purchased, the other day, from Russia, cost. They have also reckoned what their recent war expenses amount to. But before they pay the reckoning, they must groan for many years to come, under the heavy burthen of their immense national debt. In a friendly spirit, we may be allowed to express the hope that in the succeeding years in which they shall have to bear this weighty

charge, the people of some of the most fertile States will not meet with such difficulties as they have to contend with this present year. Their debt at the conclusion of the war amounted to the large sum of \$2,366,000,000 in gold. In the course of the nineteen months or so, that have elapsed since the war, a time upon the whole not unfavorable to the collection of revenue, it has been reduced by \$6,000,000, still leaving as the national burden the enormous amount of \$2,360,000,000 in gold. The reduction is a great, a noble effort. But it appears small, indeed, when compared with the heavy reckoning which must be provided for in years to come. A clever paper of the United States finds fault with Mr. Gladstone for dilating upon the "*rapid* reduction" of this debt. And not without reason; for however laudable the effort as regards the country, it appears less considerable when compared with the ponderous balance which remains. The danger of increasing rather than diminishing this debt, is surely a subject for the gravest consideration.

In case my correspondent in New Brunswick should think that I am concluding this letter somewhat abruptly as orators sometimes commence an oration by what is called an *exordium ex abrupto*, you will please do me the favor, Mr. Editor, to say, that on an early day, I propose considering the possibility of a war in which Canada should be involved, arising out of some difference between Great Britain and the United States. You may add that I intend to put the question boldly to Mr. Lowe, whether in such a case, he would consider the idea of defending Canada, "*the most ridiculous and chimerical that can possibly be.*"

I am your faithful servant,

NEMO.

Ottawa, May 7th, 1867.

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## LETTER FIFTH.

ANTI-COLONIAL WAR—ANOTHER ASSAULT BY THE RIGHT  
HON. MR. LOWE, M. P.

*To the Editor of the Ottawa Times :*

SIR,—Consideration for your space, which is so valuable, induced me to conclude rather abruptly the other day, my remarks in reply to the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe's anti-Canadian speech in the House of Commons. I had considered one of the two ways in which I conceive it possible that Canada might come to be engaged in war, a war purely on account of this colony itself, whether provoked by the Canadians or waged against them without provocation. I think I may take credit to myself for having given due weight to the improbability of any such provocation proceeding from a people who are wholly intent on promoting the improvement of their country, its prosperity and their own happiness without interfering in the affairs of other nations. But I omitted to say how an unprovoked attack, as I think I have good reason to believe, would be met. Such an attack, if successful, would place the country under foreign domination, an evil which no people have ever willingly borne. That it would be resisted, therefore, any one who knows the spirit and mind of the Canadians will at once acknowledge. But the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe says it would be "*ridiculous and chimerical to think of defending Canada.*" The attempt would certainly be made, however; and in the event of such a war, as I suppose, the defence would be "*pro aris et focis,*"—for happy homes and altars free. A people engaged in such a cause cannot easily be defeated. In such wars it is not numbers that prevail, nor discipline even, nor superior weapons of offence. In no case can it be more truly said, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Let a people be sufficiently numerous to possess even the smallest organized force that can take the field, and unjust aggression, unprovoked invasion, will not be found to be so very profitable a speculation, even by the richest and most powerful nation. We cannot fail to remem-

ber with what powerful energy and success, ancient Greece, while she yet appreciated liberty, and deserved it, contended against the more numerous and well appointed hosts of Persia. Greece was only a small and insignificant country, as regarded extent of territory, resources and population, compared to the Persian Empire. And that Empire was a warlike and conquering power. The Greeks, nevertheless, so dreaded the evils of foreign rule, that, as is well known, they nobly fought for their independence and maintained it. But do I compare our people, inexperienced as they are in the art of war, to the warriors and heroes of ancient Greece? Inasmuch as their cause would be the same, their love of liberty as great, their homes as happy, and their altars as sacred, the comparison is appropriate and well deserved. ~~Invasion would render it complete; each new attack would improve their military skill, and heroes would arise on every battle-field. The determination to be free would increase with increasing difficulties. Better, would each one say, as he marched to the field of strife, better by far that we should have toil, and contention, and danger, for a time, even for generations, than be subject forever, to the galling yoke that conquerors are wont to impose.~~

"Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though often lost, is ever won."

A people inured to war and possessing vast resources might indeed invade these Provinces, might even obtain successes, but final success, never. Provided that the people who have adopted union as their watchword, remain united, and continue to be animated by that love of liberty which has already won for them so much respect, they may defy the world in arms. What experience in war had the Muscovite as yet, when he undertook the defence of his country against the warrior Swede? He had no other resource, it may be truly said, than his determination to be free. And as he fought and bled for liberty, he learned from his formidable enemy the art of war, and snatched from him the power to conquer. Was it numbers, was it great resources, was it even any marvellous skill in war, that enabled Venice to resist and maintain her independence, against the numerous, or rather innumerable armies that overthrew the

Roman Empire? She possessed a few ships it is true, some able seamen, a compact band of brave soldiers, and she beheld without dismay the ruin which spread its terrors all around her.

These Provinces also possess a few ships. They are able to build more, and until they could do so, that Fleet which has not yet been swept from off the seas, would lend its aid, notwithstanding any serious objections which might be made by the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe. It would not wait to ask his leave. But as in the case of the invasion of British America, which was attempted last year, it would do its duty. It is sometimes enquired where this Navy is to be found. The enemies of the country without, and the marplots within, maintain that it is nowhere. What, though there may be some ships about the West Indies, or in the distant East, of what service would they be, in the event of any great and sudden danger? Public men, by suggesting such questions, fail in their aim, fail to bring the country to undervalue and neglect the colonies. They only throw the enemy off their guard. Last year when certain filibusters assembled in numbers at Eastport, in the State of Maine, and hoped to make an easy prey of a British Province, the first object which they beheld between them and their intended victim, was a formidable representation, in the shape of a well appointed war ship, of that Fleet, which, they had flattered themselves, was invisible. This Fleet also, which, it is so often and so absurdly insisted on is never ready in any emergency, showed its colours in the St. Lawrence, caused some of its first-class ships to penetrate as far as Quebec and Montreal, and covered our lakes with gun-boats. Meanwhile, how was the British army engaged? Only *a few thousand men could be sent.*, says the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe, to the assistance of Canada. Without admitting the position, why send more, when a few thousands are equal to the work in hand? But why limit the number? When an Empire is threatened whether the attack be directed against the members or the head, does it not become her to put forth her strength? And if in 1815, when the population and the resources of Great Britain were nothing like what they are to-day, she could call into the field more than a million of native troops, and if in 1815, when the caged Eagle escaped, she could, in the course of a few weeks; summon to arms no fewer than

600,000 men and vote large sums to subsidize the armies of her allies, what could she not, what would she not accomplish, if invaded by any formidable power? And it would suffice, if we do not greatly misunderstand the spirit which, although it may sleep, is certainly not extinct, to cause a demonstration of her latent strength, that her honor should be assailed in her remotest and most insignificant dependency, as much as if it were attacked on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Ganges or the Thames. But what was done in 1866, when Canada and her institutions, which she holds so dear, were threatened? Was there any proof given of that indifference to the welfare of the Colonies, which some Honorable and Right Honorable Members of Parliament are constantly inculcating? If, however, on that occasion the brave Canadian volunteers were sustained by regular troops it was because nothing less was contemplated by the enemy than the overthrow of the British Empire itself. It is difficult to conceive a serious invasion of any part of an Empire that does not aim at the destruction of that Empire. But, in many respects, the affair of last year, bore the character of such filibustering expeditions as have been got up from time to time, by the redundant and more turbulent portions of the population of the United States against neighboring countries. It owed its origin, also, to an undefinable hatred of the British name which as it is not conceivable on any principles known to ordinary mortals, and does not appear to be founded on any merely sublunary motive, must be classed among those sentiments that are essentially transcendental and sublime. Such sentiments are beyond the reach of our humble sphere. And yet there is but a step between these very exalted things and the ridiculous. This became tolerably manifest when they resolved themselves into the idea and the endeavor to give liberty to a people who enjoy as much, if not more, of this excellent gift, than any other people on the face of the earth.

The attempt at invasion by a set of people who pretended to aim at the emancipation of the Canadians can hardly be called a war on account of Canada itself, although, indeed, it does not appear that they would have had any objections to possess the land, if we may judge from the partition which they made of its finest estates in anticipation of a speedy conquest. This precaution, no doubt, was



adopted in order to provide for a prompt solution of the debt that must have been contracted in achieving the meditated victory, but by no means to enrich the leaders of the new civilization. These modern Attilas were the most disinterested of mortals. They were wholly governed by an idea which was quite ethereal if not of the Utopian order. They would have considered only how they should best have rewarded their Hunnic legions with the spoils of the conquered territory. Although this war, therefore, if war it could be called, was not waged purely for the sake of Canada, either on account of the liberty which it professed to bestow upon the Canadians, the liberty, doubtless, to go where they pleased, or on account solely of the rich booty, the *spolia opima*, which the enemy hoped so soon to grasp, but in some measure, in pursuance of the idea which doomed the British Empire to perdition, it was nevertheless a Canadian difficulty. As such it behooved Canadians to deal with it. Nor was it a matter with which the mother country conceived that she had no concern, according to doctrines which are loudly preached both in parliament and out of parliament, but which we earnestly hope will never become the fashion. Nor, as we have seen, did the British Lion forget to roar, or Englishmen to do their duty. The effort which they so nobly and so promptly made, was ably and bravely seconded by the Canadians themselves. The Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe need not tell us any more that it is *absurd and chimerical to think of defending these Provinces*. "*Ab actu ad posse*," if I may be allowed the use of a theological argument, "*valet consecutio*." That is, they have been defended—successfully defended, and, therefore, they may and ought to be still defended, and with the like result, whenever circumstances shall call for their defence. On occasion of the war alluded to, Canada, it is acknowledged on all hands, did all that could be reasonably required of her; and she possessed the means of bringing into the field without burthensing herself, a respectable array of soldiers. These were not mercenaries, but the children of her own soil who in the hour of threatened danger, hastened to the aid of their country. Some ten thousand more than were required, volunteered their services within a day or two. And if the war had continued and become formidable, from 80,000 to 100,000 would have speedily enrolled themselves in the ranks of the volunteers.

Such preparations for defence were no sooner made than the war came to an end. At one point, the enemy fled without being defeated. At another, they barely crossed the frontier line, and dared not come within reach of Canadian fire. If they fled, and without much honor, they could say that they were opposed by superiors numbers. Our defence, then, what say you Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe? was not quite *chimerical*. At a third point, the enemy were suddenly panic-struck on beholding unexpectedly that odious thing the Union Jack, waving from the mast-head of a British gunboat, the fleet not having been quite so distant at the time, as the West or the East Indies. What more need be said? Have not the preparations which the Canadians made, together with their patriotism which bore them as one man against the enemy, and their prowess in the field, met with due appreciation amongst the British people? It will not do then to tell us that there can be nothing more absurd and chimerical than to think of our defence. Such defence as the Canadians themselves could make, proved that they were deserving of more. This alone shews how valuable their preparations were, and how available also the like preparations would be in like circumstances, at any future time.

There might, however, arise greater dangers. This is not to be denied. But it is now waxing late. So, with your good leave and pleasure, Mr, Editor, I will shortly concoct one epistle more, in order to shew that in a country possessing so numerous a population, such varied and such great resources as the Dominion of Canada, it would be nothing short of disgraceful if these greater dangers were not adequately met.

I am meanwhile,

Faithfully, &c., &c.,

NEMO.

Ottawa, May 13, 1867.

## LETTER SIXTH.

## SIXTH LETTER IN REFUTATION OF THE SMITH-LOWE THEORIES.

*To the Editor of the Ottawa Times :*

SIR,—As your paper continues to be diligently read in New Brunswick, allow me to offer through its columns, some further remarks for the consideration of my correspondent there, on the anti-colonial views that are still held by certain parties in England. The theories to which I allude, are not indeed adopted by either of the great parties in the State, both having concurred lately in promoting a very important measure for the welfare of the North American Provinces. But, as they are held and insisted on by distinguished individuals both in and out of Parliament, whose opinion cannot fail to have weight with a numerous following; it is scarcely possible to say too much in order to show that they are unfounded, and although not intentionally so, unpatriotic.

The Right Honorable Mr. Lowe, M. P., maintains that the country ought not to be burthened with expenditure for the defence of Canada in particular, and that moreover, such expenditure is useless, inasmuch as that important colony on account of its unfortunate geographical position, cannot be defended. The Right Honorable gentleman goes so far as to say that this unprofitable attempt at defence will finally cause the separation of the North American Provinces from the British Crown. "In the time of the American Revolution," he says, quoting in reply to Mr. Gladstone, an observation which he had made before a Committee of the House of Commons, "the Colonies separated from England because she insisted on taxing them. What I apprehend as likely to happen now, is, that England will separate from her Colonies because they insist on taxing her." The Report states that the utterance of these words produced "much laughter." And no wonder; for the remark, in as far as it was intended to be an argument, was exceedingly comical. No comparison can be reasonably instituted between the colonial rela-

tions which existed at the time of the American Revolution, and of those of which we have any experience. At the time referred to, colonies were chiefly, if not solely, valued on account of the pecuniary profit which might be derived from them. We are now-a-days, in a very different era of colonial existence. Each colony considered separately is no more, it may be said, than an insignificant fragment of a great whole which constitutes the British Empire. But that Empire is not yet reduced to fragments. The vessel is complete. You cannot gather up and contemplate the elements not as yet scattered, of which it is composed, as specimens or memorials of the grandeur and beauty that are gone. You may yet behold the Empire in the proud condition to which it has pleased Divine Providence through the energy and enterprise of its people to raise it, firmly seated on its Island throne, exerting its power in the Mediterranean and Euxine seas, extending its sceptre, with undisputed sway farther into the distant east than Alexander the Great could ever penetrate, and ruling in the west over peaceful and prosperous Provinces from its vast Atlantic seaboard to the fertile shores of the Pacific Ocean. The population of its Colonies amounts to 183,000,000 of souls inhabiting territory 8,000,000 square miles in extent. This mighty whole contributes immensely towards, if it does not entirely constitute the greatness of the Empire. Generally these Colonies add to the wealth, the power, the commercial and political importance of the British people. They are a rich inheritance which their forefathers have bequeathed to them, and which they and their Sovereign confide to the keeping of their Parliament and their statesmen. Some of them are in many respects unimportant. Others are important but unproductive and expensive. They are all intimately connected, however, with the Colonial system, which, to a state, situated as England is, appears to be essential. To such a state there is nothing more necessary than extensive trade which brings to the doors of Britain proper, the productions of foreign climes. What although fleets and armies be requisite for the protection of this varied and wide extended commerce! Are our economists prepared to say that greater fleets and greater armies would not be required to guard the British islands if stript of the Colonies? Greater standing armies than the British must always

be in readiness for the defence of less important States, and these States being without Colonies, and comparatively without trade, have not the same means of maintaining them. A little reflection bestowed on the immense export and import trade of Britain proper with the Colonial portions of the Empire would have enabled the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe to avoid giving utterance to the opinion so unworthy of a British statesman, that Great Britain "*will probably separate from her Colonies because they insist on taxing her.*" The important Colony of India has more than once imposed heavy taxes on the mother country. But if she has done so, the cause, on due enquiry, will be traced not to the essential relations of Colonies with the parent State, but to injudicious political arrangements—to bad Government. So long as the real statesmen of Great Britain, the Sovereign and her Ministers could only exercise a certain influence in the affairs of India, that Colony possessing as it did, inexhaustible wealth, paid back the taxes which it exacted of the mother country. But, since it became subject to regular and wise and unselfish Government, since, in other words, it ceased to be governed merely for the sake of the money which it could yield, it has done something more than just repay the expenses of its defence. In the palmy days of monopoly, the import trade with that great colony was valued at £10,672,000 sterling annually, the export at £9,920,000. These are vast sums. But they appear insignificant when viewed in relation with the Colony from whence they proceeded,—a Colony consisting of powerful principalities and extensive kingdoms,—containing a population of 130,000,000 of British subjects. The consideration of the expense of governing, when there is question of sustaining good government, will, I conceive, entirely vanish, when we compare with the state of matters just referred to under the old *regime* in India, which, as every body knows, ended with the "mutiny," the better things which so speedily came to light when good and rational, but perhaps not wholly inexpensive Government was established—when the British Constitution spread its mantle over the vast countries bordering on the Indus, the Ganges and the Brahmapootra. In pursuance of the argument which I am endeavoring to unfold, I must be allowed to leave out of view for the moment, the consideration which I must acknowledge, takes

the foremost place in my mind of the immense benefit morally, as well as materially, which accrues to so many millions of the human race, from the change in India from grasping monopoly to the mild and wise but firm sway of the constitution. Closing our eyes, then, to this grand feature of the new era in colonial administration, let us view at present only the profit, and I think we shall see that good government, although it may be attended with some outlay, is not altogether an unprofitable speculation. The new order of things, to say the least of it, has brought in its train an extraordinary extension of trade. In the course of the ten years preceding 1864, the import trade with India had increased from £10,672,000, as just mentioned, to £50,000,000 annually, whilst the exports rose to £20,000,000. These figures are still continuing to increase,

But, what has all this to do with North America? Much more than at first view, may be supposed. British North America is as much part and parcel of the colonial system as India is—even more so. The colonists are, for the most part, people of British origin. And where they are not so, they derive from a kindred European stock. Supposing, therefore, that they were one of those colonies which do not make, and cannot be expected to make, any pecuniary return for the taxes which they impose, they would, nevertheless, be entitled as parts of the whole to the cost of good government, and to the possibly greater cost of adequate defence. An enemy endeavoring to humble the power of Britain meets with discomfiture and overthrow, at some remote rock or island, which enjoys the privilege of being a British colony; he will surely think no more, unless he aim at being further disgraced, of attacking the empire in her strongholds—of striking at the heart of her dominion. It was the boast of mighty nations in the olden time, that their great cities could be saved from beholding the smoke of an enemy's camp. Ought the people who are powerful in modern times, to be less privileged? Or must they voluntarily and unnecessarily descend to the condition of minor states, and never own that they see an enemy till he plant his cannon at their gates? Let us now consider what inference may be drawn as regards British North America, from the new order of things in India, and the greatly improved condition of that immense colony.

It cannot be said that the North American Provinces make no return for the tax which as Colonists, they impose on the mother country. The import trade of Great Britain with these Provinces amounts to £8,000,000 sterling, and the export to £5,000,000 sterling yearly. As was the case with India some years ago, they are entering upon a new, a better, and may it be hoped? a happy and a prosperous era. Their increase and improvement will no doubt be great in many ways. But should their trade extend even one-third part as much as that of the sister Colony, under its more auspicious Government, honorable and right honorable members of Parliament will have no pretext for suggesting that Great Britain will in all probability, be driven to separate from some of her Colonies on account of the burthens which they impose on her, even as at a less propitious epoch in the history of Colonial administration; certain dependencies renounced their connection with the parent land because she pushed her maternal authority too far in endeavoring to tax them without their consent. The importance of commercial relations was not quite so well understood as it is now-a-days. If it had, direct taxation would have been avoided, whether with or without consent, and much heavier taxes would have been exacted for mutual advantage, in the shape of imports and exports. It would be worth while to enquire in what amount of taxes the British North American Provinces mulct the mother country, whilst they pay to her, all in paying themselves, so much by means of trade relations. Suppose them separated, would the British standing army which is so moderate, be lessened by one man? Or could the expenses of the British navy be reduced by dismantling so much as a single sloop of war? As great a fleet would be requisite for the protection of the West Indies alone, as for guarding these valuable Colonies and British North America together. But why be taxed by the West Indies? Let them be severed also. Is this what the anti-colonial writers and speakers in Parliament aim at? If so, are they prepared to accept the consequences which their unpatriotic position involves? Would it gratify them to see Great Britain and its mercantile marine without a port on any part of the Western Atlantic seaboard? Would it be a subject for triumph with them, if all our relations, and particularly our commercial relations, were entirely at the mercy of a

foreign power? Would they rejoice if a power which is naturally jealous of us, and which might be our enemy, possessed the exclusive control of the entire American Atlantic coast, of the Atlantic itself? Would they take delight in seeing such a power the first commercial nation, because owning the greatest mercantile marine in the world? Would they glory in beholding it become the most important, perhaps the only naval power that could show its flag on every sea? They cannot pretend that all this would not happen. There is nothing more probable, and they would be among the first, it is but justice to their proper feeling which they manage to unite with so many erroneous ideas, such destructive political views, to say it, they would be among the first to deplore the decay and downfall to which the policy they advocate, necessarily tends.

But there are honorable and right honorable gentlemen who think more soundly, and are not ashamed to acknowledge the opinion that, so long as the British North American Provinces are true to themselves, do all that can be reasonably expected of them in providing for their own defence, the mother land which still owns them as her children, will not fail them in time of need. So eminent a statesman as Mr. Gladstone may surely be considered a most faithful exponent of the real opinion which prevails in England on the question of colonial defence. The following extract from the right honorable gentleman's speech in the British House of Commons, on the Intercolonial Railway question, will be more than a fitting, it will be a brilliant conclusion to this tedious epistle, for which, but in furtherance of my desire to impart information to my friend in New Brunswick on a subject, which, in the estimation of many, is attended with serious difficulty, I would not presume, Mr. Editor, to ask a place in your columns :

" Now, when I have stated that it seems essential that British North America should largely undertake not only the charge but the responsibility of her own defence, I don't mean to say that in the event of the occurrence of danger the arm of this country would be shortened, or the disposition of this country to use its resources freely and largely in aid of that colony would be in the slightest degree impaired. On the other hand, my belief is this, that there would be no bounds to the efforts which this country would make for the



purpose of aiding and supporting the North American Provinces in their willing and energetic efforts to maintain their connection with this country. But this is a totally different thing from saying that this connection is to be maintained by the expenditure of large sums of money from the British Treasury either by way of pomp and display in the colony or by way of attracting favor there by a lavish charge."

I am yours, &c., &c.,

NEMO.

Ottawa, May 31, 1867.

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#### LETTER SEVENTH.

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#### SEVENTH LETTER IN REFUTATION OF THE SMITH-LOWE THEORIES.

*To the Editor of the Ottawa Times:*

SIR,—My friend in New Brunswick does not think that I have said anything particularly direct as yet in opposition to Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe's greatest argument. I have endeavored, indeed, to show that it is not in defiance of the neighboring Republic, nor with a view to set up a rival state, that the North American Provinces have taken measures in concurrence with the Imperial Government, for securing to themselves a greater degree of national prosperity and happiness. I have even dilated somewhat on the means of defence which the united Provinces could command in the event of any serious attack being made against their properties or their liberty. But I must own that I have not made any direct allusion to an observation which the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe, no doubt, wished the House of Commons to accept as an incontrovertible argument. The Provinces were too weak, individually, to be able to resist

any very powerful enemy. Therefore it was absurd that they should think it possible to become stronger by uniting. Was this the argument? or did the Hon. gentleman mean to say that it was quite a hopeless task to build up a power, which could not be expected at the commencement of its career to keep its ground alone, or with the aid merely of a few thousand men, and that for this very reason nothing ought to be done for present good, or with a view to the future? Judging by a report of his speech, which I have seen, the Hon. member was at a loss to understand how the population of the Provinces, not as yet quite four millions, could contend with, and defend themselves against a nation of *thirty-five millions*. This was certainly not worthy of his learning. The nation here alluded to, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe's speech distinctly says so, is the United States. He does not suppose that any other power could assume a hostile attitude towards British North America. Be this as it may, where did the Rt. Hon gentleman learn that the population of the United States amounts to 35,000,000? The most recent statistical accounts set it down at 31,445,080. Some of the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe's friends might have whispered to him this fact before he made his too celebrated speech. There is an instance on record of such a thing having been done. Macaulay has handed over to *fame* a Minister of the Colonies, who, on the day after his appointment to office, went to inquire of his friends *whether Cape Breton were an island or a cape?* The Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe ought not by any means to have allowed such an example to go to waste. He might, at the same time, have inquired, also, how many millions the population of the United States would have to contend against in the event of an attack on any portion of the British Empire. Would they have to struggle with the four millions of Canada only, or with these and the 29,070,932 of the British Islands combined? These two forces they would undoubtedly have to meet. Nay, the whole Empire, 232,700,000 strong, would rise in the might of its anger, in order to repel their iniquitous aggression! Far be it from me to suspect our neighbors, gifted as they are like ourselves with free institutions, of meditating such aggression. But when we consider the prevalence of the *Monroe doctrine*, as it is termed, we feel bound to contemplate and to provide against the endeavor

which, it is possible, may be made one day to carry it out. The greater number of millions on whom we rely are attached by the strongest ties of affection to the British Crown. They glory in being the free citizens of so great a free state, and all of them, not excepting the tribes of Hindostan that have been so recently rescued from the intolerable tyranny of native despots, look to the British constitution as the Palladium of their liberties. As in times of peace, they pour their commercial wealth into the lap of the Parent Land, whilst enriching themselves at the same time; so, in the hour of danger, their powerful aid would not be wanting. Only few--comparatively, of their millions would be required to take the field, whilst their accumulated treasures--"the sinews of war"--would flow spontaneously into the public chest. To such an array of wealth and power and national spirit, what could the Monroe theories oppose? The will and resources of a nation 31,450,000 strong? This cannot be supposed. There would be no such power at their disposal. Of the population of the United States, there are 480,070 free colored persons, 44,020 "civilized" Indians, 4,000,000 individuals recently slaves, still accustomed to the habits of slavery and incapable of acting as freemen, together with 5,000,000 inhabitants of the Southern States, who were, not long ago, engaged in civil strife with the Government of the United States, who would undoubtedly be a source of weakness rather than of strength, in the event of a war with any people who might become an enemy to the American Republic. Thus, considerably more than nine millions must be deducted from the numbers who, as the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe conceives, would unite as one man to realize the Monroe theories, and make British North America their own. Can we for a moment, believe that it could be otherwise, when we take into account the exacerbation of feeling in the south against the Northern States of the Union, which originated, indeed in the rebellion war, but which is maintained and increased by the unwise policy of the North, more than it could have been by the war itself. It may be that those Southern States would rally round the Monroe doctrine. But it is surely more natural to suppose that they would avail themselves of any United States' difficulty, to establish their own independence rather than to destroy that of a hospitable and unoffending neighbor. At present they enter-

tain no hostile feeling towards British North Americans. Is it reasonable to think that they would undertake the toils and brave the perils of war, in order to confer upon us, as a boon, that subjection to the Northern States, which they consider so detrimental---so ruinous to themselves? And what motive apart from a vague and ill established theory, could those same States have to encounter the dangers, the difficulties, the toils and the horrors of such a war as they would have to wage, in order to effect the annexation to their Republic of the Dominion of Canada? They are a practical people, and I cannot but conceive that for long years to come, they will prefer to behold Canada as it is---a free country, as open to them as it is to its own people,---a favorite and a fashionable resort for their men of pleasure and their men of science, and a highway, as far as they require it, and choose to use it, for their own increasing trade. Their more eminent and enlightened journalists have not feared to express this truly rational view, so worthy of the age in which we live. When discussing the new political arrangement, which we need not assure such men, has been entered into solely for the purpose of enabling our people to attain to a greater degree of national, as well as individual prosperity and happiness, than has been possible, hitherto, for so new a country. What the well informed people of the United States have blamed us for, and not without reason, is our want of enterprise. When they behold us connecting our Provinces by a great system of railway communication, and establishing peaceful and industrious populations in the waste and unoccupied portions of the continent which have fallen to our share, they will be among the first to applaud and welcome our endeavour, as a new and noble effort in the cause of mankind. "Hitherto," the New York *Albion* justly observes, "Canada has done nothing to encourage immigration, which is the life and strength of a new country." No remunerative employment has been offered to the emigrant on his arrival on our shores from the over-crowded land of his forefathers, no *free homesteads* for himself and his descendants, no prairie land ready for the plough, intersected by railways already completed, and in full operation, nothing at all to induce even the most enterprising to enter and settle down in the excellent regions lying both east and west of Lake Superior, and bounded

only by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. "But need this be long the case?" enquires the liberal-minded and enlightened journalist.

"Need the new Dominion be thus robbed of its legitimate fruits for want of proper enterprise and necessary legislation? We think not. Already Canada has secured the appropriation necessary for the immediate construction of the long needed Intercolonial Railway, and no unnecessary time should now be lost in placing it under contract. This alone will open a new field to the lately arrived laborer. British America may, also, soon have its Pacific Railway in progress, as well as the fertile and inviting prairies of the Saskatchewan and Assiniboine valleys, to offer as "free homesteads" to the poor, but deserving emigrant. If the statesmen of the new Dominion but prove themselves equal to their responsibilities, and insist upon immediate settlement of the doubtful Hudson's Bay claims and speedy extension of the new Dominion to the Pacific. We cannot understand why this "white bear and black fox" parchment has not been cancelled, or annulled, long since. The interests of civilization have long demanded it; the organization of the new Dominion renders it imperatively necessary that the traders' titles to half a continent should be promptly repudiated by the power that early granted these privileges. We grow impatient under this unnecessary delay. Already more than ten years of most precious time has been lost since the first serious agitation of this subject; and still communities of British subjects petition in vain for the removal of these hampering disabilities, and for relief from the enervating thralldom and rule of one of the most mercenary organizations of hucksters that the world has any record of. The United States' Government, on the contrary, comprehend the position. They appear to know the value of *time*, particularly in a new country. Where the Aborigines ruled supreme a short half century ago, now rise cities of nearly a quarter of a million population!

"Numerous territories have been transformed into States, even during the decade that has been wasted in the fruitless investigation of a miserly company's rights, and millions of population, and hundreds of millions of wealth, that quickly follows the settlement of a vast area of new and productive country, are being, meantime, rejected. And for what?

Simply to permit the richest nation on earth to huxter about a paltry million of dollars. We read of enormous grants by the United States' Government to a Pacific Railway enterprise; of a gratuity of nearly \$50,000,000 in Government bonds, and of more than 20,000,000 acres of Government land, to give an impetus to this important work, which will quickly add millions a year to the national revenue. But we look in vain for any decisive news in reference to the opening up of the vast country stretching from the great lakes to the Pacific ocean on British territory.

"The new Dominion has much to do in organizing its government and assimilating its various systems, both political and commercial, but we hope the people will also early awake to the importance of retaining the population that annually lands upon its shores, as in this is to be found the real source of lasting wealth and greatness in all new countries."

With such writings before our eyes, exciting, as they must excite, in every generous mind, the warmest feelings of friendship towards our neighbours of the Republic, can we possibly talk of war and its dreadful blood-stained glories? The Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe and such men will even have it so. And if I for one, with all but invincible reluctance, discuss such a subject, I do so with no other view than to contribute, in some degree, towards driving it as far from the minds of the Smith-Lowe following, as it is from my own thoughts and wishes, as well as from those of the sensible and well-informed portion of the people of the United States. On this account, not for the reasons adduced by Mr. Lowe, I am inclined to consider all serious variance with the United States extremely improbable. The Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe speaks only half the truth when he says that "the good sense and moderation" of the citizens of the United States is, apart from the rigour of our climate, the best guarantee for peace. No people have, for any length of time, enjoyed the blessings of peace, who could not, or would not, adapt themselves for a state of war. Our climate would be no protection. It is less severe in many parts of Canada than in the interior of the neighbouring States. And countries far to the South of the fertile prairie lands of our Northwest Territory, labour under the disadvantage of more rigid seasons than are known in any of the regions of

Canada already occupied, or which it is proposed to occupy. It is idle, therefore, to say that our safety lies in the rigour of our climate, coupled with the forbearance of a people who *might* be our enemies. It is even comical in the estimation of all who know anything about British America to pretend that its climate would be as great a safeguard as would be that of Norway against the effeminate people of modern Italy. Would the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lowe do us the favour to explain how it came to pass that climate never proved an obstacle to those same Italians when they were known by the name of Romans, and achieved the conquest of the world? It may perhaps puzzle the Right Hon. Mr. Lowe, M. P., to find an answer to this question. It appears to me, also to be, according to his theories, an inexplicable mystery. If, however, I should be favoured with any new light in regard to it, I shall not fail, Mr. Editor, to impart the same to you in my next communication, as well as to my friends in New Brunswick.

Meanwhile, I have the honour to remain,

&c., &c., &c., -

NEMO.

Ottawa, June 18, 1867.





## THE BRITISH COLONIES.

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Report of a Lecture Delivered before the  
'Mechanics' Institute, of Ottawa, 8th  
Nov., 1864.

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It may not perhaps be out of place to publish in connection with the foregoing letters, all that remains of a lecture on the same subject, a brief report or sketch of which appeared in the newspapers of the time.

The object of this lecture was to shew the importance of the British Colonies, and how desirable it is that they should remain politically connected with the Crown.

He would not undertake to discuss the general question whether colonies be so essential to the prosperity and greatness of a Nation, that every people, when they have reached a certain degree of power and renown, ought to aim at possessing colonial dependencies.

He would at once proceed to consider the British Empire as at present constituted. Our colonial possessions are more extensive than those of any other nation, and give to Britain proper dominion over 200,000,000 of the human race, and influence almost boundless over nearly 400,000,000 more. The loss of one or several colonies would not seriously affect the well-being of so great an Empire, whatever might be the consequences to the separated colonies themselves. But Britain could not allow even any of her lesser colonies to be taken from her by force of arms, without showing signs of national decay. Foreign States no longer sought alliance with ancient Rome, when the dependencies of that mighty Empire began successfully to resist

the Roman legions. Colonies might indeed be lost through other causes than war. But no cause could be named that would not be derogatory to the dignity and honour of the Nation. And if at the present time no colony desired separation, this happy state of things must be ascribed to the wisdom with which the government of the colonies was administered, and the constitutional liberty which they enjoyed under the auspices of the British Crown. Even those colonies where the population was almost wholly foreign, such as the island of Mauritius, possessed more abundantly the rights of free people, than if still under the governments by which they were originally ruled. It would not be possible to imagine a state of things in which their religious as well as civil institutions would be treated with more respect, or more powerfully protected.

The policy of our statesmen in regard to the colonies might be gathered from a recent speech of Mr. Gladstone, (Chancellor of the Exchequer). "The administration of the old American Provinces," said this eminent statesman, addressing the citizens of Liverpool, "was based essentially upon the idea, so far as economical and commercial purposes were concerned, that the interests of the colonies were to be made subservient to those of the mother country, and that the channels of its trade, and even of its industrial exertions, were to be forced in a direction different from that which nature would point to, in order to make it a tributary to the greatness of the mother country. Well, gentlemen, we have thoroughly and entirely escaped from any such dream. We have given to our colonies practical freedom. (Cheers). I think with respect to the government of those dependencies in general, there is yet much to be done, slowly, perhaps, and cautiously, but firmly and resolutely, in rectifying the distribution of burthen and of benefit in order to place the people of England, not in that position of ascendancy and security which they have in good faith renounced, but in that position of justice and equality to which they have an indefeasible claim. What, I think, we desire is, to give freedom as far as we can, to our Provinces in the affairs of our fellow subjects abroad--to lend them, as far as we can, the shelter and protection of the power of this great empire--but not to consent to be charged with the payment of vast sums of money for the sake of performing duties which belong to them

rather than to us, and the performance of which, in every case, is an inalienable part of the functions of freedom."—(cheers).

The blessings of liberty are not to be counted like pounds, shillings and pence; and the colonies will gladly make sacrifices in connection with the mother country, in order to retain them. Willingly, moreover, will they contribute their due share of the burthen when there is question of defending them against invasion. But in the case of the North American colonies, for instance, would it not be unjust to require that, if Great Britain were attacked through these Provinces, they should have to bear alone, even if it were in their power, the brunt of the battle—that they should have to sustain, unaided, a protracted war perhaps, solely aimed at the honor and greatness of the parent state? If such things could be, what reality would there be in the idea which they build upon—that they are an integral portion of the greatest empire under heaven? But their loyalty—let certain writers discourse as they may—will never be subjected to so severe a test. Did the empire which is called, and which is, so great, when there was imminent danger of war, leave it to this Province—this comparatively small section of its colonial dominion—to defend, alone, the national honor which was not more threatened on the shores of the Canadian lakes than in London itself and even on the distant banks of the Indus and the Ganges?\*

In a commercial point of view, no possible relations with foreign states could compensate for the loss of the colonies. Great Britain was in alliance with the United States, and yet owing to the civil war which raged there, were not the supplies which the cotton manufacturers had so long relied on entirely cut off? And how are they now supplied? It is they chiefly who deny the use of colonies, but they must acknowledge that it is one of the rich dependencies of the British Crown which, since the commencement of the American rebellion, has produced, and now sends to them, more cotton than they can ever use.

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\*It will be remembered that on occasion of the Trent affair, British troops, ready for action, ceased not to pour into the Canadian Provinces, until the United States Minister finding that they were in earnest, and dreading the alternative of war, thought proper at length to beg pardon.

Commercial relations with colonies can be relied on. Those which may be established with allied States are at the mercy of every accident. The policy of such States, their trading interests, even the caprice of their statesmen may, at any moment, put an end to the most advantageous interchange of benefits, and reduce to misery immense sections of the population. One third of our import trade and fully one half of our exports were derived from the Colonies. Was this to be sacrificed to the theories of inexperience? Since India was taken from the hands of a monopolising company, and made subject to a wise colonial administration, its trade with the mother country had amazingly increased. Private fortunes were not so rapidly accumulated as in the good old days of Warren Hastings—in the palmy times of monopoly—but the community benefited more largely, and an infinitely greater number of individuals were moderately enriched, whilst the native population, instead of being oppressed, shared abundantly in the advantages that accrued to the parent people, and were taught to love the sage rule which so powerfully promoted their happiness. Within the last ten years the import trade with India had risen from £10,672,000 annually, to £50,000,000; the exports from £9,920,000 to £20,000,000. The current year shows a still greater figure. The North American colonies afforded yearly £8,000,000 of imports, and £5,000,000 of export trade. Was all this to be thrown away because some very classical young gentlemen had endeavored to preach down the colonies?

Was there not something due to our position as a great civilizing power? Great empires, like private individuals, had duties as well as rights. And is it not a source of true glory for Great Britain to fulfil, as she nobly does fulfil in our day, the duties she owes to her immense colonial dependencies? Take away these dependencies and you cut from beneath her feet the path to lasting renown. The idea was indeed received in ancient times that a conquering and colonizing power ought to aim at civilizing subjugated nations. But what Alexander the Great failed in accomplishing—what the Cæsars most imperfectly accomplished—what Charlemagne, if time had been given him, would have done—what the greatest conqueror of modern times could

only dream of—Great Britain is powerfully achieving throughout the length and breadth of her vast colonial empire.

In support of his views, which he developed at considerable length, the Rev. Speaker quoted some passages from an able lecture delivered not long ago at Wick, in Scotland, by Mr. Laing, lately Finance Minister for India.

This learned gentleman discussing the advantages of British rule in India says :

“ Wherever this rule extends peace and order prevail, persons and property are protected, equal laws are enforced, slavery is extinct, trade is free, wealth accumulates and progress is the order of the day. [Hear, hear.] Nor is this all. A commerce of unexampled magnitude covers the seas, and penetrates with its silent influences into the remotest regions. The Indian ryot, the Egyptian fellah, the Chinese coolie, count up their savings in English money, and feel the fluctuations of the English market in the remuneration of their humble industry. They are better fed, better clothed, and gradually prepared for a higher civilization and purer forms of religion by increased material prosperity. They are weaned from the apathetic indolence of the Orientals, and broken in to steady labor by tasting its advantages. They receive a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, and learn by practical experience to appreciate the force of the maxim that “ honesty is the best policy.” [Loud cheers]. I have seen myself savages of the wild aboriginal tribes of India working steadily under English inspectors on the railways, their women carrying the earth in baskets on their heads, with their noses, arms and ankles covered with silver rings in which they had invested the wages which to their previous experience seemed like fabulous wealth. At Aden, the British flag was planted a few years ago on a barren extinct volcano, where literally not a blade of grass grows, and the water is stored in cisterns from rain which falls on the average once in two years. Such is the magic of the British flag that in a few years a commerce of nearly 1,000,000*l*. a year has sprung up and a population of 20,000 souls have been attracted. You may see the wild Somali from the opposite coast of Africa, black as soot, with his long frizzly hair dyed of a dark red streaming in the wind, working in discharging cargo and coaling steamers as patiently as an Irish laborer in the docks of London or Liverpool. And if, when he has saved up a few pounds, he invests in wives instead of whisky, and returns to his native shore according to the notions of his race like a gentleman on the labour of the two or three better halves whom his English money has enabled him to purchase, it cannot be doubted that he carries with him some tincture of improvement, and is less of an unreclaimed savage than if he had never been brought into contact with civilization. [Cheers].

And there were still greater proofs of the civilizing influence of British rule in India. Barbarous heathen customs, which, some years ago, were deemed essential to Hindoo existence, have fallen before the advancing tide of European progress. The unfortunate widow is no longer sacrificed on the funeral pile of her deceased husband, and other superstitious practices, almost as humiliating and degrading, are falling gradually into disuse. The annihilation of British power in India would surely, by no means accelerate this preparing of the ways for the approaching light of Christianity. He again quoted Mr. Laing:

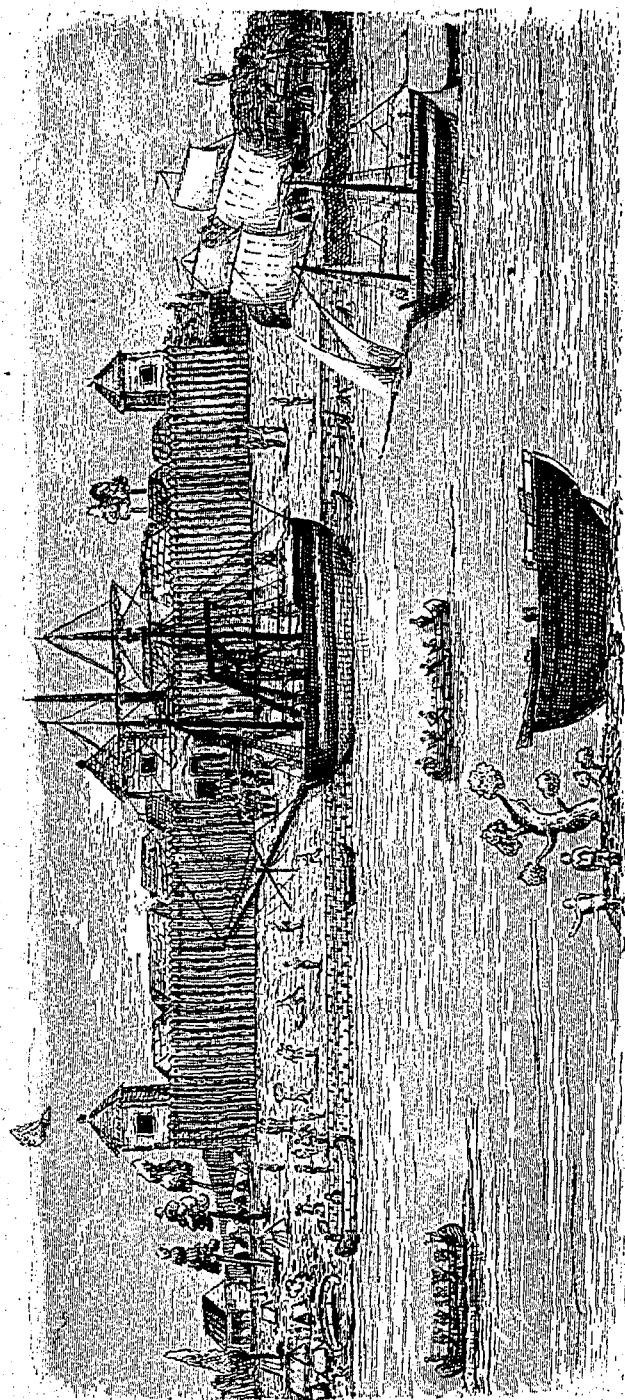
"The first step towards Christianizing is to educate; the first step towards education is to create a demand for it, by raising men above the level of dull barbarism, abject poverty, and apathetic indolence. (Applause). I conclude, therefore, that as far as it is possible for us to read the designs of Providence, we may say certainly that Britain has been raised to its present height of commercial and political greatness, not for the sake only of the 30,000,000 who inhabit this little island of the west, but as an instrument for the improvement of the 200,000,000 in India, the 300,000,000 in China, and the 100,000,000 (or more) in Africa, America, and Asia, to whom British rule or British commerce is in one way or other the active power which is fast leavening the whole mass. (Cheers). In fulfilling this great destiny, I may say with confidence that, on the whole, the past and present generations of native-born Britons have not shown themselves unworthy. (Loud Cheers). Our fathers stood unshaken against the greatest conqueror of modern times, and saved their own liberty and independence, and with them those of Europe, in the most gigantic struggle the world ever witnessed. We, the existing generation of grown up men, have achieved victories no less signal in the campaigns of peace. We have covered the sea and earth with steamers railways and telegraphs; we have raised up the great fabric of commercial greatness; we have founded and consolidated distant empires; we have established sound principles of economical policy; we have renovated our political institutions by timely reforms." (Loud cheers).

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He agreed with Mr. Laing, that it behooves us to proceed to still greater conquests--not of territory, but in the great moral field which, in our colonial Empire, Divine Providence has given us to cultivate, and not to act as if our native Britain had begun to decline, and could no longer send her sons to distant climes, some to defend with the sword our great colonial possessions, some to explore their hidden treasures; some to throw the light of science on their national customs and ancient history, whilst they in

their turn, minister to the cause of science; some to raise the peaceful flag of international commerce, whilst others, still more privileged, shall labor in the cause of improvement of education, of civilization, and unfurl one day, triumphant, the standard of the Christian Faith. If anything could mar these mighty purposes, could stay this march of human progress, it would be the acceptance generally amongst our people and rulers of the theories of certain sciolists, it would be the introduction of luxury, the miseducation of youth, the decline of the vigorous mind, so long characteristic of our fellow-countrymen,---in a word, universal national corruption. For the Star of Britain is still in the ascendant: if it be destined to grow dim, and pale before the rising glories of some new power, the cause of such ruin, which may gracious Heaven avert! will necessarily be found amongst her own children. But they will not prove faithless, unequal to their noble---their sublime destiny. Sons of honorable sires, they will remember that each member of the United Kingdom, when it stood alone before the world, in the honest pride of its national independence, could say, in reference to itself, what was so truly said of England, "If England to herself be true, come all the world in arms." More truly still may such words be spoken in regard to united Britain, at an epoch when her external resources have no other limits than the will to use them.

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Engraved from a copy of the Original Painting in the possession of Dr. VanCortland, Ottawa.

FRONT VIEW OF THE FORT KAMINITIGUIA, NORTH-WEST COMPANY, JUNE 15, 1805.



# THE NORTH WEST TERRITORY.

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## PREFACE.

THE idea appears more or less to prevail that the acquisition of the North-West Territory will be more an imaginary than a real benefit to the Dominion of Canada. It will be a fine thing, say they who do not believe that any good can accrue from the possession of the vast regions situated between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean, to be able to boast that we are the Lords of so many millions of acres,—of so many fine countries,—and that our Empire extends from Sea to Sea. An attentive perusal of the following pages will shew that advantages of a more satisfactory kind must necessarily attend the occupation and colonization of lands so extensive and possessing such extraordinary varieties of soil and climate.

It would be very difficult, if not, indeed, quite impossible, at this date, to give a list of all the works that

have been had recourse to, or to lay before the reader all the evidence which the writer has studied, and, he trusts, thoroughly examined, before arriving at the conclusions which he now ventures to submit to the public. Let it suffice to say that not only the ablest and best known publications on the subject have been perused, and information derived from conversations with distinguished travellers, but that also the greatest authority which we as yet possess on all questions relating to the North-West Territory,—the BLUE BOOK—containing the evidence given on oath, before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, has been carefully consulted.

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## THE NORTH WEST TERRITORY.

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The "North West Territory" is that portion of British North America which is situated between Lake Superior to the east, the Pacific Ocean and the Russian Dominions (now a portion of the United States) to the west. The 49th parallel of North latitude and the chain of waters from Rainy Lake to the confluence of Pigeon river with Lake Superior, form the boundary between this territory and the United States on the South. To the north, with the exception of some portions of Alaska (lately Russian America), it has no other limits than those of the globe itself--the ice, the snow, the perpetually frozen seas and lands of the polar regions.

### THE PRINCIPAL RIVERS.

North Western America is watered by numerous rivers, the greater of which only need here to be named. The Columbia, rising in the Rocky Mountains, traverses the Blue Mountain and Cascade Mountain chains. It then, after many windings, sometimes in a southerly, sometimes in a westerly direction, loses itself in the Pacific Ocean at Astoria, three degrees south of the boundary line. The treaty which deprived Great Britain of the better part of the Columbia, left to her the right of navigating this noble river in common with the citizens of the United States. The Fraser river also has its source in the Rocky Mountains. After a circuitous course through the Blue Mountains, the Cascade Mountains, and the intervening plains and valleys, it joins the sea at the strait or sound which separates Vancouver Island from the Continent of America. This river is celebrated for its sands of gold. Even as to California and Australia, thousands of

adventurers have already been attracted to its banks; and their enterprise has been crowned with success unsurpassed as yet in the annals of gold-digging.

Of Pelly river there need be little mention, as it half belongs to a foreign power. It is quite possible, however, that arrangements might be made with that power (the United States) for navigating this great river to its junction with the sea.

The MacKenzie river is wholly within British territory. It is one of the greatest rivers in the world, its course being two thousand five hundred miles from its source in the Rocky Mountains to its debouch in the Arctic Ocean. It is navigable for about twelve hundred miles, thus affording easy access in the summer months, from the Arctic Sea, and from the North Pacific by Behring's Straits, to the interior of the North West Territory. It flows through a fertile and finely wooded country skirted by metalliferous hills. According to the best computation, it drains an area of 443,000 geographical square miles.

The Elk and Peace rivers, although great and beautiful streams, are only tributaries of the MacKenzie.

The Coppermine\* and the great Fish river also discharge their waters into the Arctic Ocean. The former abounds in copper ore and galena. On the banks of the latter, it is credibly said that there is excellent grazing.† Next comes the Churchill river which flows from the interior of the country, across the granitic belt, to Hudson's Bay.

\* "Taking the lines of those rivers," says Dr. King, "I have always understood the Coppermine river and others to be very rich in galena. The Coppermine river is very rich in copper. Coal and galena were also found along the whole line of that coast." "That is on the Arctic Sea?" enquired Mr. Edward Ellice. "Yes; still it is within the Hudson's Bay Company's territory as far as the MacKenzie." Mr. Christy then asked: "You did not hear of the Company having developed these resources at all?" "Not in the slightest degree." (Report of Committee House of Commons on the Hudson Bay Company, 1857. Evidence of R. King, Esq., M.D., p. 316.)

† "The whole of the great Fish River down to the Polar Sea, is the finest grazing country in the world as far as grazing is concerned. Of course it is alluvial soil based upon sand, and therefore, not an arable land." "What would be the climate there?" "The climate there of course would interfere very largely with it; but still, comparing it with Northern Europe, it has all the facilities of the Northern parts there." (Same report,—evidence of R. King, Esq., M.D., page 314.)

The Saskatchewan with its two branches arising in the Rocky Mountains, drains an area of 363,000 square miles. The Red river and the Assiniboine flowing from the heights near the sources of the Missouri and the Mississippi, add immensely to the waters of Lake Winnipeg, and thence find their way by the Nelson river to Hudson's Bay.

#### GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

There is admirable unity in the geological appearances of this vast territory. By nature it has been made one land, however much it may hereafter be divided by the policy of man. The great chain of the Rocky Mountains extends from its southern to its northern boundary, rising at its highest elevation, to the height of sixteen thousand feet above the level of the ocean.\* Parallel with these, to the west, rise the Blue and Cascade Mountains, as if intended for a van-guard towards the waves of the Pacific. From the base of the Rocky Mountains, eastward, the country is a gently sloping plain for 800 or 900 miles, to the commencement of the great Crystalline Belt, which taking a North-westerly direction about the head of Lake Superior, continues in this course and almost parallel with the Rocky Mountains as far as fifteen hundred miles, and with only a slight elevation above the neighbouring plain until reaching the Coppermine river near the Arctic Ocean, it forms hills eight hundred feet in height. Its average breadth is two hundred miles. On the side that looks towards Hudson's Bay, its outline is pretty much the same as that of the shores of this sea, thus verifying what Geologists say as to the waters of this region having been confined within their actual limits by the upheaving of these primary formations. Between this belt or plateau and the Bay, there is a narrow strip of limestone. From this bed of limestone to the sea, the land is low, flat, swampy, and, in part alluvial.

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\* The highest mountain in the Territory and, indeed, in all North America, is MOUNT SAINT ELLAS, which does not form a portion of the Rocky Mountain chain, being an isolated mountain, situated near the confines of what was, until recently, Russian America. It attains the height of 17,860 feet.

## LAKES.

On the western edge of the great Chrystalline Plateau are situated the principal Lakes of the North-Western Continent—Winnipeg two hundred and thirty miles in length and forty miles broad; Athabasca, Great Slave Lake, and the largest of them all, Great Bear Lake, which is intersected towards its North-western extremity, by the Arctic Circle.

To the west of this great chain of waters the country is all habitable, and in a northerly direction, as far as the sixty-fifth degree of north latitude. If, indeed, the MacKenzie river should ever be what nature has adapted it for being, the principal channel through which a great portion of the trade of the western world must flow, there may one day be a dense population even so far north as the junction of its waters with the Arctic Ocean.

COUNTRY WEST OF THE CHRYSTALLINE BELT,  
ASSINIBOIA, &C.

The portion of the country that may be first considered is the extensive region bordering on Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Winnipigoos. Its principal rivers are the Assiniboine which is all within British territory, and the Red river which only becomes British at Pembina, a small town on the frontier of the United States. The authorities that can be most relied on, speak highly of the climate, the soil, and the beauty of this region. It has been officially reported by the Canadian Exploring Expedition of 1857, that "the summer temperature is nearly four degrees warmer than at Toronto, as ascertained by comparison of corresponding observations." Summer begins earlier and with more regularity than in Canada. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that the "melon grows with the utmost luxuriance, without any artificial aid, and ripens perfectly before the end of August." (Expedition '57). Wheat crops have often been known to give a return of fifty bushels to the acre, and farms have been proved to be capable of yielding for eighteen successive years, without any diminution of their produce. All kinds of garden vegetables as well as oats, barley, indian corn, hops, flax, hemp, potatoes and other root

crops are easily raised. "The potatoes, cauliflowers and onions I have not seen surpassed," says Professor Hind, "at any of our Provincial fairs."

The character of the soil cannot be exceeded. It is a rich, black mould, from ten to twenty inches deep, reposing on a lightish coloured alluvial clay, about four feet deep, which again rests upon lacustrine or drift clay, to the level of the water in all the rivers and creeks inspected by the expedition of 1857 and 1858.

It is far from being true as has been stated, that there is only some arable or cultivable land along the course of the great rivers. I. "I frequently examined the soil," writes Professor Hind in his official report, "some miles distant from the rivers along my line of route, and I invariably found the prairie country to exhibit an uniform fertility." This rich and beautiful region which has been described by some travellers, as an unbroken level, watered by numerous tributary streams, and abounding in elm, oak, ash, maple and all the varieties of trees known in Canada, is no less than one million five thousand acres in extent. Recent observations also prove that this "paradise of fertility," as it has been called by one of the settlers, is not more than six hundred feet above the level of the ocean.

Passing to the west of the valleys of the Assiniboine and Red rivers, we find a country no less fertile, and even more beautiful, as it possesses the pleasing variety of hill and dale. It is watered by an infinite number of lesser streams, the principal of which are the Swan river and the higher tributaries of the Assiniboine. This interesting region was likewise visited by the exploring expedition sent by the Government of Canada in 1857-58. In Mr. S. J. Dawson's official report of this expedition published by order of Canadian House of Assembly, this extensive portion of the North West Territory is described as being eminently adapted for the purposes of agriculture and colonization. Possessing a milder climate than the more elevated lands to the South of the United States' boundary line, all the varieties of cereal crops can be produced without difficulty or risk of failure. According to this gentleman's description, the whole country has more the appearance of a fine park beautifully varied with lawns, woods, gardens, shrubberies, lakes and streams, than an unreclaimed tract of unbroken wilderness. If the

late Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Sir George Simpson, had passed through this country, it would undoubtedly have inspired one of his most eloquent and glowing pictures of woodland, lake and river scenery. If it has not hitherto been colonized to any extent, the blame for such neglect of the interests of humanity must be charged to the Hudson's Bay Company, whose policy, however worthy or meritorious each leading member is well known to be, is necessarily hostile to every enterprise that is not calculated to preserve and increase the profitable breed of martens, beavers, musk-rats, foxes, wild cats and other vermin, together with the aboriginal races in their rude state, who are the best hunters of such animals and the most expert purveyors of skins and furs for the great fur-dealing company.\*

#### THE SASKATCHEWAN COUNTRY.

This extensive territory stretches from the borders of the granitic plateau already alluded to, and from which it is separated by a chain of waters consisting of Cedar Lake, a portion of the river Saskatchewan, Fine Island Lake and Beaver Lake, for a distance of 800 or 900 miles westwards to the Rocky Mountains. It is divided into numerous plains and valleys by the river Saskatchewan, its two great branches, and its numerous tributaries, which rising for the most part, in the vast mountain range, rush down the innumerable vales and glens on its eastern slope, giving life, beauty and fertility to a region which would otherwise be a rugged and forbidding wilderness.

The travellers who have visited this region bear ample witness to the fertility of the soil. The scenery they describe as "magnificent," and the banks of the rivers on either side, as luxuriant beyond description. "Vast forests," says Lieutenant Saxon, "cover the hill-tops and fill the valleys. The climate is mild, and cattle keep fat in winter as well as in summer on the nutritious grasses."

Sir George Simpson who had been for thirty years Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, in his beautiful and interesting book (*voyage round the world*), informs us that "the rankness of the vegetation between the forks of the Saskatchewan, savoured rather of the torrid zone with its perennial spring than of the northern wilds." He speaks of



himself and his fellow-travellers as "brushing the luxuriant grass with our knees, and the hard ground of the surface was beautifully diversified with a variety of flowers, such as the rose, the hyacinth and the tiger lily."

"Towards the foot of the Rocky Mountains," says the same impartial writer, "lies a country capable of being rendered the happy home of millions of inhabitants, when facilities of communication shall be offered which can lead to it."3

Dr. King, in his evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons, (1857,) gives a very interesting account of a colony which was endeavoring to establish itself near Cumberland House, between Fine Island Lake and the river Saskatchewan. This colony occupied and had in a high state of cultivation some fifteen hundred acres, on which they raised excellent wheat. When asked by Mr. Christy whether the cultivation was successful, Dr. King replied, "quite successful; the wheat was looking very luxuriant." Were there any other kinds of crops? "There were potatoes and barley, also pigs, cows and horses." In this small settlement, each man had his own particular allotment, and everything, according to the evidence of Dr. King, was in the most flourishing condition. The learned witness, however, further states—"When I was going away they said: 'cannot you help us? You are a government officer; the Company have ordered us to quit, and we shall be ruined.'" Of course agriculture and colonization were not the objects of the Company; and, *la raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure*. What became of this interesting little colony deponent said not. The day may not, perhaps, be far distant, when colonization will be undertaken on a greater scale and under more fostering auspices.

But it has been stated that owing to periodical inundations which, every spring, lay the whole country under water, for nearly 200 miles from the junction of the river Saskatchewan with the lakes, cultivation, the raising of crops,—settlement—are impossible. This objection, if, indeed, it be a serious one, applies only to a very limited section of the country. And, could no means be discovered by which these inundations might be prevented or at least regulated and rendered advantageous? There are falls of great magnitude near the point where the Saskatchewan joins Lake Winnipeg; and, although the people at Red river do not

think that by removing a certain mill-pond in their country, an immense swamp which it dams up would be drained, it is nevertheless beyond question, that if the wants of man required it, the annual floods of the Saskatchewan might be made to find their way into Lake Winnipeg without first inundating the country. But, in a region where it rains so little, the precipitation being in the course of the year only fifteen inches, it might tend more to the raising of abundant crops, to regulate and even extend the rush of the spring-tide waters. To what does Ægypt owe the fertility of its plains, if not to the Nile's inundations? The whole valley through which the great river flows was wont to be overflowed, and often to excess; yet who ever heard of a famine on the banks of the Nile, or that Ægypt was incapable of being, when occasion required, the granary of the world? In order that no inconvenience might arise from excessive inundations, great and stupendous works were erected by the generosity of the kings of Ægypt and the ingenuity of her people. Thus were the superfluous waters disposed of and regulated, so as to increase to an amazing extent the fertility of the land. Who knows but, when people if not princes have been multiplied on the earth, similar works may be undertaken in the hitherto neglected regions of the North-West?—and who dare say that the vast countries there, which have known no sound as yet save the lowing of wild cattle and the war-whoop of the fierce red-man, shall not rejoice one day in all the blessings of civilisation, and become vocal with the glad accents of millions upon millions of happy beings?

°SOIL AND CLIMATE OF THE REGIONS WATERED BY THE  
MACKENZIE RIVER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES, THE ELK  
AND PEACE RIVERS.

The valleys of the Elk and Peace rivers, tributaries of the MacKenzie, although much farther north than the countries on the Saskatchewan, being situated between the 55th and 58th degrees of north latitude, enjoy a climate and soil adapted to the growth of all the cereals, and all kinds of garden vegetables. Wheat, even, can be raised easily in the valleys, for it grows at fort Liard, in 60 degrees north latitude, on Mountain river, another tributary of the MacKenzie.

Although we have no positive evidence before us which decidedly proves that wheat crops may be relied on at Peace river, there is surely ground for believing that, where the spring is so early, grain, which even cold Siberia refuses not to the labour of man, (4) might be successfully cultivated. Sir Alexander MacKenzie, in his journal, of date 10th May, 1793, says that "already the buffaloes were seen with their young ones frisking about them." At this time also (10th May), "the whole country," he writes, "displayed an exuberant verdure. The trees that bear a blossom were advancing fast to that delightful appearance; and the velvet rind of their branches, reflecting the oblique rays of a rising or setting sun, added a splendid gaiety to the trees, which no expressions of mine are qualified to describe."

Between the two rivers—the Elk and the Peace,—55–56 N. latitude, "the ground rises at intervals to a considerable height, and stretches inward to a great distance. At every interval or pause in the rise, there is a very gently ascending space or lawn, which is alternate with abrupt precipices to the summit of the whole, or at least 'as far as the eye could distinguish. This magnificent theatre of nature has all the decorations which the trees and animals of the country can afford it. Groves of poplars, in every shape, vary the scene, and their intervals are enlivened with vast herds of Elk and Buffaloes—the former choosing the steep uplands, and the latter preferring the plains." (*Sir Alex. MacKenzie's Journal*, 1793.)

#### EXTREME LIMITS OF CULTIVATION.

At fort Norman, within a few miles of the 65th parallel of north latitude, barley and potatoes have been raised, (evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons, 1857, p. 132) although, probably, wheat could not be cultivated. It is well known, however, that in Europe it grows to perfection as far north as latitude 59.

"But, neither wheat crops nor cereals of any kind are destined to form the resources and the wealth of this portion of the country. The navigation of the MacKenzie will be its treasure. And surely if the enterprising citizens of the United States find it profitable to convey from the seas which receive the waters of this great river, shiploads of whale oil and

other merchandise, it will be still more so for the future inhabitants of the flowery regions of the Saskatchewan, the Assiniboine and the Red river to derive like supplies from the Arctic Ocean by means of the MacKenzie, which is navigable during the summer months for more than twelve hundred miles; thus affording access to the very heart of the land, whence, in all directions, there are lakes and rivers capable of bearing on their waters the most richly laden merchant ships. Seven millions of dollars yearly, (vid: evidence before select committee of House of Commons, 1857) the sum accruing to the United States from the whale fisheries alone, are surely but an inconsiderable fraction of the priceless treasures that might be fished up from the inexhaustible depths of the great Arctic Sea. And this will be, one day, the rich possession of the numerous people who will find their homes on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and in the fertile valleys and verdant prairies which end only where the settled country of Canada begins.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA, FORMERLY CALLED NEW CALEDONIA.

The country watered by the Fraser river must now be spoken of. It consists chiefly of mountainous regions, but there are also plains and numerous valleys as rich as any in the world. It is wholly within British territory, and has been erected into a colony, with a Governor, Council of State, &c. Although many parts of it can never be inhabited, it is destined, no doubt, to afford homes at no distant period to a numerous and wealthy population. It had been known hitherto by the beautiful name of NEW CALEDONIA; and it was surely much to be regretted that the British Government had thought fit to change the name of this magnificent country to BRITISH COLUMBIA. The learned Colonial Minister ought to have acted on the idea that the territory watered by a river bearing the name of one of the most illustrious of the Scottish races, should have been allowed to retain the name of *Caledonia*. Was there not a marked similarity between the two countries? Were not both, as had been said of one of them by an eminent poet, "the land of the mountain and the flood?" The rivers of New Caledonia flow in all directions—east, west, north and south—from the highest mountain ranges of North America, over-

looking the Pacific Ocean. Those of ancient Caledonia rising in the highest mountains of the British Isles, in their headlong course, rush foaming through their rocky beds till, reaching the more level country, they flow in tranquil beauty through fertile fields and finely wooded valleys to the Northern, Atlantic and German Oceans. Is New Caledonia without any other inhabitant than the aboriginal savage—without any other habitation than the rude tent or the wretched wigwam? Are its waters without trade as yet\* and unknown to song? Even so, ancient Caledonia, some two thousand years ago, had no other inhabitant than the barbarian, whose only clothing was paint—no better dwelling for its people than the burrow in the hillside. No bard had as yet given celebrity to its streams; the merchant had not yet found out their treasures. What are they now? Mountain torrents, still as they rush from their rugged heights; but how different as they descend into the densely populated plains, expand into noble estuaries, bearing on their tide the rich merchantman, the formidable war-ship; welcoming every day to their placid waters the commerce and the wealth and the people of all nations.†

It must not be inferred from this likening of the new to the ancient Caledonia, that British Columbia is equal only in point of soil and climate to North Britain. Both were, indeed, lands of "the mountain and the flood;" but the climate of the former country is superior even to that of the south of England. The endless variety of its trees and shrubs and wild plants, which grow in the utmost luxuriance, leaves no room to doubt of its fertility. Being a mountainous country, it is necessarily more humid than the prairie lands of the Saskatchewan; but it possesses the advantage of being less subject to severe summer droughts than many

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\* The opening of the gold mines at Cariboo, and the road to that region, nearly 400 miles in length, recently constructed, have caused a wonderful revolution, as regards trade and travel, along the rugged banks of the Fraser.

† There is another striking point of resemblance between New and ancient Caledonia. Who has not heard of the "parallel roads" of Glenroy, in the latter country? Travellers speak of similar roads or *terraces* on the great rivers of British Columbia—the Fraser, the Thomson, the Columbia. These terraces of the new world are on a larger scale than those of Scotland; but they indicate similar geological revolutions, which must have emancipated the waters from their mountain fastnesses at different epochs in both countries.

level tracts of country to the east of the Rocky Mountains. What though its rugged mountain regions must ever remain impervious to the plough, they will always be crowned with magnificent forests, except where the height is too great to admit of such exuberant vegetation, thus affording a pleasing contrast with the undulating plains which diversify the numerous lakes and streams. Chief among these is the great Fraser river, which pursues a rapid course between steep and rocky banks until, approaching the sea, it presents a fertile and finely wooded valley from 50 to 60 miles in length. Such also is the Thomson, which, surpassing the former in the beauty of its scenery, according to the evidence which so lately as 1857 was given before a select committee of the House of Commons, flows "through one of the most beautiful countries in the world." Its climate is one of the best and is eminently calculated to favour the production of all the crops that are produced in England. Towards the north the Columbian coast becomes rocky and precipitous, appearing to be unapproachable; but inside this rugged belt there is "a fine open country."

Is it too much to hope, that a land which many who have dwelt in it and know it well, speak of as "extremely fertile," and which possesses treasures of unfold gold that have already attracted the people who hold California and its golden stores, will rejoice ere long in numerous populations, and may even behold the commerce of the world crowding its shores?\*

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\* The gold mines of the Fraser River have now become better known and attract a considerable floating population. That they will hasten the colonization of the territory or make it a desirable country to settle in is quite another question. They have been, however, the cause of great improvements which will eventually promote settlement. A waggon road 378 miles in length has been constructed, notwithstanding very serious engineering difficulties, from Yale, the place where the Fraser ceases to be navigable, across the Cascade mountains to the chief mining districts at Cariboo. In addition to this important highway, there is also a branch waggon road of 107 miles from Clinton to Douglas via Lillooet. By means of these roads, opened in 1864, the expense of living at Cariboo has been diminished by one-half. They must also facilitate communication with the rest of British North America; and thus will the whole breadth of the Continent, from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, be thrown open to colonization, civilization and commercial enterprise. This road, surmounting the Cascades, enters the great plateau, which lies between them and the Rocky Mountains. Access could easily be had along this undulating plain to the more

## COLONY OF VANCOUVER.

Vancouver Island, so named from its discoverer, Captain Vancouver, lies close to the mainland, extending 270 miles in length, and varying in breadth from forty to fifty miles. The aboriginal population is supposed to amount to 17,000 souls. This island is in every respect wonderfully adapted for settlement. The climate, moderated by the mild winds of the Pacific Ocean, resembles that of the south of England, with the difference chiefly that there is a greater degree of summer-heat. Its vicinity to the sea renders it more humid than the more inland parts of the neighbouring territory of British Columbia. But this circumstance only confers upon it the privilege and the abiding beauty of perpetual verdure. The trees with which it is adorned, and in many places encumbered, are quite equal to those which are the pride of the royal gardens at Kensington. The cultivable parts of the Island present a very pleasing appearance, the country being divided into wood and prairie land, the prairies stretching extensively in park-like forms into the primeval forests.

The low lands generally are fertile—some of the valleys, such as the Cowichan, which extends along the beautiful bay of the same name, particularly so. The finest wheat is easily raised, and yields from 25 to 40 bushels per acre. Very little of the Island had been explored at the date of the parliamentary report of 1857; but although

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practicable pass which Mr. Alfred Waddington has pointed out, towards the north end of the Rocky Mountain chain. A road will no doubt soon be made from this comparatively easy mountain pass to the point where the north fork of the Saskatchewan becomes navigable. Thus will British Columbia be brought within convenient travelling reach of Red River and the Canadian lakes. Allusion is made here only to what may be said to exist already. But there can be no doubt that when the road proposed by Mr. Waddington, and which, I believe, he has in part constructed at his own expense, from Bute's inlet on the Pacific across the cascade range towards its northern termination, is completed as far as the pass just referred to, at or near the end of the Rocky Mountains, an over-land route with few inconveniences and no difficulties whatever, will be at once established. A railway will no doubt be undertaken some time, and probably at no distant period. But why wait for a railroad when such lines of communication, as have just been indicated, can be opened up speedily, and at comparatively little cost? This route might be ready for travel and traffic by the time that the Inter-Colonial Railway is open.

described in the report as rocky "in places," there can be no doubt, judging from the prairies and fertile spots which are known, the soil is generally productive. The fish which swarm around its shores, its inexhaustible coal mines, and its safe, natural harbours, unimproved as yet, if indeed they require improvement by the hand of man, admirably adapt Vancouver for being the emporium, as it may yet become one day, of the trade of both hemispheres. In 1843, the work of colonization had been commenced in Vancouver Island so fertile and so rich in resources of every kind, and was advancing slowly in the face of many obstacles, when it was erected into a British colony in 1828.\* This imperial favour was no sooner extended to it, than, as if impelled by the influence of some magic power, it rose with astonishing rapidity to the condition of a province of no ordinary importance. Already it possesses an embryo city on its south coast, with a population of 8,000 souls. Rejoicing in the auspicious name of VICTORIA, this thriving little town bids welcome to its precincts, the Celt as well as the Saxon. Its press, thus early, has begun to speak the language of both races. Victoria is also the chief seat of a bishopric which will no doubt, in the course of time, be circumscribed, and to its own great satisfaction, by several new sees.

#### THE WAY TO THE NORTH WEST.

Hitherto it has been too generally believed that access to the beautiful countries of the North West is extremely difficult, if not impossible. This idea may have arisen from the circumstance that the Hudson's Bay Company have been in the habit of traveling thither by long, circuitous, and

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\* Vancouver is now (1868) politically united with the neighboring mainland and one great colony is constituted which will be known henceforth as BRITISH COLUMBIA. This colony is bounded to the south by the United States of America, to the west by the Pacific ocean and the frontier of Alaska (until recently the Russian territories in North America); to the north by the 60th parallel of north latitude; and to the east, from the boundary of the United States, northwards, by the Rocky Mountains and the 120th meridian of west longitude, including Queen Charlotte's Island, Vancouver Island, the Islands adjacent thereto, and all other islands adjacent to the territories which constitute British Columbia.



even dangerous routes. It seems extraordinary that they should have preferred to convey their stores and merchandise round by the stormy waters of the north, with their only port at York Factory on Hudson's Bay, which is almost always frozen, when a more direct way was at their command, by the Canadian lakes and the chain of waters which extend from Lake Superior to the vicinity of their settlement on Red River. This may have led to the belief that there existed no better route. Recent explorations have shewn, however, that the journey from Canada to the North West is shorter than has been supposed, and comparatively easy; that indeed, with a little outlay in road-making, where there are *portages* or carrying places, a great highway might be established, only a little longer than the most direct or air line from fort William at the Head of Lake Superior to fort Garry on the Red River.—(Air line 377 miles,—route by land and water 454 miles.)\*

Nor does this route pass through a barren and inhospitable wilderness. The height of land separating Lake Superior from the countries to the westward once passed, the rivers and lakes are bordered by prairies and luxuriant woods. (5) Nor are these regions without inhabitants. In addition to the Indian tribes who are by no means hostile, there are numerous settlers of European origin, and several missions have been in existence for many years. The colonists of Red River, who are most anxious to hold relations with Canada, would prefer this route to the more circuitous, difficult and dangerous one by Pembina and through the State of Minnesota. They gave proof of this preference by undertaking themselves to make a road ninety miles in length, from that settlement to the Lake of the Woods which constitutes so large a portion of the chain of navigable

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\* A route has since been traced, 463½ miles in length, from a point near Fort William, Thunder Bay, Lake Superior, to Fort Garry on Red River; 332½ miles of the journey over this route can be accomplished by means of navigable waters, leaving only 131 miles of land travel. The advantages of this route in a commercial point of view are sufficiently apparent from the circumstance that the carriage of goods from St Paul, Minnesota, where the Red River people chiefly purchase their supplies, costs from four and a half to five dollars per 100 lbs., whereas, by the proposed route, it would amount only to one and three quarters or at most three dollars, from Lake Superior to Fort Garry.—(See recent report by S. J. Dawson, Esq., C. E., to the Canadian Govt.)

waters extending to within thirty miles of Lake Superior. The Government of the Dominion of Canada, in consideration of the loss of the crops at Red River this year, 1868, have relieved the settlers from this responsibility and are now actually directing the construction of a road from Fort Garry in connection with the navigable waters.

This route will in a short time hence, be available for travel and traffic, part of the land road from Thunder Bay, (L. Superior,) towards the lake region, which lies between Lake Superior and the Red River country, being already constructed, and an appropriation having been made by the Canadian Government for the construction of 90 miles of waggon road from the last of the chain of lakes (the Lake of the Woods,) to Fort Garry, the chief place in the Red River settlement.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that, by opening communication with the north-west territories, an important amount of trading will be at once established between those regions and Canada. At present, the settlers at Red river are dependent for their supplies on the state of Minnesota. Goods can only be conveyed from St. Paul, the chief city of that state, with considerable difficulty and at great expense. The north-western people would find a cheaper and equally well supplied market in Canada: and as has just been shewn, the cost of carriage would be materially less. The able men who direct the energies of the Hudson's Bay Company, would be among the first, undoubtedly, to see the advantages of the new route, and to avail themselves of them. Canada cannot fail to recognize her interest in such great public, even national, improvements. Trade, to the value of many millions yearly, would be directed to her borders: wealth would flow to her from the gold mines of the Fraser, the coal fields of Vancouver, the inexhaustible fisheries of British Columbia, and the fertile plains of the Saskatchewan, the Red river and the Assiniboine.—Waters which communicate by means of *portages*, lead all the way to the immediate neighbourhood of Lake Superior.

And what if the highway to the distant east—to China and Japan; & to the lovely islands of the Pacific—to Borneo, to New Zealand, to golden Australia and our vast Indian Empire—should pass through the beautiful and productive valleys of the North West?

A railway\* from Halifax or Quebec to the western coast of the American continent has been spoken of; and, indeed, such a way could be more easily made along the plains of the Saskatchewan and the northern passes, than through the more mountainous country some degrees farther south. Nor would the Rocky Mountains be an insurmountable barrier. They could be pierced without any serious engineering difficulties at the sources of the MacKenzie and Fraser rivers, or at the point where they were traversed by Sir George Simpson, with a long train of horses, waggons and baggage, at the head waters of the Saskatchewan and the Columbia. In the meantime, other kinds of roads and modes of conveyance may be adopted with equally great advantage. The more direct way to Red River, by the chain of lakes and rivers which already almost connect the Canadian lakes with the settlement at Fort Garry, once established, as it must be in a year or two, the great highway as far as the Rocky Mountains, and within 200 miles of Fraser River, is complete, the rivers and lakes extending westwards from Red River, being navigable even for vessels of large tonnage, eight hundred miles of the way. At present there is no other route to the rich and populous lands of the eastern hemisphere than by the stormy seas of Asia and Africa, across the Isthmus of Panama, round Cape Horn, or through the dangerous strait of Magellan, or by what is called "the overland route," through foreign countries. Whether the nations of Europe will continue to prefer these ways, which, however long and difficult and dangerous, have the sanction of antiquity, it is obvious that Canada, as she increases

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\* A grand inter oceanic railway will no doubt be undertaken as soon as the finances of the country are in a condition to meet the cost. Such a railway once made, colonization would advance with giant strides, and communication with the remote east would be opened by the shortest route. Nay, the distance from London to Canton would be abridged by 5,218 miles and all other distances to eastern lands in like proportion. The distance from London to Canton, via Panama, is 15,580 miles; via Canada the valley of the Saskatchewan, and the Pacific Ocean, 10,850 miles. The Sandwich Islands, the Feejee Islands, the Island of Labuan &c., would be found to be convenient resting places in the Pacific, where steamboats could lay in supplies of fresh water, coal and other necessary things. Labuan, a British possession adjacent to Borneo, and in the line of navigation to the fertile lands of Oceania, is rich in coal which has been available for some time, — the mines being worked by a company.

in wealth and population, will find the new way, although all but untrodden as yet, more convenient, perhaps even essential, for the wants of her extended trade. Not only will this highway of the world, with its myriads of leviathan steamboats constantly ploughing the placid waters of the Pacific Ocean, traverse the Canadian provinces, it must also pass through the valley of the River Ottawa. This is an absolute requirement of the geological structure of the globe. British power has at command only two outlets, eastwards, from the beautiful and fertile lands of the north-west: one a land route, and a difficult one, by the north shore of the Canadian lakes; the other, more easy, by Lakes Superior and Huron, thence by French river, Lake Nipissingue, the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, to the Atlantic seaboard.

Thus it is manifest that the city of Ottawa, which, according to the wise decision of our gracious Queen, † has become the capital of the Dominion of Canada, must also be, and that at no distant day, a great commercial emporium, a metropolis of business, the prosperous and crowded centre of the trade of both hemispheres.

# THE NORTH WEST TERRITORY.

## NOTES.

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### ASSINIBOIA AND RED RIVER.

NOTE I.—“*It is far from being true that there is only some arable land along the course of the great rivers.*” The Rev. Mr. Corbett's evidence before the House of Commons may be very properly adduced here in confirmation of what is advanced:

Question 2,712.—Mr. Gordon—What is the physical character of the country?

A. It is very good for agricultural operations.

Q. How far from the banks of the river, in your opinion, might agricultural operations be profitably extended?

A. For a very great distance.

Q. More than a mile from the banks?

A. I have heard Mr. McDermott, who is, perhaps, the greatest merchant on the banks of the Red River, say again and again, that he is quite surprised that the authorities in England do not extend the route *via* Lake Superior, and open up a grand overland route, and form a great nation, from Lake Superior right across the Rocky Mountains; that it could be done, and that he is surprised that towns and cities have not been raised up.

Q. Is there timber or coal in the neighbourhood of your station?

A. There is a great deal of coal towards the source of the Assiniboine River.

Q. How far from your station?

A. Two hundred or three hundred miles.

Q. Which coal might be brought down the river, and which it would be very desirable to work, because timber in those parts of the country is scarce?

A. The timber might be used for building purposes and the coal for fuel.

Q. I suppose that 300 miles is a very interrupted navigation ?

A. The Hudson's Bay Company bring their furs and peltries all down the same river in large bateaux.

Select Com. Hudson's Bay Co.

Evidence of the Rev. G. O. Corbett, p. 140.

\* "*Furs for the great fur-dealing company.*"—The case of the attempted settlement at Portage La Prairie on the River Assiniboine, about 50 or 60 miles from the seat of Government at Fort Garry on Red River, amply bears out the statement made in this paper as to the adverse policy of the Hudson's Bay Company. But who could blame them as the proprietors of a great mercantile concern, for resisting all trespasses on their preserves? Have not all men and all companies a right to do what they like with their own? May they not use and enjoy their property as they shall think best, whether that property consist in lands, houses, trees, or wild cats? It must be admitted, however, that there are such things also as national rights, the rights that are held and acted on by the sovereign power of a nation. These rights although undoubtedly possessed are never, or ought never to be put in force, to the detriment however small, of any individual or number of individuals, except when the common good manifestly demands it. When there is question of a great national benefit, and, when the good of humanity is in view by opening up a new and immense field for the supplying of human wants, for the extension of human happiness, for the diffusion of civilization and the filling up of the waste places of the earth, private interest may surely be made to yield without injustice to the superior interests of a nation—of mankind. Does not the sovereign authority of every country claim and enforce the right of causing private property to give way to public improvement, even if in so doing, it should occasion a certain amount of loss to individual members of the community? If there existed no such right where would be our railways and other great works which pay so little respect to the amenities of private gentlemen? A policy dictated by the interests of a private commercial company has hitherto marred all endeavours, even the most laudable efforts of individuals to promote greater and more extended well-being in the fertile and productive regions of the North West. But sooner or later, the great monopoly must yield to the national will. And even as some Railway although not sustained by the greatest influences traverses the property of a powerful proprietor by virtue of a parliamentary *fiat*, so will the march of improvement advance with giant strides through the vast regions which have remained so long as "*a fountain sealed up*" to all but a favored few. The interference of these favored and privileged few with the settlement at Portage La Prairie clearly established that colonization is impossible so long as the colonies of the North West are controlled by a Company which will not afford the slightest encouragement to any undertaking that does not promise to supply them with that species of merchandise from which accrue to them so much wealth and importance.

The Rev. J. O. CORBETT when questioned before the select Committee of the House of Commons on the Hudson's Bay Company, stated, shewing what led to the desire for a missionary establishment at "Portage La Prairie," that there are many settlers congregated on the Assiniboine River, about 50 or 60 miles from the seat of Government, and that these settlers petitioned for a missionary to be despatched to them for the instruction of themselves and their children."

Q. Was any objection made to the formation of a station there?

A. Yes.

MR. ADDERLEY—What was the date of that objection?

A. About 1853, I think; the people may have congregated to petition for a missionary earlier than that date, but I speak in reference to my own visit.

MR. GORDON—What objections were made to the formation of a settlement there, and by whom?

A. I was given to understand that the Hudson's Bay Company would not permit the formation of a settlement there.

LORD STANLEY—It is merely hearsay?

A. No, it is positive knowledge. When I arrived in the country, two stations were placed before me, and I was to choose one of the two.

\* Among other features connected with these two spots, in respect of "Portage La Prairie," there was the prohibition of the Hudson's Bay Company; so out of deference to the authorities in the country, as well as other reasons, I chose a station lower down on the same river.

Q. Were you informed of the prohibition by any of the authorities themselves?

A. Yes, it was well known throughout the settlement.

Q. But were you informed of it?

A. Yes, by the Archdeacon and by the Bishop.

Q. You were not informed of it by any officer of the Hudson's Bay Company?

A. I think I had intercourse with the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company on the same subject.

Q. Were you told to what limits that prohibition extended?

A. I believe that the prohibition would extend as far as this, that no missionary would be able to obtain his supplies for his station if he went to that spot, so that he would be starved; if he ordered his goods, for example, from London, he could not rely upon getting them.

You have misunderstood the question which I intended to put to you.

Q. To what extent of country did this prohibition of settling in a particular part of the country apply?

A. The prohibition was directed to the formation of a missionary settlement in one particular place.

MR. GORDON.—What reasons were assigned for it?

A. I believe it was stated that the difficulties would be too great in governing the people there, and also that the people might settle lower down towards the colony of the Red River instead of settling so high up on the Assiniboine River. But there was a desire on the part of the

people at Portage La Prairie, on account of the timber, to form a settlement there. They were also driven up there, I believe, from the upper part of the settlement on account of the floods.

Q. Are we to understand that the prohibition was only to a missionary going and settling there or to the people collecting there?

A. To the people collecting as well as the missionaries going.

Q. Was that opposition persevered in?

A. Continuously, for several years; I believe it has only recently been abolished.

Q. How has it been at last overcome?

A. By the continued perseverance of the missionaries, and by the perseverance of the people there, who turned out determined at all risks, to form a missionary station; and also, I believe, by the Indians having gathered around them, and expressed a desire, in common with the settlers, that a missionary should be appointed to that locality.

*Rev. G. O. Corbett's evidence before  
Select Committee of the H. of Com.  
1857, pages 137, 138.*

Other instances of discouragement by the Hudson's Bay Company are adduced in Mr. Corbett's evidence. He considered that there were measures taken in reference to his own station, Headingley on the Assiniboine River, about 12 miles from the seat of Government, which were equivalent to a prohibition. When settlers began to gather at his station, the Hudson's Bay Company raised the terms on which lands could be had. The original terms were that each settler should pay down \$2 before he could set his foot upon a lot of land, and at the time of which there is question, the Hudson's Bay Company raised the terms up to £12; so that no settler could legally settle down upon a lot of land without going down to the Agent of the Hudson's Bay Company at the Fort, and paying £12.

Q. Was this a sum in addition to the price of the land?

A. No; these were the terms upon which they could have it, a sort of depositor pledge. A council of my own people was formed on account of this, wishing me to represent this grievance to the H. B. Company's officer. Accordingly, I sought an interview with the agent, at Upper Fort Garry, Mr. Black, who very kindly received me, talked over the matter and promised to represent it to the authorities in London, but could not promise me any redress. I also represented it to the Bishop, because it was the wish of the people that I should do so. The Bishop said that the difficulties could not have been foreseen but that he would represent it in other quarters also. Since the Bishop's arrival in England I have asked his Lordship whether any change had taken place for the better; and he says that it is rather for the worse, because now the people have to pay £15 instead of £12 in my own immediate district. Therefore, perhaps, had not this Committee been sitting, I should have felt a desire before returning to the country, to have sought an interview with the Colonial Secretary for the purpose of having some change introduced; because we have appealed to



the authorities in the country and have had no change whatsoever introduced in my own district

Q. That deposit which you have spoken of, you think acts as a quasi prohibition to settlement?

A. Yes; the raising of the terms for the lands; and it also makes the people indignant, because many of them say; "We were the original proprietors of the soil, and now that we wish to settle down and form a settlement, (and here is a missionary who has come all the way from England,) the terms are raised so that we cannot pay them. We have not the means of paying them."

Mr. CORBETT being further interrogated, stated that Sir George Simpson expressed his displeasure at Archdeacon Cochrane's proceedings at the *Portage La Prairie*, and required that he withdraw and the place be left vacant.

The case of Fort Alexander also shews the animus of the Hudson's Bay Company in regard to settlement. A letter from the Rev. W. Taylor missionary agent for the Church of England had informed Mr. Corbett that Sir George Simpson had given permission to occupy Fort Alexander near Lake Winnipeg "but strange to say the missionary was to confine himself to the Fort; not to civilize and evangelize the heathen; not to form a locality or permanent dwelling for the Indians."

Q. Have you ever heard that the authorities of the Company have expressed their opinion that it would be better if the missionaries would give up their efforts there?

A. We have heard them state that if missionaries and settlements increase, *chief Factors and fur trading posts must decrease.*

Mr. LOWE—Who are you speaking of when you say "them?"

A. The agents of the Company.

*Same evidence pages 138 and 139.*

The Right Rev. Dr. ANDERSON, the Protestant Bishop of Rupert's Land gives evidence to the same effect. Giving the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company full credit for their courtesy and kindness to the clergy, and their anxious care of the Indians in their present state, he fails not to represent that the policy of the Company is essentially adverse to settlement on an extended scale. When interrogated as to the character of the Company's government, the Right Rev. gentleman said: "Personally they have assisted me largely in many ways. Their disposition latterly has been to do much for the Indians in carrying out civilization; but of course *the direct object of the Company would not be to colonize or to settle.*" In the memorial which I presented to them, I stated that I thought the time had come when immigration on a cautious scale might take place."

Q. Do you consider that their government is favourable to the development of the resources of the vast territory under their jurisdiction?

A. Hardly of those of the southern part of the country, where, I think, agriculture is possible; along the southern parallels.

Q. Do you think it favorable to the civilization and improvement of the inhabitants?

A. *If colonization and settling are meant, I should say not so.*

3. "The happy home of millions of inhabitants."—By reference to "the minutes of evidence taken before the select Committee of the House of Commons on the Hudson's Bay Company," it will be seen; that as regards the Saskatchewan country, the evidence of Sir George Simpson, although manifestly given with reluctance, is in perfect accordance with what he had previously stated in his interesting book.

Q. In reply to the question by Mr. Kinnaird (page 57) "you say that there is no timber on the Saskatchewan river?"

A. There is very little timber.

MR. BELL—You say that there is very little timber in that country. I find that in your "Journal of a journey from the Red River settlement across the Rocky Mountains," you constantly describe the country in this way: "Picturesque country, lakes with gently sloping banks, the green sward crowned with thick woods;" then you say, "beautiful country, lofty hills, long valleys, sylvan lakes, bright green uninterrupted profusion of roses and bluebells; softest vales, panorama of hanging copses?"

A. Yes, there were a great many flowering shrubs.

Q. Then you say that within a day's march of Carlton on the Saskatchewan, in latitude 53° there were large gardens and fields, and an abundance of potatoes and other vegetables?

A. Yes

Q. I understand you to say that there were no woods in that country?

A. There is a small quantity of wood insufficient for the purposes of a large population.

Q. About Edmonton, as to the pasturage, your remark is that it is luxuriant, and that the barley is very productive?

A. Yes, it is very good.

In the passage quoted above from Sir George Simpson's work, the learned author could not have intended to convey the idea that the district referred to was covered with dense uninterrupted forests. This would not be consistent, with what he says of bright vales, roses and blue bells in profusion, hanging copses &c. His own interpretation just quoted must be admitted as correct, viz: that there is comparatively only a small quantity of wood, insufficient in his opinion, for the purposes of a large population. In another part of his evidence the country is described as consisting chiefly of undulating prairie land. Is not such land well adapted for settlement? If it labours under the disadvantage of presenting only a scanty supply of wood, does it not possess the recommendation of being ready for the plough as soon as there are husbandmen to apply it? Every colonist knows how dearly every acre of cleared land is purchased in the midst of unbroken forests. And what becomes of the trees of which Sir George Simpson makes such great account? They are gathered into heaps and given to the flames, as many as might be carried on a single waggon being reserved for shelter. Might not some means be devoted, in the event of the Saskatchewan country being colonized for bringing the supplies of timber necessary for the erection of the first essential *field*, from the Red River, the Assiniboine, or the Columbia which is so rich in beautiful trees? And would not the expense saved in clearing, the ground being already a meadow,

amply defray the cost of such imports? If indeed those prairie lands upon which subsist innumerable herds of Buffalo, be as rich and fertile as Sir George Simpson and other writers describe them, the government could only gain by supplying the early colonists with timber until they could themselves provide stone built dwellings, and supply themselves with coal from other parts of the territory. Whatever might be the amount of profit or loss in dollars, the government would certainly acquire a new country, a new people and what is not the least important consideration, comfortable homes for the overcrowded and in some instances, discontented populations of the old world. Nothing so readily engenders ill humour and discontent as the want of elbow room. Relieve this want, the most pressing one perhaps of the present time by opening up these hitherto uncultivated tracts of "beautiful country with their lofty hills, rolling prairies, sylvan lakes, bright green sward, uninterrupted profusion of roses and blue bells, softest vales and panoramas of hanging coves," and you will do more towards redressing grievances and effecting real and salutary reforms than all that the politicians of the time will be able to accomplish.

In answer to a question by Mr. Bell (p. 52) in regard to communication on the Saskatchewan towards Edmonton, and the nature of the country, Sir George Simpson said: "The country is level; it is a rolling prairie."

*Q.* It is a practicable country?

*A.* Yes; I have travelled on horseback through the whole of that prairie country. I have travelled from the Red River to the Columbia on horseback."

*(Minutes of evidence as above.)*

*Sir George Simpson interrogated.)*

#### THE MACKENZIE RIVER COUNTRY.

4 "Grain which even cold Siberia refuses not to the labour of man."—"The northern parts of both the Asiatic and American continents down to a considerable extent, have the soil frozen for several feet deep. I believe that the ground ice, as it is called, commences in those parts of America which have an average annual temperature of 32°; that is a little to the north of the Saskatchewan River. It goes on increasing in depth until about Fort Simpson, where there is about 17 feet of permanently frozen ground. It thaws to a considerable extent in the summer time. But that does not interfere with the growth of trees, because they spread their roots over the frozen subsoil just as they would spread their roots over this table.

*Mr. KINNAIRD.*—They do not sink into it?

*A.* They do not sink into it. But those trees which have a large top root, such as the oak and the other deciduous trees, do not flourish in those portions of the country which have a permanently frozen soil.

MR. CHARLES FITZWILLIAM—To what depth does the soil thaw in the summer time?

A. At Fort Simpson, for example, in latitude  $62^{\circ}$ , the thaw in Oct. extended down to 11 feet. There was an experiment made in that place. That was the whole of the summer thaw. At York Factory, which is nearly in the same latitude, I believe, on the shores of the Hudson's Bay, the thaw had penetrated only three feet. At Severn, which is farther south, it had penetrated about 5 feet. All these experiments are detailed in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal for Jany., 1841. A great variety of experiments were made and compared with experiments made in Siberia by Professor Zaer of St. Petersburg.

Q. In the country that you are now speaking of there are thick forests of timber, at Fort Simpson, at York Factory and at Severn; it is a wooded country?

A. It is a well wooded country.

Q. In the event of the country being settled up, and the consequent disappearance of the timber, would any material change be produced in the soil in respect of thawing?

A. If the woods were cut down and a free access afforded to the sun's rays, no doubt the thaw would be greater; but I believe that there would be a permanently frozen subsoil, though at a greater depth from the surface.

Q. Would that ground ice interfere with agricultural purposes?

A. Not at all.

Q. Of no sort?

A. No. If the thaw is sufficiently deep, the frozen subsoil does not appear to affect the processes of vegetation in the smallest degree. In Siberia, which is in the same latitude as the northern parts of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, there are large crops of wheat every year.

Q. Do you think that the country on McKenzie's River is at all adapted to the wants of civilized man?

A. The climate is very severe there; but the soil, so far as I have had an opportunity of judging, is tolerably well adapted for cultivation. You can raise barley and potatoes very well indeed.

MR. GOGAN—Without risk?

A. Without any risk whatsoever. And on the river Liard which comes from the mountains, you can raise large crops. The soil is better on that river, and wheat has been occasionally raised."

*Minutes of Evidence Select Com. H. of  
Commons, pp. 136 & 137. Evidence of  
A. Isbister, Esq.*

## RAINY LAKE, &amp;c.

5 "*The Rivers and Lakes are bordered by rich prairies and luxuriant woods.*"—In corroboration of this statement, Sir George Simpson's interesting work, and also his evidence before the House of Commons, may be referred to.

Question 1,406, p. 76.—MR. ROEBUCK—I have a book in my hand published by you, in 1847?

A. Very possibly.

Q. How long had you been then Governor of that country?

A. Twenty-seven years.

Q. And I suppose that in those 27 years, you had acquired a good deal of experience?

A. Yes.

Q. Are we to take this book as the result of your experience of that country?

A. I think you may.

Q. And all that you stated then was your view after 27 years' experience of that country?

A. I think so.

Q. So that if you had died at that moment, which I am very happy to see that you did not, we might have taken this book as your view of that country?

A. Yes.

Q. Has anything happened since that time to alter your views of that country?

A. No; I do not know that I have materially altered my views in regard to it.

Q. I know that this passage has been read to you before, but its matter has struck me very much, from its poetry as well as otherwise, and I will read it again and ask you why, if you have changed your opinion, you have changed it: "*The river which empties Lac la Pluie into the Lake of the Woods, is in more than one respect, decidedly the finest stream on the whole route. From Fort Frances downwards, a stretch of nearly a hundred miles, it is not interrupted by a single impediment, while yet the current is not strong enough materially to retard an ascending traveller, nor are the banks less favorable to agriculture than the waters themselves to navigation, resembling, in some measure, those of the Thames near Richmond. From the very brink of the river, there rises a gentle slope of green sward, crowned in many places with a plentiful growth of birch, poplar, beech, elm and oak. Is it too much for the eye of philanthropy to discern, through the vista of futurity, this noble stream, connecting as it does, the fertile shores of two spacious lakes, with crowded steamboats on its bosom and populous towns on its borders?*"

A. I speak of the bank of the river there.

Q. I am going to direct your attention to the river itself; the river was at that time capable of bearing steamboats?

A. Quite so.

Q. Is it not so now?

A. It is.

Q. And the land was very fertile then, you say?

A. The right bank of the river which I speak of, indeed both banks, the lip of the river.

Q. You say, "nor are the banks less favorable," you allude to both banks?

A. Yes, I confine myself to the banks; the back country is one deep morass extending for miles.

Q. So that anybody reading that passage would have very much mistaken the nature of the country, if he had thought that that was the description of it?

A. Not as regards the banks; I confine myself to the banks.

Q. Does a traveller usually give such descriptions of a country as that?

A. Yes; I, as a traveller, did so.

Q. Then, we may take that to be a specimen of your view of the country?

A. You may.

(Minutes of evidence as above,  
Sir George Simpson interrogated.)

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BRITISH COLUMBIA.

\*† "The commerce of the world crowding its shores." The gold mines of the Fraser River have now become better known, and attract a considerable floating population. That they will hasten the colonization of the territory or make it a desirable country to settle in, is quite another question. They have been, however, the cause of great improvements which will eventually promote settlement. A waggon road 378 miles in length has been constructed notwithstanding very serious engineering difficulties; from Yale, the place where the Fraser ceases to be navigable, across the Cascade mountains to the chief mining district at Cariboo. In addition to this important highway, there is also a branch waggon road of 107 miles from Clinton to Douglas *via* Lillooet. By means of these roads opened in 1864, the expense of living at Cariboo has been diminished by one half. They must also facilitate communication with the rest of British North America; and thus, will the whole breadth of the continent be thrown open to colonization, civilization and commercial enterprise. This road surmounting the Cascades, enters the great plateau which lies between them and the Rocky mountains. Access could easily be had along this undulating plain to the more practicable pass which Mr. Alfred Waddington has pointed out towards the north end of the rocky mountain chain. A road will no doubt soon be made from this comparatively easy mountain pass to the point where the North fork of the Saskatchewan becomes navigable. Thus will

British Columbia be brought within convenient travelling reach of Red River and the Canadian Lakes. Allusion is made here only to what may be said to exist already. But there can be no doubt that when the road proposed by Mr. Waddington, and which I believe, he has in part constructed, at his own expense, from Bute's inlet on the Pacific across the Cascade range towards its northern termination, is completed as far as the pass just referred to at or near the north end of the rocky mountains, an overland route with very few inconveniences and no difficulties whatever, will be at once established. A railway will no doubt be undertaken some time, and probably at no distant period. But why wait for a railroad when such lines of communication, as have just been indicated, can be opened up speedily and at comparatively little cost? This route might be ready for travel and traffic by the time that the Intercolonial railway is open, and then we should see the Nova Scotians if not rejoicing in, at least enjoying the union. They among them who at present express so much dissatisfaction with the new state of things, would soon be induced to employ their energies more usefully and more wisely, than in abusing the only arrangement by which it will be possible for the Provinces to attain to any degree of prosperity and national greatness. They would not, at any rate, refuse to recognize their own immediate interest, and we may yet behold them speeding over lake and mountain in order to gather gold and wealth in other not less valuable forms. May it not, therefore, be safely concluded that they will not be tried by that fertile source of temptation,—the union,—beyond what they are able to bear? Let the load of taxation be as great as they can possibly imagine, in consideration of immensely increased resources, it will be borne without difficulty,—without murmur or complaint.

#### § WAYS—NEW BRITAIN, ENGLAND TO CHINA AND INDIA.

In the whole way from London to Canton there is a difference of 5,218 miles in favor of the route by Canada and New Britain.

London to Canton.....16,068 miles *via* Panama.

do do .....10,850 miles *via* Canada and New Britain—(the North West.)

5,218 in favor of the latter route.

The same advantages are attainable by means of the N. West route, in regard to all the countries that can be reached by the great South Sea, or Pacific Ocean. The western coast of America once gained, there are 4,000 miles of the safest navigation in the world, to Jeddo in Japan, and thence to Hong Kong, the celebrated British settlement in China, 1,575 miles. Starting from the de Fuca Straits on the Pacific shores of New Britain, there are 5,000 miles of such navigation as the Pacific Ocean alone affords, to Shanghai in China; 7,000 miles to Singapore (British India); 2,400 or 2,310 to the Sandwich Islands; 6,000 to Australia.

From Fort Langley, west coast of New Britain at the mouth of Fraser River, distance to Sandwich Islands 2,310 miles, and from the Sandwich

Islands to Labuan (Oceania)\* 5,490 miles. Then from the Sandwich Islands to the Feejee Islands there are 2,775 miles; from these Islands to New South Wales, 1,695 miles, and to Auckland (New Zealand) 1,150 miles. From the Sandwich Islands to Jeddo, the capital of Japan, there is a safe and pleasant sailing or steamship voyage of 3,540 miles.

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OTTAWA.

*"The decision of Our Gracious Queen"*

‡ It was no slight gratification to the writer to behold in less than two years after these words were first written at Ottawa, the foundation stone of the Parliament buildings irrevocably hammered down by the Prince of Wales, and the Queen's decision thus confirmed by the solemn Act of her representative, the heir apparent to the British throne. It was no less gratifying to see His Excellency the Governor General, surrounded by all the circumstance of his important office, make a public entrance into the new capital, on the 22nd day of May 1866. And surely those who saw the last Legislative Assembly of the United Provinces of Eastern and Western Canada holding its final session there, and the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada in 1867, representing at Ottawa for the first time the four millions of the United British North American Provinces, will not be inclined to doubt that the Queen and her Government were in earnest when they selected our good city as the chief seat of political power in the British portion of the North American continent.

NEW BRITAIN (the North West territory) remains as yet to be added to the Canadian Union. When the important annexation is carried into effect the New Capital will be alike conveniently situated for both sections of the great state which will then be constituted—stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The newly established political centre is exactly equidistant from HALIFAX which is destined in all probability, to be the chief Atlantic seaport of the DOMINION, and FORT GARRY on Red River, which was until quite recently, the only seat of Government in NEW BRITAIN.

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\* The Island of Labuan, adjoining Borneo, belongs to Great Britain. It is rich in coal which is now worked by a company.



# SERMON

DELIVERED IN THE CATHEDRAL OF OTTAWA AT THE FUNERAL OF THE

LATE H. J. FRIEL, ESQ.,

MAYOR OF OTTAWA,

ON WEDNESDAY, 19TH MAY, 1869.

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## PREFACE.

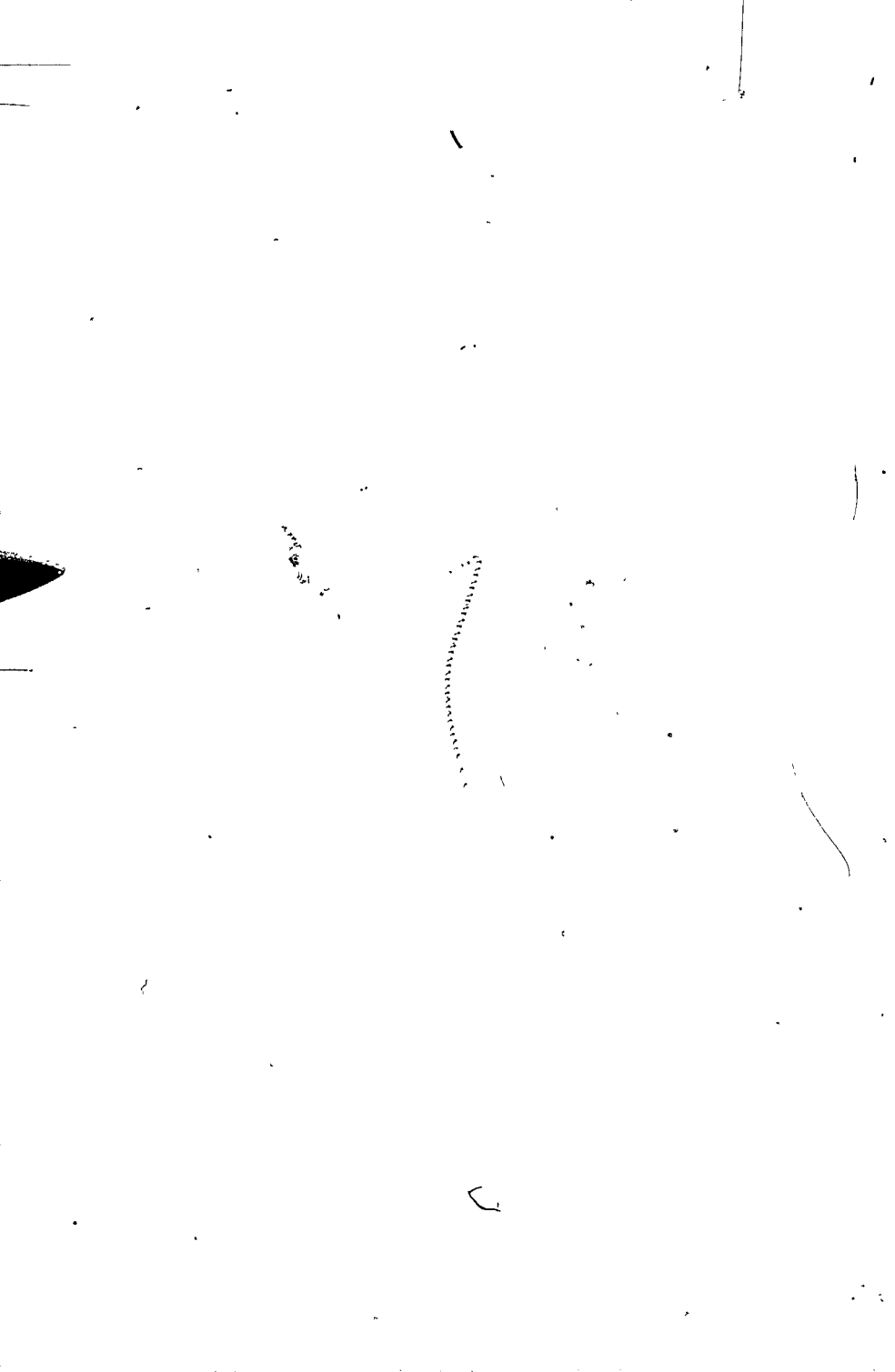
"For my part," said Pericles the son of Xantippus, at the commencement of a funeral oration, "I think it sufficient for men who have approved their virtue in action, by action to be honored for it—by such as you see the public gratitude now performing about this funeral; and that the virtues of many ought not to be endangered by the management of any one person when their credit must precariously depend on his oration, which may be good and may be bad. \* \* \* The hearer enlightened by a long acquaintance, and warm in his affection, may

quickly pronounce everything unfavorably expressed, in respect to what he wishes and what he knows,—whilst the stranger pronounceth all exaggerated, through envy of those deeds which he is conscious are above his own achievement. For, the praises bestowed upon others, are then only to be endured, when men imagine they can do those feats which they hear to have been done. They envy what they cannot equal, and immediately pronounce it false. Yet as this solemnity hath received its sanction from the authority of our ancestors, it is my duty also to obey the law, and to endeavour to procure, as far as I am able, the good will and approbation of all my audience.” (*Thucydides—Hist. of Pelop. War—Dr. Smith's translation, Philadelphia, 1840.*)

There were in the audience before which Pericles pronounced the panegyric of men who had deserved well of their country, many who knew their virtues and their public services, as well as a great number of younger or newly arrived citizens who were but little, if at all, acquainted with them. This circumstance was calculated to cause that embarrassment of which the orator so candidly complains. I must own that I laboured under the like difficulty when quite unexpectedly called upon to deliver an oration over the remains of our lamented Mayor. His actions, although not of the same brilliancy as great military achievements in defence of one's country, were, nevertheless, such as could not be allowed to pass without fitting praise. And although this praise was most eloquently expressed by the presence at the funeral of a very numerous congregation, consisting of the fellow-citizens of the deceased, as well as many of the most distinguished men of this new nation, together with Senators,

Heads of the Government and members of the House of Commons, I could not refuse to comply with a custom which has the sanction of ancient as well as modern times. If in doing so, I could not hope to escape such charges as the Athenian orator alludes to, on the part of the newer men of our city, yet I had the consolation to reflect that in what I said regarding the virtues, the abilities and the services of the late worthy Mayor of Ottawa, I could not fail to be sustained by all who knew him intimately from the commencement of his career, and that, moreover, I could rely on their indulgence for my shortcomings in my eulogium of an upright citizen whose merits as a public man were so well known to them all.

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# SERMON

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ON WEDNESDAY 19TH MAY, 1869.

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Statutum est hominibus semel mori.  
It is appointed unto men once to die.

HEB. IX, 27.

In the midst of this solemn and mournful scene, it may appear superfluous, dear Brethren, that I should repeat the great scriptural sentence,—“*it is appointed unto men once to die.*” The grim tyrant—death—stalks forth daily and hourly amongst the children of men, and seizes on his victims without respect of persons. The rich and the poor are alike made subject to his power, the learned and the unlearned, the most exalted in worldly station as well as the most humble and lowly. (*æquo pulsat pede et regum turres pauperumque tabernas.*) We behold habitually his fearful ravages, the tears which he causes to flow, the groans and the heart-rendings of the bereaved. The busy world, meanwhile pursues the tenor of its way, and we heed not the presence of the dread visitor. But when he enters the dwellings of such as are eminent amongst us, and strikes down the happy and the prosperous who have many friends, death’s terrors are realized and we feel as if his awful summons were delivered at every door. But what do I say?—For the true

christian death has no terrors. *From the bondage of fear Christ hath set his followers free.* (Heb. II. 15. II. Tim. I. 7 Rom. 8, 15.) "*There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not according to the flesh.*" (Rom. 8 ; 1.) He has conquered for them death and the grave. (I. Cor. 15, 22.) Relying upon his word, we can presume to say in the midst of this Temple, changed as it is into a house of mourning, and whilst sharing the sorrows of an afflicted family, and most forcibly reminded of the common doom ; "Where, O, grave ! is thy victory ? Death ! where is thy sting ?" (I. Cor. 15, 55).

The more that we have reason to lament the loss of our late excellent chief magistrate, so much the more have we ground to hope that whilst so suddenly called to undergo the awful change, he has been happily summoned from the labours and usefulness of this life to the rest and rewards of a better state. His many virtues encourage this hope. What virtue was there, enjoined by our Divine Religion, that he did not practice ? His temperance, prudence and self-denial throughout life, were truly remarkable. And let it not be said that he had no choice—that on account of his delicate constitution, these virtues were imposed on him by irresistible necessity. Necessity had no law for him any more than for other men, any more than for the many thousands who, with the same incitements to virtue, walk in evil ways and hurry headlong to perdition. Ah ! dearest brethren, who ever, no matter what the constitution with which nature had endowed him, no matter what his position in life, or the difficulties or facilities with which he was surrounded, presumed to set at nought those laws which the Creator has engraven in every heart, more legibly than they were inscribed on tables of stone when delivered to Israel of old amid the thunders of Sinai, and enjoyed the blessing of health, reputation or any degree of success in the world ? Such considerations were not for him, to honour whose memory we are assembled, in greater measure than for other men, inducements to virtue. And, how powerless are not such things in presence of human passion and wordly temptation ? It belongs only to the christian to surmount such formidable impediments. Before the grace of God was given through Christ, our Teacher and Redeemer, men could only have an imperfect conception of virtue. At best, they

could only admire and extol it. *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.* "I know and approve the better things," said the most eminent among the sages of pre-christian times "I choose the worse and the unworthy." Whence this humiliating avowal, dear brethren? To the well instructed christian it is no mystery. Philosophy possessed not, knew not that grace through which alone man can resist evil and follow virtue. "*Sine me nihil potestis facere.*" Joan: 15; 5. "*Without me you can do nothing.*" "*Omnia possum in eo qui me confortat.*" Philip: 4; 13. *I can do all things in HIM who strengtheneth me.* And when the will of the christian, like that of the heathen sage, is tempted to rebel, or at least, would fain be delivered from the dread provocations to rebellion, the words once spoken from above to the blessed Paul, are at hand: MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE. *Sufficit tibi gratia mea* (II Cor. 12: 9.) "Relying upon this Divine assurance and not upon mere human strength, or philosophy, or considerations of health, or fame, or success, our chief magistrate whose too early death we mourn, undertook whilst yet on the threshold of existence, the greatest of all works—the work of subduing passion—resisting evil in all its forms—of doing good—following virtue. It was his merit, humanly speaking, that in this noble undertaking he succeeded. But in reality, he claimed no merit that could be called his own alone. If his voice could now be heard as it has been so often heard amongst our people, we should hear him declare that it was by no other means than by the grace of God through Jesus Christ, his saviour and ours, my dearest brethren, that he won in life the victory which beyond death and the grave is now crowned, may we not hopefully affirm it? with glory everlasting.

When only ten years of age Henry J. Friel was deprived of both his parents. About the same time, the property and business on which they relied, becoming unavailable the orphan so tender in years, stood face to face with the world and its cares. He could not have had time as yet, to derive much benefit from educational training. So, quite unprepared, and at the age when youth requires to be taken by the hand, to be taught, encouraged, and sustained, he commenced the great battle of life, alone and friendless, in the midst of a community where it was scarcely possible that

his position, or his merit, or his energy and daring should be appreciated. Such a mind was not to be held in bondage. It was not destined to be fettered by the hard and unremitting toil of a mechanic. The noble art of printing to which he ardently applied in the newspaper office of the late Dr. Christie, must now give place to the labours of the pen. The most assiduous self-culture had done its work. The new writer becomes the editor and proprietor of a Journal and toils no longer on a newspaper staff in the humble capacity of a mechanic and apprentice boy.

From this time we behold him exercising all the duties of a good and zealous member of the new community which was rising up around him. But here we must pause in order to consider his literary talents. In literature Mr. H. J. Friel was the prodigy of the place. A correct and vigorous writer without having learned in schools, a graceful, elegant and fluent orator without having heard from Pedagogues that there were such men as Cicero and Demosthenes, our departed mayor has more than ordinary claims to our attention and respect. There are many in this great assembly who are perfectly conversant with his writings on purely literary as well as political subjects, and who, I can rely upon it, will sustain me when I hesitate not to say that his was a high place among the best writers of the time. *Qua elegantia scribebat eadem dicere solebat.* He spoke with as much facility and elegance as he wrote. But why should I recount this fine accomplishment? You have often heard him. All they who have been dwellers in Ottawa for the last twenty years, will readily bear witness to the pains which he bestowed in preparing those discourses—masterpieces of English composition and eloquence,—which he delivered before the Mechanics' Institute and other societies of this city. Our citizens are also cognizant of the readiness and kindly feeling, with which he gave the aid of his eloquence on all occasions when it could be properly available, in support of our benevolent institutions. On such occasions he was always listened to with pleasure, and so popular was his style of addressing public assemblies that he was invariably called on to speak at all meetings of the people at which he happened to be present. There could be no better proof than this desire to hear him so frequently expressed by his fellow citizens, of the excellence to which Mr. Friel had at-



tained as an orator. With such recollections flashing on our minds in the midst of this mournful scene, we cannot do less than assign to our chief Magistrate whose remains are so soon to be committed to the silent tomb, the first place among orators in this neighborhood—in central Canada, whilst there are few, if indeed any, by whom he was surpassed in the whole Dominion. If he has not left any work which would remain a monument of his abilities and great literary attainments, this loss and it is undoubtedly a loss—a blank in the world of letters, must be ascribed not to any want of energy on the part of Mr. Friel, but to the fashion of the time which renders all the talent it possesses chiefly tributary to its periodical literature. If, indeed, anything could be said to surpass the accomplishments by which our late Mayor was distinguished and which were the honorable and well won fruit of the most meritorious self-culture, it was his industry—his diligence and patience in acquiring knowledge—the perseverance and the courage with which he pursued those objects of benevolence and improvement in which he was habitually engaged. The requirements of the age together with his labours in the public service, left him no time that he could devote to the building up of an enduring monument of literary fame. Those who desire to see the proof that he was equal to such a task, will find it, not only in the Journals which he himself so ably conducted, but also, in the *Literary Garland* of Montreal, and other magazines of the time.

As a Journalist and political writer, Mr. Friel exercised considerable influence in his day, not only in his own locality, but also throughout the Provinces. I shall not here enter into the details of his career as a public writer. Let it suffice to say that he was always a reformer, holding firmly and defending fearlessly, the great reform principle of equal rights. This principle he considered as an essential element in our Constitution,—that time-honored constitution which dates from the earliest epoch of our country's history, and which, we trust, will be handed down unimpaired to our children and our children's children, till the remotest eras.

His principles and services were appreciated by those leading Reformers, Messrs, Baldwin and Lafontaine. These gentlemen, in concert with their liberal minded colleagues, conferred on him the offices of Deputy Clerk of the Crown

and Clerk of the County Court of Carleton.\* This was only a commencement of their favor. But it was no slight mark of the improvement of the times, when a Catholic and a Reformer could be appointed to offices of even such moderate importance. Mr. Friel held these appointments for some years when, in 1857, he resigned them of his own accord, in order to become a candidate for a seat in the Provincial Legislature. In this, however, like many an able man besides himself, he was defeated. As has been already observed, this is no place for details. But it may be generally remarked that the late H. J. Friel was as conspicuous and exemplary by prudence and moderation throughout his career as a political Journalist, as by wisdom and sobriety in the tenor of his life. He was more than once, in times less tranquil than the present, the means under Heaven, of preserving peace between contending parties. And is it nothing to be a peace-maker? Such, Divine inspiration declares, ARE BLESSED. And does not society bless them? And does not our youthful country bless them? And will it not continue to extol them so long as peace and union and concord shall be necessary for our national existence, our prosperity, our glory, and our happiness both individually, and collectively as a people?

In a more advanced state of society than that in which the lot of our late Mayor was cast, his abilities and attainments might have been merely ornamental. But in a community in which every thing had to be created on which the social state depends, such a man could not fail to be useful. If we may not venture to say that he was called into existence in order to meet the wants of the time, it is no exaggeration to affirm that his energies were awakened, and his character as a public man, chiefly formed by the pressing sense of these wants. Accordingly we find that from the early age of twenty-three, when a member of the Municipal Board, till the time of his last illness, he never ceased to promote improvements of every kind and to encourage the founding of those institutions which were so necessary for a community which was destined to become

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\* In connection with these offices, Mr. Friel was also Registrar of the Surrogate Court, Deputy Clerk of the Crown and Pleas, and Clerk of the Crown for the County of Carleton.

numerous and to occupy an influential position in the land. No doubt it was not apparent so long ago as the year 1846, that the village of Bytown which owed its beginnings to the officer—the late Colonel By—who built the Rideau canal, would possess to-day those magnificent buildings in which the Legislature of the Canadian Dominion assembles. But nevertheless, Mr. H. J. Friel, together with other patriotic citizens who co-operated with him, as if actuated by a presentiment of the future greatness of the little town, laboured both earnestly and diligently, and, ceased not to struggle perseveringly as became the pioneers of a civilization higher by far than that in which they commenced their toils, *through evil report and good report*. Their laudable endeavours, it is scarcely necessary to observe, were crowned with such success, that at the time at which the Government took its seat at Ottawa, none of those institutions could be said to be wanting which were calculated to meet the requirements of a city of its extent and prospects. Improvement had been carried on so far in every way, that they who had been accustomed to the comforts, the convenience, the symmetry and the beauty of more ancient cities, were delighted to find on arriving at Ottawa, that there were none of those eyesores which they had been led to dread. On the contrary, they beheld everywhere spacious and well laid out streets, a convenient and even elegant style of street architecture, well supplied markets, shops where everything was at hand which use or fashion could require, and withal, the greatest activity in every department of city progress—new streets opened, new buildings erected, suburbs arising in the environs, manufactures extending, the foaming Ottawa itself becoming every day more and more subservient to the will and the wants of man, adapting itself with surprising rapidity to the purposes of multiplied communications and developed commerce. In all the deliberations and discussions which preceded, and were more or less directly the cause of these beneficial results, Mr. H. J. Friel bore a prominent share, and in his capacity of Councillor, Reeve, Mayor, encouraged every useful project, and willingly undertook, even more than ought properly to have fallen to his lot, of the labour that was necessary for carrying it out.

Works of benevolence and charity meanwhile were not neglected. The fruits of these works are now a benefit

alike and an ornament to the City. And they will long remain, may we hope, to bless our people and to relieve our poor in the generations that are to come. No doubt many causes were at work, whilst such beneficent undertakings were originated and realized. The church was preaching charity and inciting her children to make sacrifices in its cause; good citizens lent a willing hand, benevolent and charitable men concurred, many even devoting themselves and entering the ranks of associations whose object was the purest charity. Among such associations may be named and with highest honor, the society of St. Vincent de Paul. This society devotes itself exclusively to charity. And its charity is both liberal and universal, never descending to be *narrow and partial in its operation*. Mr. H. J. Friel was one of its most zealous members and most efficient promoters. As such he deserves to be honored in this place. And for this it is, chiefly, that he is now, we doubt it not, exalted in that new state of existence to which he has been called. For, are not they pronounced *blessed* who have consideration for the needy and the poor? *Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem.* (Psm. 40;2.)

A good christian is invariably a good citizen. That in his capacity of citizen, the late Mr. Friel was more than ordinarily meritorious, a glance at the numerous institutions which he so materially aided in founding, will abundantly prove. In the early days of the city, such an institution as our *Mechanics' Institute* appeared to be a requirement of the time. Our population was unfortunately divided both politically and religiously. It was desirable, therefore, that there should be some neutral ground on which all could meet as well for an interchange of ideas as for mutual improvement. Such a powerful aid towards social progress was not to be thrown aside or treated with neglect. Mr. Friel, as a public man, appreciated this new influence, and availed himself of the earliest opportunity for rendering it tributary to the cause of civic improvement. *The Mechanics' Institute and Atheneum of Ottawa* was founded. Mr. Friel never ceased to be its warmest supporter, as he was, from its earliest beginnings, its enlightened counsellor. It is only justice to the Institute itself to state that it has continued true to the principles and views which led to its establishment. Its halls have never been stained by any-

thing like party strife or the bitterness of religious controversy.

The Society called by the name of *St. John the Baptist*, and which, from the early date of its formation, has afforded the most favorable representation of French Canadian nationality at Ottawa, owes many advantages to the encouragement so widely and liberally extended to it by our departed chief magistrate.

The Irish national society—*St. Patrick's*—was also indebted to Mr. Friel for a generous moral support and the most salutary counsel. In fairness to that Society, it must be added that, guided by sound principles, and the sage advice of such wise counsellors as our late lamented Mayor, it continued for many years to grow in importance and to prosper, doing honor to the city as well as to the country which it represents.

But details are superfluous. Let it suffice to observe that all the national societies, the chief object of which, as is well known, was benevolence, met with all the countenance and well deserved support which it was possible or suitable for Mr. Friel to bestow.

The many improvements of which the City stood in need, were zealously and energetically forwarded by Mr. Friel, both as Mayor and Municipal Councillor; and not blindly or in obedience to generous impulse merely, but according to the knowledge and enlightenment with which he was endowed.

No doubt, the city of the woods could not always have lagged behind the age as it did, and it is no disparagement, to say it, at its commencements. It was not destined to continue in a state of physical any more than of intellectual darkness. But that it possessed so soon a system of Gas works was due in great measure to the zeal and activity with which Mr. Friel urged on his fellow citizens the necessity of this improvement.

Some twenty years ago the town was steadily advancing. But it remained as yet, shut out to a certain extent, from the rest of the world. The age had now become faster if not better. Mankind were laid under the necessity of travelling by Railways and at Railway speed. Ottawa could not stay behind. It must have its railway. In this as in everything else that concerned the public good, Mr. Friel

was destined to bear his part. Mr. Robert Bell, lately M. P. for the county of Russell, was, indeed, the first promoter of the Ottawa & Prescott Railway which has been in full operation for fourteen years, but nevertheless, the usual zeal and ability and perseverance of H. J. Friel were at work, and tended to hasten its construction. He was one of its first directors, and in this position sustained the flagging spirits of his fellow-citizens who were delighted whilst amazed at a work which, for the time and the place, was a truly gigantic undertaking.

Mr. Friel powerfully cooperated also in constituting that committee of citizens which may not inappropriately, be termed, the Commercial Parliament of Central Canada,—the *Ottawa Board of Trade*. The interests of a community which had now become so flourishing, required to be respectably and influentially represented.

The desired representation was found in the Board of Trade, with which Mr. Friel, from its earliest days, identified himself, and of which he always continued to be a leading and respected counsellor.

It will be said, perhaps, that it was his ambition as a citizen of Ottawa, that induced Mr. Friel to recommend this city, which he frequently did both in public addresses and through the *Union* newspaper, as the most suitable place for a permanent seat of government. The opinion which he so often expressed, however, it must be remarked, was held also by the most eminent statesmen and leading military characters of Great Britain. It has been even affirmed, that Champlain himself pointed to the spot where Ottawa now stands, as the site of a future city which, at some epoch more or less remote, would rule an extensive country. Be this as it may, the judgment so often rendered by our late Mayor, both orally and in the press, is now irrevocably confirmed by the Imperial Legislature and the decision of her most gracious Majesty the Queen.

Nothing need now be said in support of the arguments which Mr. Friel as a patriotic journalist, was wont to adduce and eloquently urge in favor of the *Ottawa Ship Canal*. Now that the North West Territory has been acquired, and that the rapid colonization of the vast countries which that Territory contains, has become a necessity of the time, it is obvious alike to all thinking men, that a canal which will

afford access to the fertile lands of the Red River, the Saskatchewan and the Assiniboine, as well as to the coal mines, the gold fields and the Pacific Ocean harbours of British Columbia, from all Lower and Central Canada, no less than from the Atlantic Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland, whilst Great Britain and other European countries will be glad to avail themselves of the new communication in the interest of their manifold relations with America and the distant East, may well be considered as a work of more than national—of world-wide importance. Its merits could not fail to be appreciated by such a writer as the late Mr. Friel, and it highly redounds to his honor that at a time when public opinion was far from being so matured as at the present day, he possessed the moral courage to devote his pen to the advocacy of a scheme so beneficial and so grand, but which at the time at which he first undertook to write in its support, was so little understood.

What improvement can be pointed to that our late worthy Mayor did not countenance and even earnestly labour to forward? It had become manifest that the city increasing rapidly as it is well known to increase, could not much longer remain without a system of water works. In this respect it was behind many towns of less importance than itself. It suffered, moreover, very grievously from the privation. It suffered in its funds more than can be calculated. It suffered in its credit, especially with Insurance Companies, for it possessed no means of extinguishing promptly the destructive fires which were of such frequent occurrence. It suffered as regarded its extension and improvement, being less attractive to parties who might on other grounds have thought of choosing it as their place of abode. It suffered as concerned the health of its inhabitants, more perfect drainage, ventilation and cleanliness which an abundant supply of water fails not to secure, becoming every day more necessary as the population increased. May it not be said, even, that it suffered in respect of the piety and morals of its people? For who does not know that cleanliness which is unattainable without fresh and limpid water, is closely allied to Godliness? To procure so great an advantage to the city, as a never failing supply of the purest water from an uncorrupted source, was the latest labour of

our lamented Mayor. And like all his labours in the public cause, it was a labour of love. Fortunately his private affairs were in such a position as to allow him the full command of his time, and he devoted it without fee or other reward than the inward satisfaction of doing good, to the service of his fellow citizens.

Mr. Friel was also as far as his influence extended a patron of letters and the fine arts. Instances could be adduced of parties who had learned to use their pen with facility having obtained profitable employment through his prompt and direct interference in their behalf. And it is still within the recollection of many citizens of Ottawa when there was question not over two years ago, of doing honor to a gifted and aspiring votary of the Muses, H. J. Friel as Mayor of the city, lent all his countenance, and even graced the Chair at the Banquet which it was resolved to hold on an occasion not unworthy of such honor. As regards his readiness and zeal in advancing the cause of the fine arts which he viewed as a powerful means of improvement, let a distinguished professor, the ablest artist of the place bear witness. That Mr. Friel possessed in an eminent degree the confidence of his fellow citizens generally, is abundantly evident from the fact that throughout the whole of his too brief public career, he continued to be a prominent member of the municipal council. He was first elected to this position in 1846 when the town was first incorporated. He was several times chosen Reeve in the earlier days of the community. And when called from this earthly scene, he was for the fourth time Mayor of the city of Ottawa. No doubt in the course of his long and zealous services he must have excited opposition. The ability, the energy, the ardor with which he pushed forward so many improvements, could not fail to stir up hostility in the minds of parties less well informed and less appreciative than himself. There may have been at times a certain amount of irritation. But who is there now that would not lay aside every adverse feeling, resentment, even if it existed, in presence of his early and yet open grave? If he used the weapon of language which he could wield so ably, in order to convince and to persuade unwilling minds, for what other purpose was it given him? And if any ever felt its sting—and if a remembrance still remain, let it be laid with him



where he now lies, lifeless, on that bier, amid the sad and solemn pomp of death! All his aims were good. And, ye! if there be any such, who think that he pursued them with more ardour than was fitting, or misapplied his power of eloquence in urging them in the face of apathy or opposition, behold that countenance so calm and serene in its everlasting stillness, which can give life no more, for its own is gone, to the public meeting or the social circle,—behold those lips which but yesterday, discoursed so eloquently, now pale and cold and forever silent, and bid your souls be still! Be hushed the storm of thought amid this mournful scene! Be the mind, itself subdued—awed to composure and to peace in presence of the high decree which has snatched from life so early, a deserving citizen in the zenith of his reputation and midway in his career of usefulness!

If his span of life, too short alas! was honorable to our lamented Mayor as a man and as a citizen, so was its close such as becomes a true christian. No sooner was he given to understand that the malady which ended his time on earth, would prove fatal, than he expressed his resignation to the Divine will. "I regret life," he said, "on account of the good I might still have been able to accomplish, but I willingly submit." The few hours that still remained were spent between prayer to God and conversations with his friends. We have been taught to admire the last moments of some of the pre-christian sages. But can they compare with those of the faithful christian? He knows that *they are blessed who die in the Lord*, (Apoc. 14, 13.) (*Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur*), that *there is no condemnation unto them who are in CHRIST JESUS*. Relying on this knowledge, the christian soul is borne aloft upon the wings of hope. He has lived *soberly, righteously, and godly in this world*," shall he not then have confidence when called to meet his God and Saviour? (*Sobrie et juste, et pie vivamus in hoc sæculo, expectantes beatam spem et adventum gloriæ magni Dei et Salvatoris nostri Jesu Christi*, Titus II, 11.) Such was the comforting reflection which sustained our good Mayor during the last hours of his sojourn on earth. Such was the Christian hope which enabled him to converse about high and holy and heavenly things with as much composure as if he had been only preparing for a temporary absence from his earthly home. At last as the day of rest

was about to dawn he, said composedly, "*it is growing dark.*" As he spoke, his vision failed; his life ebbed away, and he beheld not the approaching light of God's day as it broke for the slumbering world. But with that new power of vision which came to him as his material sight declined, he beheld the dawn of the everlasting sabbath day in the Heavens above. It was appointed for him no more to worship at our altars and celebrate an earthly sabbath. Nor could he account this appointment, so stern to our thinking, as loss. For he had gone to that Temple and to that Altar where CHRIST our HIGH PRIEST himself ministereth, *mediating for us*, Heb. (7, 25,)\* *having entered once into the Holies through his blood of the New Testament*, (Hebrews 9.) There,—even in Heaven's high Sanctuary, united with CHRIST JESUS by the bonds of redeeming love, participates the departed soul in that holiest worship and sacrificial atonement of the DIVINE SON, the SOVEREIGN HIGH PRIEST, the MEDIATOR between GOD and men, (I Tim. 2, 5,) in respect of which our worship here below, notwithstanding that it is most holy and excellent and of Divine Institution, is, nevertheless, only as veiled and hidden glory.

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\* Semper vivens ad interpellandum pro nobis.

FUNERAL  
OF THE  
LATE H. J. FRIEL, ESQ.,

MAYOR OF OTTAWA,

ON WEDNESDAY, 19TH MAY, 1869.

*From the Ottawa Times, May 20, 1869.*

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The remains of the late HENRY J. FRIEL, Esq., Mayor of the city of Ottawa, whose mortal career was terminated by death on Sunday morning last, were placed in their final resting place yesterday afternoon.

On Monday morning the members of the Council assembled in the city hall for the purpose of considering what measures were most proper to be taken under the circumstances, when resolutions of condolence with Mrs. Friel, in her sad bereavement, were passed, and a committee appointed to confer with the family as to whether a public funeral would be acceptable, as the Council were desirous of paying this tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. After some consultation the proposition was accepted, and a funeral committee was immediately appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

The committee at once conferred with the presidents of the several national associations and other public bodies, all of whom promptly accepted the proposal. They sent invitations to the members of the Government, who expressed their intention of being present. They also invited the members of the Senate and of the House of Commons, receiving favourable answers in all cases. And similar results were obtained from a conference with the proper

authorities in reference to the volunteers and the fire brigade.

The undertaker's department was assigned to Mr. Swallow, who carried out the intention of the Council in the most satisfactory manner. The funeral was arranged to take place yesterday at two o'clock. For an hour or two before that time the streets were thronged with people, busy in preparations to attend the mournful ceremonies.

A large number of the friends of the deceased visited the house to take a last look at the well known features, and presently the members of the City Council, with the officials, arrived in carriages and entered the house for the same friendly purpose. We also noticed Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George E. Cartier, Hon. Mr. Tilley, Hon. Mr. Macdougall, Hon. Mr. Rose, Hon. Mr. Kenny, Hon. Mr. Chapais, and we believe other ministers were present. We observed also, several deputy heads and clerks of departments.

The corpse was placed in a beautiful metallic coffin, having six silver handles, and a silver breast plate, inscribed—"Henry James Friel, Esq., Mayor of Ottawa, died 16th May, 1869, aged 45 years." Beneath this was a beautiful cross formed of immortelles, and a bouquet of flowers.

At two o'clock the face cover was placed on the coffin, and shortly after, the coffin was removed to the funeral car waiting to receive it. The signal men of the Ottawa Field Battery communicated the fact, and the first minute gun was fired, which was continued until the coffin was received in the Cathedral. The gun was also the signal for the funeral cortege to move. The following is the order of the procession, marshalled by Mr. Thomas Langrell, as chief, assisted by six aids:—

St. George's Society with Union Jack and Cross of St. George.

Pupils of Ottawa College.

St. Jean Baptiste Society with Tricolour.

St. Andrew's Society with St. Andrew's Cross.

Irish Protestant Benevolent Society with Union Jack.

St. Joseph's Society with Tricolour.

Medical attendants and profession.

The Clergy.

Undertaker.

Band of Rifle Brigade.

Funeral car, richly draped, drawn by six horses, led by six advanced pall bearers, furnished from the national societies. Twelve pall bearers, viz.: Joseph Aumond, Esq., Alexander Workman, Esq., Thomas Hanly, Esq., E. McGillivray, Esq., J. M. Currier, Esq., M. P., James Goodwin, Esq., Dr. Beaubien, Sheriff Powell, R. W. Scott, Esq., M.L.A., Robert Lyon, Esq., H. V. Noel, Esq., and James Rochester, Esq.

Chief mourners in carriages and on foot: Rev. Father O'Connor, Mr. Daniel O'Connor, Mr. R. E. O'Connor, Rev. Father Collins, Mr. G. H. Perry, Mr. James O'Reilly, Q.C., Mr. W. H. Waller, Mr. Roderic Ryan, and ladies of the family.

Police Commissioners.

Members of the Corporation.

Officials.

Corporation of the county of Carleton.

Board of Trade.

Mechanics' Institute.

Press.

Bar.

Ministry.

Members of the Senate.

Members of the House of Commons.

Civil Service.

Volunteers.

Fire Brigade.

Citizens.

Police Force.

Band.

Governor-General's Carriage.

Mourning Carriages.

The cortege moved slowly down King street to Rideau. On reaching the latter street the Rifle Brigade band commenced the solemn strains of the Dead March.

Thousands of people lined King, Rideau and Sussex streets, and moved in silence with the procession.

The catafalque was a large and handsomely draped car, ornamented with six British flags and one Tricolour, all draped. The car was also surmounted with sable plumes. But the mournfully grand pageant was less sought after than the coffin which contained the remains of him it was designed to honour.

The procession was fully half a mile in length. The members of all the societies wore mourning badges, and the

members of the corporation and officials, besides hat bands and scarfs, wore on their breasts a crape rosette, enclosing a miniature portrait of the late Mayor.

#### SERVICES IN THE CHURCH.

On arriving at the Cathedral a very large number of people assembled outside, so that it was difficult to get near the building. As soon, however, as the coffin appeared, the crowd fell back, and an avenue was formed to the doors, which were now opened. Inside, His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa, His Lordship Bishop Laroque, of St. Hyacinthe, and a large number of the clergy and accolites accompanied the coffin to the lofty and beautifully designed catafalque erected in the cathedral for the purpose. The sacred edifice, including the altar, the pulpit, and the gallery, was elegantly draped with black crape, mixed with white.

As soon as the coffin was brought into the Cathedral, the organ pealed forth Beethoven's grand funeral march. *Sub venite* was then chanted, and afterwards *Dies iræ* was sung by the choir of St. Joseph's Church, of which the deceased was a parishioner.

#### THE SERMON.

The Rev. Father Dawson ascended the pulpit, and taking for his text: "It is appointed for men once to die," delivered a most eloquent discourse on the personal qualities of the deceased. After describing the terrors naturally inspired by death he spoke of the glory achieved by Christ over death and the grave, of the Christian's faith robbing death of its horrors, and making of it but the passage to eternal life. Applying this to the late Mr. Friel he passed a warm tribute to his Christian virtues, to his self control and moderation of life, his triumph over his own passions, and his cultivation of his great talents, and the application of his abilities to the good of his fellow citizens. In these respects Mr. Friel had deserved the respect and gratitude which had been shown to him on this solemn occasion. The late chief magistrate had been honoured by his fellow citizens with their confidence, which had raised him to a most exalted position in their midst; and he had performed all the duties

of that high position in a disinterested and devoted manner, caring only for the public good. After recapitulating Mr. Friel's services in a public capacity, his ability as a writer and an orator were next reviewed. In both capacities the highest praise was bestowed on him as one of the foremost in the country. His career was held up as an example to young men to imitate his industry and perseverance in the cultivation of the talents with which he had been gifted. The Rev. gentleman closed his discourse with a touching reference to the Christian example displayed in the last hours of the deceased, who when the dawn of the Sabbath morn was breaking, said to those around him, "it is growing dark," and gently passed from the darkness of this world to the eternal light of the everlasting Sabbath in Heaven.

After the sermon the *Pie Jesu*, from Beethoven, was sung, and afterwards the *Inflamatus* chorus and solo. This was followed by the *Libera*, a plain chant, sung by both choirs united. The Bishop assisted by the clergy, Monseigneur Laroque, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, also being present, performed the services for the dead in the most solemn manner. This concluded, the coffin was removed and borne from the church, the organ playing Smith's funeral march. The cathedral which had been entirely filled by people of all religious denominations now poured forth its vast multitude to rejoin the procession which, in the same order as before, proceeded with slow and solemn step up Sussex-st. to Rideau, and up Rideau to the Roman Catholic Cemetery on Sandy Hill.

#### ° AT THE GRAVE.

The coffin was now brought from the funeral car to the family grave. Previous to being lowered to the last earthly resting place the coffin was placed in another coffin covered with cloth, and that again in a shell. His Lordship the Bishop, assisted by the Rev. Father Dandurand, Vicar-General; Rev. Father Pallier, Parish Priest of St. Joseph's; and the Rev. Father Collins, performed the last ceremonies in a voice tremulous with emotion. The vast crowd stood uncovered in almost breathless silence to catch every word till the last word was pronounced. And all that was mortal

of him, who but a few days ago was the city's chief magistrate, lay cold and lifeless in the grave. He discharged his duty to the city well when he was living, and the city has honoured him in his death, and thus honoured itself.

We cannot conclude without expressing our satisfaction at the general compliance, on the part of tradesmen and storekeepers with the request of the council, that they should close their places of business from two to five o'clock. Not only was this cheerfully done, but many persons very fully draped their houses in mourning, and the public generally join us in thanking them for it.



# THE POETS OF CANADA,

## A LECTURE

DELIVERED IN FRENCH AT A SITTING OF THE FRENCH CANADIAN LITERARY INSTITUTE OF OTTAWA.

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### PREFACE.

THE favor with which this lecture was received, both when delivered at a meeting of the CANADIAN LITERARY INSTITUTE OF OTTAWA, and when it appeared in a monthly magazine at the request of a highly valued friend who is now no more,\* has encouraged and not unreasonably, it is presumed, its publication in a more permanent form. Would it were also above doubt that this favor fully justified such publication! Although the remarks on the

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\* *The following note was appended to the lecture when it appeared in the Journal of Education, Quebec, Vol. 12, Nos. 10, &c. :*

It may be proper to observe that it was resolved<sup>o</sup> to insert the lecture on the Poets of the Canadian Provinces in the *Journal of Education* at the request of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. It was the last or almost the last request that the honourable and lamented gentleman ever made to any friend in this world, having been addressed to the author only a few days before the foul and fatal deed which put an end to the brilliant but brief career of Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

The Poets forming the subject of the lecture will be honorably named as nearly as possible in the order in which it was delivered. It is presumed that they who prefer French to English poetry, will have as little objection to this arrangement as was shewn by the audience to whom the lecture was addressed, the peroration not being considered the least interesting portion of a discourse.

Poets of Canada which are now presented to the public, have found acceptance with friends, the soundness of whose judgment is beyond question, the author does not venture without misgiving, to commit them to the more trying ordeal of that publicity which may cause their merit to be searchingly enquired into. Without inviting criticism, but at the same time far from defying it, he will derive confidence from the consideration that he has made an honest and painstaking endeavour to make known to British readers the Poets of this new Dominion.

The Lecture, it may be observed, has been somewhat extended in the course of its preparation for the press. Many works in addition to the productions of the Poets have been consulted. Not only was this necessary for the better accomplishment of the task in hand; the kindness of the writer's friends left him without excuse for neglect in this respect. Among these he has much pleasure in naming HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., of the Department of the Secretary of State, author of the *Bibliotheca Canadensis* and the *Distinguished Men of the British N. American Provinces*, who generously contributed every work within his reach which had any bearing on the subject; GERIN LAJOIE, Esq., of the Library of the House of Commons, who most obligingly afforded the use of the treasured up compositions of both English and French Poets; and finally, JOSEPH TASSE, Esq., lately Editor of *Le Canada*, an Ottawa paper, who not only procured for the author many numbers of the more recent periodicals of the Province of Quebec, but also very kindly imparted to him much valuable information both in conversation and by letter.

## POETRY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED IN FRENCH, AT A SITTING OF THE FRENCH CANADIAN  
INSTITUTE OF OTTAWA, ON FRIDAY, THE 26TH FEBRUARY, 1868.

BY THE

REV. ÆN. MACDONELL DAWSON.

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No excuse need be offered for commencing with Poetry. The Poets were the earliest instructors of mankind. They were the Sages and Theologians of the primitive ages. Their language was indeed highly privileged; for God himself was pleased to make use of it in communicating his will to men. The greatest of his chosen servants who acted as his ministers and ambassadors to the world, were eminently poets. What could equal the sublime strains of Isaias and Ezekiel, the plaintive notes of Jeremias, the varied harmony of David, or the entrancing songs of Solomon, the wisest of men? This King, so renowned for his learning, was also the greatest poet of his time. His poetical compositions were remarkably numerous. (III. Kings 4; 42.) "Solomon also spoke three thousand parables; and his Poems were a thousand and five." Who has not heard of the Bards of ancient times? Among the Celtic Nations especially, they enjoyed much respect, and a high social status. They were not unfrequently the Rulers of their people, and they always possessed political power. This may have had its inconveniences, which however were outweighed by the many blessings that attended this salutary and civilizing influence. It was a powerful corrective to the despotic tendencies of warlike chiefs; and it kept within bounds the selfishness of the powerful and the theories of politicians. Whilst it prevailed, the numerous Celtic people of the pre-Christian ages

enjoyed a degree of civilization and refinement quite unknown to the Frank and Saxon: No wonder if poetry and its votaries exercised so much power of old in the world; for song is of heavenly origin. It is the language of those who dwell in Heaven. Did not the beloved Disciple when he beheld in vision (Apoc. 15; 2, 3.) the celestial abodes, hear the servants of the most High "singing the song of the Lamb," whilst they held in their hands "the harps of God?" Are we not also informed (Luke II; 13, 14.) that when announcing the Saviour's birth "a multitude of the Heavenly Host were heard praising God" in these sublime strains: "Glory be to God on high, and on earth Peace to men of Good will?"

Honor then to divinest Poetry! If it has enshrined the Myths of Pagan Antiquity and so preserved the early traditions of the human race which they wonderfully shadow forth, it expresses also those sublime conceptions of the Patriarch and Prophet world, together with those revelations from above, those manifestations of the Divine mind which constitute our Religious System. Few, only a select few, are privileged to speak its language. Fewer still are gifted to discourse in its loftier strains.

That Canada, so young a Country as yet, should have produced any Poets at all is more to be wondered at than that it should have produced so few. Such a thing as *learned leisure* is scarcely known in these regions, so lately a howling wilderness, so recently snatched from their wild forest state, and from the possession of the bear and the wolf. Who, in so new a state of Society as Canada presents, has time to labour in the field of Literature, or who can gather and enjoy its fruits? Where there is so little appreciation of literary efforts, is it matter of surprise that such efforts should be proportionately few. Every species of labour deserves its reward. In whatever field the *labourer* is employed, *he is worthy of his hire*. The Poet even must enjoy this meed. Nor does he toil for sordid gain. He, more, far more, than men generally, is above mere material considerations, but, he is entitled to his reward. And if he find it not in the good taste and the appreciative mind of his fellow-countrymen, where in this world, shall he look for it? He speaks not the language,—he knows not the sentiments of foreign lands. He must have his audience at home. And it must

consist of those, who have everything except perhaps his genius, in common with him,—the same country, the same kindred, the same feelings, the same tongue and the same destiny. Grant him this and he will rejoice in his abundant recompense. Our Canadian Poets enjoy not as yet, any such advantages. They are not known as they ought to be known. Such an evil, time only and the growth of knowledge, can remedy, as it will one day be remedied. Meanwhile, let all the friends of letters not only aspire to, but also labour to bring about this most desirable consummation.

In naming to you the Poets of Canada, this evening, I shall not pretend to class them according to their merits. Let it suffice for the present, to enumerate them in such order as I have been able, rather hurriedly, to collect their names and some particulars of their lives, I leave it to those dictators in the republic of letters,—the critics,—to assign to each one, his proper place on that far famed hill, the summit of which so few can reach. I would not, however, have it to be understood that I aim at presenting to you a complete Canadian Parnassus. ~~Whilst those Poets only will be~~ noticed whose works are decidedly before the Canadian public, and have attracted more or less critical attention, others of equal merit perhaps, may be omitted, either because they are less known, or because I have not yet become acquainted with them.

## PART I.

### BRITISH CANADIAN POETS.

Allow me now without further preface, to offer to you a cursory view of our British Canadian Poets. We are all, indeed, British Canadians. But you will understand that I speak of such Canadian Poets as have written in English.

MR. ISIDORE G. ASCHER may surely be classed among our Canadian Poets. Although born at Glasgow, Scotland, and now a Citizen of the British Metropolis, he acquired his early knowledge of Letters in Canada, having come, or rather having been brought by his family, to this country when only eight years of age and having spent here about thirty years of his life. The date of his arrival in Canada is

1835. He went to England in 1864. He leads there the life of a literary man contributing to the more celebrated periodicals, &c. Critics speak of his *genuine poetic feeling*, his melody of *diction and happiness of expression*. An edition of his lyrical compositions, together with more recent *pièces* having been published in 1863, under the title of "VOICES OF THE HEARTH," was speedily exhausted.

Colburn's Monthly says, referring to this work: "We loose ourselves in that indescribable absence from sensual objects which is a vision of our higher humanity."

Henry Giles writes in the *Boston Transcript* that "the moral spirit throughout (this same work) is of the highest."

The latter poems of Mr. Ascher give proof of more matured poetic ability. I cannot give a better idea of his style than by quoting one or two pieces. What a beautiful allegory is not "SLEEP AND DEATH?"

The gentle night, tranquil as Eden's calm,  
Before the voice of sin disturbed the air,  
O'er crept and nestled to the weary earth.  
The moonbeams stole to kiss her loveliness,  
And blent their mellowed splendour with the dark,  
To beautify the shadows of the world.  
And then, the unchanging galaxies of Heaven  
Flashed out eternal rays, to stamp the night  
With glory and immutability.  
Then flew with lightning wing, through quickened space,  
Two messengers from Heaven, clad alike  
In purity and calm ineffable.  
The splendid vesture of the gentle night  
Clung to the skirts of both: a crown of stars  
Circled the head of one, whose beauty seemed  
Diviner than her sister's; soon they touched  
The summit of an undulating hill,  
Bordering the noisy haunts of busy men:  
And the red moon showering yellow flames,  
Illumed the clumps of furze and trailing weeds  
To seeming asphodells and amaranths!  
With arms enfolded tenderly o'er each,  
As if a subtle sympathy of love  
Had knit their souls, they hushed their dreamy flight;—  
Then sleep, beneficent, scattered abroad  
Th' invisible seeds of slumber, taking root  
Within the jaded hearts of human kind,  
To blossom into gossamer flowers of dreams,  
Casting a fragrance through the resting brain  
Lightly and fleetly in an aerial maze.  
Then puling Infancy, and fretful Age,  
And querulous Youth, and sighing Maidenhood,

Lay smiling in the beauty of repose ;  
 And Heaven-born Peace, unconscious of her power  
 Through shadowy chambers entered noiselessly,  
 And dimpled Innocence with loveliness,  
 And flung a chastening calm and tender smile  
 On faces harsh with cankering toil and care ;  
 Then Sleep, enraptured at her marvellous work,  
 Like one accused of kindness, who might drop  
 A lowly glance, unwilling to be praised,  
 In bright contentment gazed upon the earth.  
 Upon the happy dwellings wrapt in calm,  
 And gave her sister Death, this utterance :  
 "What song exultant can be praise to God  
 For choosing me to lavish good on man ?  
 When Night, stamping her holiness on earth,  
 Flies at the tender touch of warbling Dawn,  
 Men clasp my memory, and bless my name ;  
 What truer recompense can angel know  
 Than homage of a prayer and grateful love ?"  
 Then Death,—a quiet sadness in her tones,  
 A tender melancholy in her smile,  
 Her starry eyes suffused with starry tears,  
 Such as immortals weep—gave answer thus :  
 "If casting forth the heavenly balm of good,  
 And earning gratitude of lasting love,  
 Is even angel's highest privilege,

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O would that I might earn a grateful prayer !  
 Alas ! men hate me in their restless fear,  
 For I am, in their thought, an enemy,—  
 A cruel, bitter vengeful enemy."  
 Then sleep replied :

"What boots it that men fear,  
 Not knowing what they fear, as children dread  
 The ominous darkness of a lonely room,  
 As palsied Age may loathe to scan the past,  
 The ruined chasm of the buried years,  
 Filled with a wasted heap of cankering hopes,  
 Defeated plans and baffled aims of Youth ;—  
 Not deeming Endless Wisdom shattered them,  
 We both are peaceful messengers from God ;  
 Thy touch may hush, like mine, the sorrowing soul,  
 And banish evermore the groans of pain ;  
 The peace I breathe is but a fleeting calm,  
 But thine is like the eternal calm of stars !  
 My love a boon for earth, but thine for Heaven !  
 The dead Day summons me to heal men's griefs  
 The pallid Dawn enfold me in her arms,  
 And the world wakes to cares of yesterday ;  
 But thy far reaching endless love, like His,  
 Which finite wisdom never wholly grasps,  
 Casts infinite peace upon the soul of man,  
 Who wakes to bless thee in Eternity !"

The angel ceased, and Death in speechless joy  
 Drooped on the arm of Sleep, and perfect calm  
 Shedding a blissful sanctity o'er each,  
 Likens the angels to our mortal eyes!

One more piece from Mr. Ascher and I think I shall  
 have quoted enough to justify public opinion and the eulo-  
 gies of learned critics.

#### THE FALLING SNOW.

Fall, like peace, O gossamer snow!  
 While searching winds are roaming abroad;  
 Fall, in your wealth, on the world below,  
 Like a blessed balm from God!

Fall, like kisses upon the earth,  
 That is cold and cheerless and full of woe,  
 And fill its heart with a sense of mirth,  
 Silent and loving snow!

Fall, in your wonderful purity,  
~~Fair as a bride's unstuffed dress;~~  
 Fall from heaven's immensity,  
 On our autumn dreariness.

Fall like a lover's phantasy  
 That the heart of a maiden might yearn to know;  
 Fall like a loving memory  
 On a soul o'erladen with woe.

Fall like the light of an infant's smile,  
 That sweetly beams for a mother alone;  
 Fall like hope when it dawns awhile  
 On a doubting heart of stone.

Fall like tears that leave us resign'd  
 When the soul submits to a hapless doom;  
 Fall like light that falls on the blind,  
 On a life o'ersteeped in gloom.

Fall like the bounties God has given,  
 While the mournful winds are piping abroad;  
 Fall like the hints we have of heaven,  
 Like a bless'd balm from God!

The next Poet on whom I must bestow a few words is  
 a native Canadian,—the late JOHN MACPHERSON who was



born at Liverpool, Nova Scotia, in 1817, and who died 1847, in the province of his nativity. This child of the Muses gave proof of a serious and studious mind in his early boyhood, Delicate health, together with the hard and thankless profession of a schoolmaster, sadly, marred his genius. Troubles, difficulties and disappointments were his lot through life. He was so delicately sensitive that the least word of criticism robbed him for a time of tranquility and happiness. I am not aware of any other work published in his lifetime than his poem of 16 pages "THE PRAISE OF WATER." A prize was awarded to him for this work as the best Poem on temperance. His posthumous work "THE HARP OF ACADIA" consisting of moral and descriptive poems in 298 pages 12mo, and published by his friend Mr. J. S. THOMPSON, attracted much attention. It has been warmly eulogized by the most competent judges. The poems which it contains do not evince great imaginative power, nor are they rich in gorgeous descriptions, or the fire of sustained passion, "but," says the accomplished authoress, MISS CLOTILDA JENNINGS, "~~they are melodious, tender and original.~~" They are not the reflex of his reading, they are his own genuine utterance. Grace and perspicacity of expression, usually one of the charms last acquired by accomplished and well trained authors, seem to have been the unconscious possession of this one; and when we remember how little he was aided in this way by the society of fluent talkers, the suggestion of judicious critics, or the influence of early discipline, we venture to conclude that he was taught and endowed very much as the ravens are fed and the lilies clothed."

EDWARD J. CHAPMAN, Professor of Mineralogy in University College, Toronto, although devoted to scientific studies, has produced some poetical compositions of very great beauty; a proof, if any were needed, that Poetry and Science are not antagonistic. His chief poetical work is called "A Song of Charity," published at Toronto in 1857. Critics are agreed that this learned Professor possesses the genius of Poetry.

MR. BIGNEY, a native of Nova Scotia, but now resident at New Orleans, has published a work of 258 pages 16mo, called "The Forest Pilgrims and other Poems." Some of the

purely imaginative pieces in this work are spoken of by critics as being of a high order of merit.

MISS MARY J. HALZMAN of Nova Scotia has written some elegant fugitive pieces in verse for the press of that Province.

MR. DANIEL CAREY, an emment journalist of Quebec, has enriched the literature of the country with some very meritorious poetical compositions.

MRS. RODA ANN FAULKNER (nee Paige), was born at Hackney, near London, England, in 1826. This very accomplished Lady had scarcely given proof of her fine poetical talent in a little work called "Wild Notes from the Backwoods," when she was called from this earthly sphere. Mr. Dewart relates a pleasant but melancholy circumstance connected with her early death at Cobourg in 1863. He had written to ask some contributions for his "Selections." Her husband replied that through severe illness, she was unable to comply with this request. A few weeks after, "*Wild Notes*" was sent to Mr. Dewart by Dr. Powell of Cobourg, with a request to insert some pieces of it in his work, and stating at the same time that the author had died the week before. One of the pieces which Mr. D. selected—"DREAMS," and which I need ask no apology for quoting, would alone suffice as an enduring monument of her genius:

Dreams, mystic dreams, whence do ye come—  
In what land far off is your fairy home—  
From whence oft at night do ye hither stray—  
When aye do ye flee at the dawn of day?  
You never can fold your wand'ring wings,  
Ye wild unfathomable things!

Come ye from a beautiful world afar—  
The land where the lost and the loved ones are,—  
That ye oft bring back in your shadowy reign  
The sound of their voices to earth again,  
And their sunny smiles and their looks of light,  
In the silent hours of the quiet night?

Ye have brought again to the mother's breast  
The child she hath laid in his grave to rest,  
And lo! she hears him prattling at her knee,

And she watches with joy his infant glee,  
And kisses again that fairest young brow  
That can meet but a worm's caresses now.

Ye have opened the captive's prison door,  
And he stands on his own hearth-stone once more,  
And his Sire is there with words of blessing,  
His Mother with tears and fond caressing,  
And a Sister's form to his heart is clasped,  
And a Brother's hand in his own is grasped,  
And he feels nor fetter nor galling chain,  
He is safe! He is free! He's home again!

The murderer lies in his murky den,  
His crime ever hidden from human ken.  
Of his victim's fate few ever may know,  
None ever may tell who hath struck the blow;  
But dreams! ye have brought to his sight again,  
Him whom his hand hath remorselessly slain—  
With his ghastly smile and his glassy eye  
And his finger pointing in mockery.  
O dreams! ye are strange and terrible things,  
When ye come in the might of conscience stings!

Lo! the child lies down in his cradle bed;  
And his soft hand pillows his drowsy head,  
And his parted lips have a cherub smile,  
Untouched e'er by sorrow, unstained by guile;  
Falls Heaven's sweetest light on his baby brow,  
And he lists to the "Angels whisper" now.  
O bright are ye, dreams, and beautiful things  
When ye visit the child on Seraph wings!

.....  
The warrior dreams of the laurel wreath,  
And he rushes on the field of death,  
The minstrel dreams of the ne'er fading bay,  
While pouring his soul in his fervid lay;  
And the soldier lies with thousands as brave,  
And the minstrel filleth a nameless grave.

Of the Statesman dreams of ambition's power,  
Of the pride of wealth and the pomp of power,  
Of a people's trust and a people's love  
That the waning years of his life may prove;  
And when age hath palsied both brain and limb,  
Oh, sad is the waking awaiting him!

The lover oft dreams of a mortal brow  
To shine ever blessed and bright as now;  
Of an earthly love which no power may change,

No sorrow e'er darken, nor time estrange,  
That shall know no shadow, no fear no fall,—  
Oh, his is the wildest dream of them all!

We are dreamers all, we shall still dream on,  
Till the vision of life itself be done,  
Till the weary race to the goal is run,—  
Till the fevered pulses are checked and chilled,  
Till the fluttering heart is for ever stilled,  
Till the final struggle at length is o'er,  
And we quiet lie down to dream no more.

You may not all be aware that British America claims an OLIVER GOLDSMITH. This gentleman whose sweetness of versification and happy smoothness of expression have been praised by critics, was a collateral descendant of the celebrated OLIVER GOLDSMITH who wrote that beautiful and justly admired poem:

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!

He attained the rank of Commissary General in his native Province,—Nova Scotia. He devoted much of his time to literary pursuits and published a Poem of 144 pages, called "*The Rising Village*," which reached a second edition in 1834.

The REV. ARCHIBALD GRAY, Rector, (Ch. of Eng.), of Digby, Nova Scotia, has published "*Shades of the Hamlet and other Poems*." This work, it has been said, must add to the lustre of our native genius.

SARAH and MARY E. HERBERT have published a volume (237 pp.) of Miscellaneous Poems under the title of "*The Eolian Harp*," which entitles them to a distinguished place among the Poets of British North America.

MISS CLOTILDA JENNINGS is an accomplished prose writer as well as a Poetess. Few of her writings have appeared separately. Her "*Linden Rhymes*" in a volume of 152 pages 18mo, under the assumed name of "*Maude*" were published at Halifax in 1854. The following year she published "*The White Rose in Acadia*," and "*Autumn in Nova Scotia*," a prize tale and Poem. As a proof of her poetical talent, it may be mentioned that the poem which she composed in honor of the Burn's Centenary Celebration,

was so highly thought of by the Committee in London, that they caused it to be included in "*The Burn's Centenary Wreath*," (London, 1859). In 1855 Miss Jennings won the prize offered at Halifax on the occasion of the general public exhibition of the products of the Province of Nova Scotia, for the best Tale and Poem illustrative of the history, manners and scenery of Nova Scotia.

THE HONORABLE JOSEPH HOWE, M. P., so well known as a Politician and an Orator, has written verses occasionally in the course of his long career. A little Poem entitled "*Melville Island*," which he published in his earlier days, has been much praised. The best proof of the high appreciation of his fellow-countrymen is to be found in the fact that one of his best poetical compositions "*THE SONG FOR THE CENTENARY*" of the foundation of Halifax, written in 1849, has been set to music. It opens in the following bold and patriotic strain :

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"Hail to the day! when the Britons came over,  
And planted their standard with sea foam still wet!  
Above and around us their spirit shall hover,  
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.  
Beneath it the emblems they cherish are waving,  
The Rose of old England the road side perfumes;  
The Shamrock and thistle the North winds are braving;  
Securely the May-flower blushes and blooms."

MISS HELEN MAR JOHNSON was born at Magog, Province of Quebec, in 1835. Her too early death occurred at the same place in 1863. This lady may be said to have been born with the genius of Poetry. At the age of fifteen she composed elegant verses. Only five years later, she published a volume of poems (249 pages) which was received with great favor. Her diction was spoken of as rich and varied, not unfrequently pleasingly figurative and the versification as regular and pleasing. Her wonderful gift of song, however, is more apparent in her unpublished compositions, some of which may be seen in Dewart's "Selections." This gentleman, himself a Poet, expresses a very high appreciation of Miss Johnson's genius. "Her Poetry," he observes, "is characterized by unaffected simplicity, genuine sensibility, often tinged by sadness, a deep sense of the insufficiency of earthly good, and ardent aspirations after the things

that are unseen and eternal." Her love of Poetry was a perennial source of solace to her in the trying circumstances of her short and suffering life. The deep feeling of melancholy which pervades some of her compositions may be partly ascribed to this state of suffering, and to the idea, always present to her mind, that her days were drawing to their close, as well as to her poetic genius. It belongs to such minds to be eminently pathetic, and this is always akin to melancholy. The deep pathos which characterizes the genius of Miss Johnson is chiefly shewn in the pieces which Mr. Dewart has preserved, "*I shall Depart*," "*To a Dandelion*," and "*Good Night*." At the risk of rendering you melancholy for a moment, I shall quote this last piece. The sweetness and affection which it breathes, will relieve somewhat its awful solemnity.

#### GOOD NIGHT.

Mother, good night! my work is done,—  
I go to rest with the setting sun;  
But not to wake with the morning light,  
So, dearest Mother, a long good night!

Father, good night! the shadows glide  
Silently down to the river's side,  
The river itself with stars is bright,  
So, dearest Father, a long good night!

Sister, good night! the roses close  
Their dewy eyes for the night's repose,—  
And a strange damp mist obscures my sight,  
So, dearest sister, a long good night!

Brother, good night! the sunset flush  
Has died away, and the midnight hush  
Has settled o'er plain and mountain height,  
So, dearest Brother, a long good night!

Good night! good night! nay, do not weep;  
I am weary of earth, I long to sleep,  
I shall wake again with the dawning light  
Of eternal day;—good night! good night!

THE "WATCHER" is not without a tinge of melancholy but you will be pleased to hear how graphically the

poem describes some of the things that are apt to happen in the course of a Canadian winter.

Night comes, but he comes not ! I fear  
 The treacherous ice ! what do I hear ?  
 Bells ? nay, I am deceived again,—  
 'Tis but the ringing in my brain,  
 —O how the wind goes shrieking past !  
 Was it a voice upon the blast !  
 A cry for aid ? My God protect !  
 Preserve his life—his course direct !  
 —How suddenly it has grown dark !  
 How very dark without ! —hush ! hark !  
 —'Tis but the creaking of the door ;  
 It opens wide and nothing more,  
 The wind and snow came in ; I thought  
 Some straggler food and shelter sought ;  
 But more I feared, for fear is weak,  
 That some one came of him to speak,  
 To tell how long he braved the storm,  
 How long he kept his bosom warm  
 With thoughts of home,—how long he cheered  
 His weary horse that plunged, and reared,  
 And wallowed through the drifted snow  
 Till daylight faded, and the glow  
 Of hope went out,—how almost blind,  
 He peered around, below, behind,—  
 No road, no track, the very shore  
 All blotted out, —one struggle more  
 It is thy last, perchance, brave heart !  
 O God ! a reef ! the masses part  
 Of snow and ice, and dark and deep  
 The waters lie in death-like sleep ;—  
 He sees too late the chasm yawn ;  
 Sleigh, horse and driver, all are gone !  
 Father in Heaven ! It may be thus,  
 But thou art gracious,—pity us !  
 Save him, and me in mercy spare !  
 What 'twould be worse than death to hear.  
 —Hark ! hark ! am I deceived again ?  
 Nay, 'tis no ringing in my brain,  
 My pulses leap, my bosom swells—  
 Thank God ! it is, *it is his bells !*

EVAN MCCOLL a native of Scotland. This Poet whom Canada now claims, was born at Loch Fyne side in the year 1808. He was and is still known there as "The Mountain Minstrel." Since the days of McLachlan, McLeod and Macdonald of Crief, no writer has done so much honor to the Gaelic language. It was indeed his mother tongue, and he owed it, as he paid to it, the tribute of his earliest poet-

ical compositions. His first work, "*A collection of Poems and Songs in Gaelic*," at once secured for him a high place among the Bards of his country. On the appearance of these poems, the critics were pleased to pronounce him second to none among Celtic Poets. His inimitable "*Ode to Loch Duich*" shows well how he appreciated the picturesque scenery of his native hills and Lochs,—that "land of the mountain and the flood," which has often been the Poet's theme. No wonder if he loved that land, and so dearly loved it, that when his Father and family emigrated to Canada in 1831, he could not be prevailed upon to accompany them. It was not till 1850, and when compelled by the state of his health to seek a change of air and scenery, that he visited Canada. He soon decided on remaining in this country; and an appointment in the Provincial Customs at Kingston induced him to make his home in that City. He is the Bard of the Caledonian Society there; and he has composed several Poems for its annual celebrations. Some of these are much admired, and his "*Robin*," composed for the "Burns' Centenary Festival," is considered by the Kingston critics, quite equal, although, indeed, this is saying a great deal, to the Countess of Nairn's very pathetic song "*The Land O' the Leal*." In 1846, Mr. McColl published a volume of Poems and songs in English. These compositions also have commanded the attention of eminent critics. Dr. Norman McLeod whilst finding fault with some imperfections of Rhyme, says "there are thoughts so new and so striking,—images and comparisons so beautiful and original—feelings so warm and fresh that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man."

This audience, I am sure, will hear with pleasure, one of Mr. McColl's English songs. It alludes to scenes with which you are familiar,—"*The Lake of the Thousand Isles*."

#### THE LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLES.

Though Missouri's tide majestic may glide  
 There's a curse on the soil it laves;  
 The Ohio too, may be fair, but who  
 Would sojourn in a land of slaves?  
 Be my prouder lot a Canadian cot,  
 And the bread of a freeman's toil;  
 Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand,  
 And the Lake of the Thousand Isles!



I would seek no wealth at the cost of health,  
 'Mid the City's din and strife;  
 More I love the grace of fair nature's face,  
 And the calm of a woodland life:  
 I would shun the road by ambition trod,  
 And the love which the heart defiles;—  
 Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand,  
 And the Lake of the Thousand Isles!

O away, away, I would gladly stray  
 Where the freedom I love is found;  
 Where the Pine and Oak by the woodman's stroke  
 Are disturbed in their ancient bound;  
 Where the gladsome swain reaps the golden grain,  
 And the trout from the stream beguiles;  
 Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand,  
 And the Lake of the Thousand Isles!

You will not fail to appreciate as it deserves, the exquisite feeling so finely expressed in the following Ode:

#### THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANT'S LAST FAREWELL.

Adieu my native land!—adieu  
 The banks of fair Lochfyne,  
 Where the first breath of life I drew,  
 And would my last resign!

Swift sails the bark that wafteth me  
 This night from thy loved strand;—  
 O must it be my last of thee,  
 My dear, dear Father land!

O Scotland! o'er the Atlantic roar,  
 Though fated to depart,  
 Nor time nor space can e'er efface  
 Thine image from my heart.

Come weal, come woe—till life's last throe,  
 My Highland Home shall seem  
 An Eden bright in Fancy's light,  
 A Heaven in memory's dream!

Land of the maids of matchless grace,  
 The bards of matchless song,  
 Land of the bold heroic race  
 That never brook'd a wrong!

Long in the front of nations free  
 May Scotland proudly stand;  
 Farewell to thee,—farewell to thee,  
 My dear, dear Father land!

As you listen with evident pleasure to Mr. McColl, I shall venture to give you one of his Gaelic poems; not in the original language, however, which to most of you here is an unknown tongue, but as elegantly translated by the late Dr. Buchanan of Methven, Scotland.

THE CHILD OF PROMISE.

She died—as die the roses  
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,  
When the envious sun discloses  
His flame, and morning's gone.

She died—like waves of sun glow  
Fast by the shadows chased  
She died like Heaven's rainbow  
By gushing showers effaced.

She died—like flakes appearing  
On the shore beside the sea;  
Thy snow as bright! but nearing  
The ground swell broke on thee.

She died—as dies the glory  
Of music's sweetest swell;  
She died as dies the story  
When the best is still to tell.

She died—as dies moon-beaming  
When scowls the rayless wave;  
She died—like sweetest dreaming,  
That hastens to its grave.

She died—and died she early:  
Heaven wearied for its own;—  
As the dipping sun, my Mary,  
Thy morning ray went down.

This reminds one of the magnificent imagery of Ossian. But I must now take leave, although reluctantly, of Mr. McColl.

I come now to tell you something about a gentleman of quite a different cast of mind—of an author who is not only a Poet but a prose writer, whose style is remarkably peculiar and original. I am far from saying that I endorse all his ideas and opinions. Nor do I admit that satire is laudable or of any use at all, except when employed to lash the vices

and follies of mankind. Even when so employed, it is seldom profitable. If you really wish to correct any evil, you must set about doing so in a serious, sober, earnest and kindly spirit. MR. JAMES MCCARROLL, of whom it behoves me now to speak, is perhaps more a wit and humourist, than a writer of satire. He is unquestionably a man of many accomplishments. He excels in music, can write beautiful verses, and discourses fluently. I am perhaps too fastidious to call him an orator, although he has delivered with applause in many places, a Lecture called, "The House that Jack Built." An orator at all worthy of the title would disdain to repeat the self-same oration in all the cities of any country. He would fear lest by so doing, he should be likened to certain "metre-ballad mongers" (*Shakspeare*) of certain times, who not unlike the strolling play-actors of a more recent date, set up to auction their literary merchandise, in every available market place. I do not by any means wish to insinuate that Mr. McCarroll is a literary pedlar. So far from my thoughts is any such intention, that I rather consider this witty and versatile writer as one who has done essential service to the cause of literature here in Canada. In this new country where things material so completely engross the minds of our people, it is of very little use to write books and compose learned lectures and elegant orations. Such things must be brought to the doors of all who have any claim to be intelligent. Without some such process, the greatest thoughts will pass unheeded, and the most erudite and most pleasing authors will only have disappointment for their pains. Mr. McCarroll is deserving of all praise as a valiant pioneer in the cause of our nascent literature. His success, there is but too much reason to fear, has not been commensurate with his zeal and powerful efforts, for he has left Canada (temporarily, may we hope?) and taken up his abode in the neighboring Republic. We must nevertheless, lay claim to him as a British American Poet. Since 1831 when he came with his family to Canada, he has been resident until quite recently, in this country. Although he was liberally and classically educated at Lanesborough, the place of his birth, in Ireland, it may be said that his taste for literary pursuits was acquired in Canada. Here, at any rate, he wrote all his works, and here it is not unreasonable to suppose, he will publish the volume of

poems which his Biographers tell us that we may soon expect. Some of his poetical pieces have elicited much praise, his "Madeline" among the rest. His ode in honor of the "Royal Progress" by the Prince of Wales in Canada, was highly complimented by the able men who surrounded, on that occasion, the heir apparent to the British throne. To give you an idea of his style, allow me to quote that amusing little piece,

THE GREY LINNET.

There's a little grey friar in yonder green bush,  
Clothed in sack-cloth—a little grey friar  
Like a Druid of old in his temple—but, hush!  
He's at vespers; you must not go nigher.

Yet, the rogue! can those strains be addressed to the skies,  
And around us so wantonly float,  
Till the glowing refrain like a shining thread flies  
From the silvery reel of his throat?

When he roves, though he stains not his path through the air  
With the splendor of tropical wings,  
All the lustre denied to his russet plumes there,  
Flashes forth through his lay when he sings.

For the little grey friar's so wondrous wise,  
Though in such a plain garb he appears,  
That on finding he can't reach your soul through your eyes,  
He steals in through the gates of your ears.

But the cheat! 'tis not heaven he's warbling about—  
Other passions, less holy, betide—  
For, behold! there's a little grey nun peeping out  
From a bunch of green leaves at his side.

"Now, do try to shorten your notices." Certainly. The sittings of this Institute are never long. And besides, I am already quite tired talking in French all this while. Brevity will be a new soul to me as it is said to be the soul of wit. Many thanks for your timely hint. If I should so far forget myself as to require another, do not fail to give me, and yourselves more particularly, the benefit of it. Meanwhile, many distinguished Poets must be sacrificed to your convenience and mine.

Only a passing notice can be now bestowed on that very able and learned writer, orator, and Poet, the late very

REV. WILLIAM McDONELL. Although he was born in Scotland, Canadian literature is entitled to lay claim to him. He spent the greater part of his life and wrote his elegant and classic poems in Canada. His great abilities, more perhaps than his sacred office, gave him a high social status. He enjoyed the consideration and friendship of the Royal family. But here it behoves me to speak of him only as a Poet, and I will say that it is very much to be regretted that his very beautiful and highly finished poetical compositions have not yet been collected so as to be made to appear in a permanent form. He exercised the office of the Christian Priesthood for a length of time at Ottawa, and departed this life at Hamilton in the Province of Ontario.

MR. JOHN F. McDONELL is eminently Canadian, having been born at Quebec. (1) Critics speak of his versification as correct and musical. Why should he confine himself to the prosaic labour of editing a newspaper? It is a great thing, in this country, to be editor of such a newspaper as the "*Quebec Morning Chronicle*." I, with my old country notions, would rather see such abilities as Mr. McD. is known to possess, employed in a wider and more congenial field.

MR. CHARLES MAIR is a native Canadian Poet and prose writer. As a Poet only, can he be noticed here. He has written some very fine descriptive pieces. Mr. Mair is a very young man as yet, and I have no doubt that by the next time I give a lecture on Canadian Poets, I shall have to expatiate on the beauties of many more poetical compositions from his pen. (2)

(1) Mr. McDonell died at the same place on the 30th April, 1868.

(2) Since this notice was written, Mr. Mair's promised volume has appeared. It has not disappointed the admirers of his Muse. The press especially has given it a warm reception. The *Ottawa Citizen* having bestowed the highest praise on some of his finer compositions, concludes with the following words: "The poems of Charles Mair are indeed a gift, and a right Royal one, to the New Dominion. As regards correct, flowing, elegant, melodious versification, true, chastened, original, elevated thought, the most exquisite pathos, and philosophy, at the same time, of a high standard,—nothing superior, if indeed, anything equal to the compositions of our Bard, has as yet appeared in Canada. Well might this votary of the Muses say with Rome's immortal Poet:

Faveto linguis; carmina non prius  
- Audita, Musarum Sacerdos,  
Virginitibus puerisque canto."

The REV. J. READE of the Church of England, a native of Canada, writes elegantly both Latin and English verse. He possesses the poetic mind. We can only wish that he may continue to cultivate the muses.

MISS PAMELLA S. VINING to whose genius these Provinces have an undoubted claim, has enriched numerous periodicals of both Canada and the United States with her exquisite poetical compositions. The Rev. Mr. Dewart who has shewn himself an admirable judge of poetry, assigns to her a place in the highest ranks of the favored few who cultivate the divine art. Many, of her pieces, (may it not be said all?) breathe the true spirit of poetry. Her versification is correct and perfectly musical. Mr. Dewart is in raptures as he extols her "beautiful imagery," her "sound and elevated philosophy of suffering," her "great depth and tenderness of feeling," the "rich exquisite rythmic music" of her poetry, that lingers in "the chambers of the brain," like "the memory of a speechless joy." Her poem, "Under the Snow," is eminently illustrative of all this; and I would now read it to you, if I did not dread so completely engrossing your attention as to render you incapable of listening any more to my prosaic lecture. It is a work for private perusal, and will amply repay the pains of every thoughtful reader. If you wish for a new sensation, seek it otherwise (always consistently with moral duty) than in your reading. Read such things only as appeal to your nobler sentiments, and tend to awaken the better feelings of your nature. No gloating over improbabilities and exaggerations. Leave all such things to weak and shallow minds. With such only can you be classed if you derive no pleasure from such feeling and musical compositions as those of Miss Vining. "Shallow and thoughtless hearts," says Mr. Dewart, "blinded by the glare of frothy pleasures and sordid pursuits, may see no special beauty in such poetry; but readers of more delicate sensibility, whose by-gone years are shaded by the memory of deep sorrow, will feel the influence of its uncommon beauty, tenderness and truth." But Miss Vining's compositions are by no means, all of a melancholy cast. When she chooses to assume the heroic style, she can rise to the dignity and grandeur of our greatest poets. There are few now-a-days who will consent

to be shackled by the laws of verse. Miss Vining respects these laws, and at the same time wings her flight with a freedom which cannot fail to astonish those who despise them. The following Poem which when you have heard it, you will pardon me for quoting (I plead no excuse beforehand) reminds one of the correct, elegant and flowing lines of Pope.

## CANADA.

Fair land of peace! to Britain's rule and throne  
Adherent still, yet happier than alone,  
And free as happy, and as brave as free.  
Proud are thy children,—justly proud of thee:—  
Thou hast no streams renowned in classic lore,  
No vales where fabled heroes moved of yore,  
No hills where Poetry enraptured stood,  
No mythic fountains, no enchanted wood;  
But unadorned, rough, cold and often stern,  
The careless eye to other lands might turn  
And seek, where nature's bloom is more intense,  
Softer delights to charm the eye of sense.

But we who know thee proudly point the hand  
Where thy broad rivers roll serenely grand—  
Where in still beauty 'neath our northern sky,  
Thy lordly lakes in solemn grandeur lie—  
Where old Niagara's awful voice has given  
The flood's deep anthem to the ear of Heaven,—  
Through the long ages of the vanished past,  
Through Summer's bloom and Winter's angry blast,—  
Nature's proud utterance of unwearied song,  
Now as at first, majestic, solemn, strong,  
And ne'er to fail till the Archangel's cry  
Shall still the million tones of earth and sky,  
And send the shout to Ocean's farthest shore:—  
'Be hushed ye voices! time shall be no more!'

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Wealth of the forest, treasures of the hills—  
Majestic rivers, fertilizing rills,—  
Expansive Lakes, rich vales and sunny plains,  
Vast fields where yet primeval nature reigns,  
Exhaustless treasures of the teeming soil—  
These loudly call to enterprising toil.

Nor vainly call. From lands beyond the sea,  
Strong men have turned O Canada! to thee,—

Turned from their fathers' graves, their native shore,  
Smiling to scorn the flood's tempestuous roar,  
Gladly to find where broader, ampler room  
Allured their steps,—a happy western home.

The toil-worn peasant looked with eager eyes  
O'er the blue waters to those distant skies ;  
Where no one groaned 'neath unrequited toil :  
Where the strong laborer might own the soil  
On which he stood ; and in his manhood's strength,  
Smile to behold his growing fields at length ;—  
Where his brave sons might easily obtain  
The lore for which their fathers sighed in vain,  
And in a few short seasons take their stand  
Among the learned and gifted of the land.

Could ocean barriers avail to keep  
That yearning heart in lands beyond the deep ?  
No !—the sweet vision of a home—his own,  
Haunted his days of toil, his midnight lone ;  
Till gath'ring up his little earthly store ;  
In a few years to realize far more  
Than in his wildest dreams he hoped before.

We cannot boast those skies of milder ray,  
'Neath which the orange mellows-day by day ;  
Where the magnolia spreads her snowy flowers,  
And nature revels in perennial bowers :—  
Here, Winter holds his long and solemn reign,  
And madly sweeps the desolated plain ;—  
But health and vigor hail the wintry strife,  
With all the buoyant glow of happy life ;  
And by the blazing chimney's cheerful hearth,  
Smile at the blast 'mid songs and household mirth,

Here Freedom looks o'er all these broad domains,  
And hears no heavy clank of servile chains ;  
Here man, no matter what his skin may be,  
Can stand erect, and proudly say 'I'M FREE !'  
No crouching slaves cower in our busy marts,  
With straining eyes and anguish-riven hearts.

The beam that gilds alike the palace walls  
And lowly hut, with genial radiance falls  
On peer and peasant,—but the humblest here  
Walks in the sun-shine free as is the Peer.  
Proudly he stands with muscle strong and free,  
The serf—the slave of no man doomed to be.  
His own the arm, the heavy axe that wields ;  
His own, the hand that tills the summer fields ;  
His own, the babes that prattle in the door ;  
His own, the wife that treads the cottage floor ;  
All the sweet ties of life to him are sure ;  
All the proud rights of manhood are secure,



Fair land of peace!—O may'st thou ever be  
 Even as now the land of LIBERTY!  
 Treading serenely thy bright upward road,  
 Honoured of nations and approved of God!  
 On thy fair front emblazoned clear and bright—  
 FREEDOM, FRATERNITY AND EQUAL RIGHT!

Yet another Poem if you please, it is a very beautiful one, before taking leave of this charming Poetess.

#### THE EARTH'S COMPLAINT.

I plucked a fair flower that grew  
 In the shadow of summer's green trees—  
     A rose petalled flower,  
     Of all in the bower  
     Best beloved of the bee and the breeze.  
 I plucked it and kissed it and called it my own—  
     This beautiful, beautiful flower,  
 That alone in the cool shadow had grown,  
     Fairest and first in the bower.

Then a murmur I heard at my feet—  
 A pensive and sorrowful sound:  
     And I stooped me to hear,  
     While tear after tear  
 Rained down my eyes to the ground  
     As I, listening heard  
     This sorrowful word,  
 So breathing of anguish profound:

"I have gathered the fairest and best,  
 I have gathered the rarest and sweetest;—  
     My life-blood I've given  
     As an offering to Heaven  
 In this flower of all flowers the completest.  
     Through the long quiet night  
     With the pale stars in sight—  
     Through the sun lighted day  
     Of the balm-breathing May  
 I have toiled on in silence to bring  
     To perfection this beautiful flower—  
     The pride of the blossoming bower—  
 The queenliest blossom of spring.

"But I am forgotten—none heed  
 Me—the brown soil where it grew;  
     That drank in by day  
     The sun's blessed ray  
 And gathered at twilight the dew;—  
     That fed it by day and by night  
     With nectar drops slowly distilled

In the secret alembic of earth,  
 And diffused through each delicate vein,  
 Till the sunbeams were charmed to remain,  
 Entranced in a dream of delight—  
 Stealing in with their arrows of light  
 Through the calyx of delicate green—  
 The close folded petals between  
 Down into its warm hidden heart;  
 Wide opened the beautiful eyes,  
 And lo! with a sudden surprise,  
 Caught the glance of the glorious sun—  
 The ardent and worshipful one—  
 Looking down from his heavenly place:  
 And the blush of delighted surprise  
 Remained in its warm glowing dyes,  
 Evermore on that radiant face.

"Then mortals in worshipful mood  
 Bent over my wonderful flower  
 And called it the "fairest,  
 The richest, the rarest,  
 The pride of the blossoming bower."  
 But I am forgotten. Ah me!  
 In the brown soil where it grew;  
 That cherished and nourished  
 The stem where it flourished;  
 And fed it with sunshine and dew!

"O man! will it always be thus,  
 Will you take the rich gifts which are given  
 By the tireless workers of earth  
 By the bountiful Father in Heaven;  
 And intent on the worth of the gift,  
 Never think of the Maker, the Giver?—  
 Of the long patient efforts—the thought  
 That secretly grew in the brain  
 Of the Poet to measure and strain,  
 Till it burst on your ear richly fraught  
 With the wonderful sweetness of song?—

"What availeth it, then, that ye toil—  
 You, thought's patient producers—to be  
 Unloved and unprized,  
 Trodden down and despised,  
 By those whom you toil for like me—  
 Forgotten and trampled like me?—  
 Then my heart made indignant reply,  
 In spite of my fast falling tears—  
 In spite of the wearisome years  
 Of toil unrequited that lay  
 In the track of the past, and the way  
 Thorn-girded I'd trod in those years:—

"So be it, if so it *must* be!—  
 May I know that the thing  
 I so patiently bring  
 From the depths of the heart and the brain,  
 A creature of *beauty* goes forth,  
 'Midst the hideous phantoms that press  
 And crowd the lone paths of this work-weary life,  
 'Mid the labor and care, the temptation and strife,  
 To gladden and comfort and bless.

"So be it, if so it *must* be!—  
 May I know that the thing  
 I so patiently bring  
 From the depths of the heart and the brain,  
 Goes forth with a Conqueror's might,  
 Through the gloom of this turbulent world;  
 Potent for truth and for right,  
 Where truth has so often been hurled  
 'Neath the feet of the throng,  
 The hurrying, passionate throng!

"What matter though I be forgot,  
 Since toil is itself a delight?  
 Since the power to do,  
 To the soul that is true,  
 Is the uttered command of the Lord  
 To labour and faint not, but still  
 Pursue and achieve,  
 And ever believe  
 THAT ACHIEVEMENT ALONE IS REWARD!"

"Very fine! But why did you not give us those grave thoughts in the more stately measure of the former piece? You do not surely pretend that those longer and shorter lines—that sort of up hill and down dale verse—that gayer, lighter Poetry which is all very well on the floor of a dancing-room, is suitable for a serious subject and calculated to convey an important moral."

You will be pleased to observe, my Lord Fadladeen, (I believe it was your Lordship who spoke) that Miss Vining had no intention of preaching a sermon or delivering a moral essay on the subject of her poem. No doubt, the ingratitude to which it alludes, might very properly be thundered at from the pulpit. But it is not the Poet's Province to wield the thunders of the Church. A very solemn moral essay might be written on the text "*Achievement Alone is Reward.*" But, we have no assurance that our Poetess is an essayist also. And, if she were, there are none, I am sure,

with the exception of that venerable critic, my Lord Fadla-deen, who would not be sorely disappointed if it came into her mind to substitute grave and ponderous essays for such flowing, musical and graceful lines as you have just heard. No more criticism, I insist upon it. It not only interrupts the lecture and consumes our precious time without profit to any body, and without pleasure too; except perhaps to its authors, it also tends to alter that cheerful frame of mind which is quite essential when discoursing on Poetry and Poets. Now, but not without regret, I bid adieu to Miss Vining for a season. When her promised volume appears, it will, I trust, be the occasion of such a conversation as that which is now brought to a close, and which but for the ungenerous remarks obtruded upon us by that critical old Lord, who, I am happy to observe, has just left the room, would have afforded to us all only unmingled delight.

Canada justly claims MR. WILLIAM KIRBY of Niagara, who has resided in this country since 1832 when he was 15 years of age, and whose principal poem, U. E. L. in 12 Cantos, is peculiarly Canadian, the design of it being to celebrate and perpetuate the memory of those brave men, the United Empire Loyalists, who may well be looked upon as the founders of the Province of Ontario.

MR. ADAM KIDD, of Quebec, who died there in 1831, published at Montreal in 1830, a volume of 216 pages 8mo, entitled: "*The Huron Chief and other Poems.*"

MR. GEORGE F. LANIGAN, a native of Canada, is better known among the *literati*, as a prose writer than as a Poet. He has, however, contributed to the periodical press of the Dominion in verse as well as prose, and his published version of some very curious old Ballads shews not only that he is well skilled in the art of versification, but also that he possesses a mind capable of producing as well as of appreciating beautiful Poetry. He is at present, the Editor of a sporting magazine at Montreal. This is by far too prosaic an occupation for one who is so highly gifted. May we hope that he will yet exchange the *literature of sportsmen* if, indeed, there be such a thing, for the more congenial society of the Muses.

-Who has not heard of MRS. MOODIE, so celebrated by her writings both in England and America? You may not all be aware, however, that she is a Poetess. Mrs. Moodie has published a volume of Poems. Some of her pieces which I have seen, are correctly and elegantly written and distinguished by much poetical beauty. She is a sister of the eminent historian, Miss Agness Strickland, and came with her husband to take up her abode in Canada, so long ago as 1832.

MR. JOHN J. PROCTOR, a native of Liverpool, England, has established his home in Canada. His poetical compositions—"Voices of the night and other Poems," are characterised by a deep and unrelieved melancholy which renders the perusal of them painful notwithstanding great originality of thought and elegance of expression. No doubt, "man was made to mourn." But, what forbids that he should lighten his load of sorrow and of toil by a cheerful ditty or a soul stirring Lyric? Some think that Mr. Proctor affects to follow the style of Tennyson. But, is he not too original to be imitative?

The RIGHT REVD. GEO. JEHOSHAPHAT MOUNTAIN, Bishop Mountain, who was the son of the first Protestant Bishop of Quebec, and who died at that city in 1863, was chiefly celebrated for his amiability of character, and his numerous prose writings. His, "*Songs of the Wilderness*," a volume of elegant and classical compositions published in London (1846), is lost sight of in the number of his more important works. We must claim, however, that he has added to the valuable amount of Canadian poetical literature.

The most competent Judges have eulogized the poetical productions of MISS HARRIET ANNIE WILKINS. This Lady, better known as "*Harriet Annie*," possessed the faculty of writing in verse whilst yet a child. She had nearly a volume of Poems composed before she was 14 years of age. Her published collections of Poems are "*The Holly Branch*," and "*The Acacia*." The latter work reached a second edition which was published in 1864. Dr. Charles Mackay referring to these Poems, speaks of "the play of fancy," "the poetical feeling," "the command of both imagery and language," which they possess.

You will not expect that I should say all that could be said, or even all that I could say, concerning the HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE. This gentleman is so eminent as an historian, an orator and a statesman, that we can scarcely think of him as a Poet. Who considers McCaulay or the late accomplished Earl of Carlisle as Poets? And yet, both these orators, authors and statesmen have written poetical pieces of great elegance and beauty, which would have made a reputation for less celebrated men, and clever men too. Mr. T. D'Arcy McGee would be renowned as a Poet, but for his greater renown as a writer and speaker of prose. We lose sight of his highly meritorious volume of ballads when perusing some of his orations. And though we delight to behold him bending pensively over the tomb of the immortal Tasso, and expressing in classical and melodious verse, the emotions that arose in his mind, as he stood on the spot consecrated by the presence of departed genius, this incident, however interesting, dwindles into insignificance when we consider the statesman and the minister of state representing the interests of this Dominion among the Powers of Europe and at the centre even of wide Christendom.

Mr. McGee enjoyed in his early boyhood the friendship and companionship of that truly great man the late Daniel O'Connell. At the age of seventeen, he came to settle in America. But soon afterwards, accepting the invitation of Mr. O'Connell to become a member of the editorial staff of "*The Dublin Freeman*," newspaper, he returned to Ireland his native country. Descended from a respectable family in Ulster, and rich in the friendship of the noblest and the best, he might have lived honored and independent, if not wealthy, in the land of his birth. But the cause of reform not advancing in that country according to his ardent wishes and as all right thinking men who had at heart the well-being of their fellow-country men, no less earnestly desired, he once more sought his home in the United States of America. He had not been long there, when his friends of Montreal invited him to that city where he became the editor of the journal known as "*The New Era*." Whilst yet engaged in editorial labours, his fellow-citizens deputed him to represent them in the Canadian Parliament. He he is still

(1) (1868) their representative in the General Parliament or "House of Commons" of the Dominion of Canada. From May 1862 till May 1863, Mr. McGee held office as President of the Executive Council, and again from April 1864 until the Union of the Provinces. In that capacity, he represented the United Provinces of British North America at the late Dublin Exhibition and the *Exposition Universelle* at Paris. If he does not since the Union of the Provinces occupy the high position of a Minister of State, his own disinterestedness is alone to blame. At the banquet lately given in his honor, at Ottawa, and in which many leading representative men of all the Provinces took part, together with all the members of the Government except three whose health would not allow them to leave their homes, the Mayor of Ottawa who filled the chair, the Bishop and a fair representation of the clergy, it was stated by Sir John A. Macdonald, K. C. B. and Premier of Canada, *that Mr. McGee at the present moment, occupied a higher place in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen than if he were at the head of the Government; for, he had sacrificed the position which he might have held there,—which he was asked to hold, in order that all the Provinces might be more completely represented in the counsels of the Dominion.* This was more than a well deserved compliment. Coming from the quarter whence it came, and delivered in the presence, in which it was delivered, it possessed all the value of a tribute of the highest order to disinterested worth, and became historically important.

On his return from his public mission to Europe,—to Dublin, to Paris, to Rome, Mr. McGee was honored with an ovation by the citizens of Ottawa. With the Mayor at their head, they bade him welcome, presenting addresses, &c., before he landed from the steamboat, and escorted him with triumphal honors to his residence.

Mr. McGee's history of Ireland and his other historical works together with essays and written speeches, have conquered for him a very distinguished place among prose writers and particularly writers of history. Some of his Lectures and his speeches in Parliament give abundant proof of his oratorical powers. His grand oration especially, at the close of the last session (1867) in reply to the anti-

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(This lecture was delivered the 26th Feb. 1868.

union views of the Hon. Mr. Howe of Nova Scotia, will be long remembered and must ever remain a monument of his undoubted eloquence. His "*Canadian Ballads and Occasional Verses*," entitle him to honorable notice here, and we can only regret that he has not revelled more in the congenial field of Poetry. Allow me to conclude by addressing the honorable gentleman in the words of the great Roman Bard;

.....max, ubi publicas  
Res ordinavis, grande munus  
Cecropio repetes cothurno.

(Hor: book II; ode I.) (1)

I come now to speak of a Bard who is, in every sense of the term, Canadian,—Canadian by birth and education, Canadian by choice and feeling, Canadian also by his Poetry, for who has celebrated more, in melodious verse, the unrivalled and hitherto unsung scenery of Canada than CHARLES SANGSTER? This child of the Muses possesses the first great essential quality of a Poet. He was born such. And who does not know that all the arts this world was ever master of will never supply what nature has denied. "*Nascitur not fit Poeta*." Mr. Sangster was a Poet before he could write a verse. In his early days, the Poet's soul within him struggled for expression. But in vain. From defective education, the gift with which he was so richly endowed, could not become manifest. Art was still wanting, but it was destined to combine with genius and form a true Poet. The youthful aspirant to Poetic excellence was not to be daunted by the difficulties which beset his path. The disadvantages of early education must be struggled against and overcome. He had once set his foot upon the "rugged steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," and he felt that he must climb. His laudable perseverance has been crowned with wonderful success.

About 12 twelve years ago, Mr. Sangster published a goodly volume of Poems. Of these "*The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay*" is the longest and the most elaborate. In this

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(1) How vain, alas! are all human hopes! The ink with which these words were written, was scarcely dry, when that deplorable event occurred which deprived the country and mankind of the genius and labours of THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.



Poem the author has attempted the difficult Spenserian Stanza. I am far from saying, "*Magnis tamen excidit ausis,*" in plain English, that he has failed. Without reaching the perfection of Beattie, Campbell, Byron, he has grappled nobly with the difficulties presented by the style of his choice, and has produced a most beautiful Poem. If it has not all the pathos and the inimitable inspirations of "*Childe Harold,*" we must bear in mind, that his subjects, rich, indeed, in natural grandeur, but wholly devoid of any historical, or poetical associations, beyond a tale of yesterday, were not so promising or so friendly to the Muse, as the many classic scenes which were visited by the "*Childe*" in his memorable 'pilgrimage.' Mr. Sangster's Poem nevertheless, abounds in original thought, poetical expression and stanzas truly elegant and harmonious. One does not require to be a Canadian in order to admire and enjoy his beautiful Ode to "*The Thousand Isles.*"

Here the Spirit of beauty keepeth  
Jubilee for evermore ;  
Here the voice of gladness leapeth,  
Echoing from shore to shore.

O'er the hidden watery valley,  
O'er each buried wood and glade,  
Dances our delighted galley,  
Through the sun-light and the shade —  
Dances o'er the granite cells  
Where the soul of beauty dwells.

Here the flowers are ever springing,  
While the summer breezes blow ;  
Here the Hours are ever clinging,  
Loitering before they go ;  
Playing round each beauteous islet,  
Loath to leave the sunny shore,  
Where upon her couch of violet,  
Beauty sits for evermore —  
Sits and smiles by day and night.  
Hand in hand with pure delight.

Here the spirit of beauty dwelleth  
In each palpitating tree;  
In each amber wave that wellet  
From its home beneath the Sea ;  
In the moss upon the granite,  
In each calm secluded bay

With the Zephyr trains that fan it  
 With their sweet breaths all the day—  
 On the waters on the shore,  
 Beauty dwelleth evermore !

You listen—and, indeed, who could not listen, with pleasure, to such Poetry as this? You will hear with no less delight, I am sure, some of our Poet's Spenserian Stanzas. He is still lingering among "*The Thousand Isles*:"

Yes ! here the Genius of Beauty dwells.  
 I worship Truth and Beauty in my Soul.  
 The pure prismatic globule that upwells  
 From the blue deep ; the psalmic waves that roll  
 Before the hurricane, the outspread scroll  
 Of Heaven, with its written tomes of stars ;  
 The dew-drop on the leaf ; these I extol,  
 And all alike—each one a Spirit Murs,  
 Guarding my Victor-Soul above Earth's prison bars.

In two other stanzas, the Poet refers to a tradition that might form the subject of an Epic Poem :

There was a stately Maiden once, who made  
 These Isles her home. Oft has her lightsome skiff  
 Toyed with the waters ; and the velvet glade,  
 The shadowy woodland, and the granite cliff,  
 Joyed at her foot-steps. Here the Brigand Chief,  
 Her Father, lived an outlaw. Her soul's pride  
 Was ministering to his wants. In brief,  
 The wildest midnight she would cross the tide,  
 Full of a daughter's love to hasten to his side.

Queen of the Isles ! she well deserved the name ;  
 In look, in action, in repose a Queen !  
 Some Poet-muse may yet hand down to fame  
 Her woman's courage and her classic mien ;  
 Some Painter's skill immortalize the scene.  
 And blend with it that Maiden's history ;  
 Some Sculptor's hand from the rough marble glean  
 Thoughts eloquent whose truthfulness shall be  
 The expounder of her worth and moral dignity.

One more stanza descriptive of such varied and delightful scenery ;

On through the lovely Archipelago  
 Glides the swift bark. Soft summer matins ring  
 From every Isle. The wild fowl come and go,  
 Regardless of our presence. On the wing,

And perched upon the boughs, the gay birds sing  
 Their loves. This is their summer paradise;  
 From morn' till night their joyous caroling  
 Delights the ear and through the lucent skies  
 Ascends the choral hymn in softest symphonies.

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And now 'tis night. Myriad stars have come  
 To cheer the earth and sentinel the skies.  
 The full orb'd moon irradiates the gloom  
 And fills the air with light. Each Islet lies  
 Immersed in shadow, soft as thy dark eyes;  
 Swift through the sinuous path our vessel glides,  
 Now hidden by the massive promontories,  
 Anon the bubbling silver from its sides  
 Spurning, like a wild bird, whose home is on the tiles.

Here Nature holds her Carnival of Isles.  
 Steeped in warm sun-light all the merry day,  
 Each nodding tree and floating green wood smiles,  
 And Moss-crowned monsters move in grim array;  
 All night the Fisher spears his finny prey;  
 The piney flambeaux reddening the deep,  
 Past the dim shores, or up some mimic bay;  
 Like grotesque banditti they boldly sweep  
 Upon the startled prey, and stab them while they sleep.

Many a tale of legendary lore  
 Is told of these romantic Isles. The feet  
 Of the Red man have pressed each wave zoned shore,  
 And many an eye of beauty oft did greet  
 The painted warriors and their birchen fleet,  
 As they returned with trophies of the slain.  
 That race has passed away; their fair retreat  
 In its primeval lonesome smiles again,  
 Save where some vessel snags the-isle-enwoven chain.

Give where the echo of the huntsman's gun  
 Startles the wild duck from some shallow nook;  
 Or the swift hounds' deep baying as they run,  
 Rouses the lounging student from his book;  
 Or where, assembled by some sedgy brook;  
 A pic-nic party resting in the shade,  
 Spring pleasedly to their feet to catch a look  
 At a strong steamer, through the watery glade  
 Ploughing, like a huge serpent from its ambushade.

But, in order to appreciate and enjoy Mr. Sangster's poetry you must read for yourselves. In the same volume with "*The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay*," there are many lesser pieces of great beauty. The sonnets are elegant and full of thought. Several pieces in blank verse, such as "*Autumn*," and "*The Revels of the Frost King*," remind forcibly of the lofty style of Milton. That the admirable compositions contained in this volume should not have been more appreciated in Canada, will appear inconceivable to any competent judge of poetry who reads them. We must agree with Mr. Dewart, however, that the "subtle delicacy of thought" which pervades them, and their "elevated style" account for their being incomprehensible to the great mass of readers—the "*profanum vulgus*." But our Poet has no enigmas for the well informed and intelligent reader. Such will find in the out-pourings of his Muse, and find in abundance, elevating thought and the sweet music of harmonious song. Hear a few lines of "*THE FINE OLD WOODS*," and you will acknowledge the justice of this remark.

"Oh! come away to the grave old woods,  
 Ere the skies are tinged with light,  
 Ere the slumbering leaves of the gloomy trees,  
 Have shook off the mists of night;  
   Ere the birds are up,  
   Or the flow'et's cup  
 Is drained of the freshening dew,  
   Or the bubbling rill  
   Kissing the hill,  
 Breaks on the distant view;  
   Oh! such is the hour  
   To feel the power  
 Of the quiet grave old woods,  
 Then while sluggards dream,  
 Of some dismal theme,  
   Let us stroll  
   With prayerful soul,  
 Through the depths of the grave old woods.

Oh! come, come away to the bright old woods,  
 As the sun ascends the skies,  
 While the birdlings sing their morning hymns,  
 And each leaf in the grove replies;  
   When the golden-zoned bee  
   Flies from flower to tree,  
 Seeking sweets for its honeyed cell,  
 And the voice of praise  
 Sounds its varied lays,

From the depths of each quiet dell :  
 Oh ! such is the hour  
 To feel the power  
 Of the magic bright old woods !  
 .....  
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Oh ! come, come away to the mild old woods,  
 At the evening's stilly hour,  
 Ere the maiden lists for her lover's steps,  
 By the verge of the vine-clad bower ;  
     When all nature feels  
     The change that steals  
 So calmly o'er hill and dale,  
     And the breezes range  
     Weirdly strange,  
 With a loud delicious wail :--  
     This too is the hour  
     To feel the power  
 Of the silent mild old woods.  
 .....

Oh ! come, come away to the calm old woods,  
 When the skies with stars are bright,  
 And the mild moon moves in serenity,--  
 The eye of the solemn night.  
     Not a sound is heard,  
     Save the leaflet stirred  
 By the Zephyr that passes by,  
     And thought roams free  
     In its majesty,  
 And the soul seeks its kindred sky :  
     This, this is the hour  
     To test the power  
 Of the eloquent calm old woods !  
     While the thoughtless dream  
     Of some baseless theme,  
     Here we can stroll,  
     With exalted soul,  
 Through the eloquent calm old woods.

I fear I have not much time now to talk to you about Mr. Sangster's second volume. Critics prefer it to his first. Not perhaps because it abounds more in thought and poetic feeling ; but because all the poems which it contains, are highly finished and evince greater experience and facility in the art of versification. His "HESPERUS" is very fine. But the Poet soars so far beyond the common sphere of thought, and so high into the mysterious ideal, that he will be little understood or appreciated by any who are not like himself, gifted with the soul of poesy.

"THE HAPPY HARVESTERS" is a very beautiful Poem, and one that must go home to the hearts of our intelligent rural populations. "*O, fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint!*" "The Ode to Autumn" in this *Cantata* is deserving of your best attention. It is very musical and breathes the true Religion of Poetry, or, I should rather say, the poetry of Religion. The "*Song for the Flail*" and "*The Soldiers of the Plough*," you cannot fail to read with delight.

No maiden dream, nor fancy theme,  
Brown labour's muse would sing;  
Her stately mien and russet sheen  
Demand a stronger wing.  
Long ages since, the sage, the prince,  
The man of Lordly brow,  
All honor gave that army brave,  
The soldiers of the plough.  
Kind heaven speed the plough!  
And bless the hands that guide, it;  
God gives the seed—  
The bread we need,—  
Man's labour must provide it.

In every land the toiling hand  
Is blest as it deserves;  
Not so the race who, in disgrace,  
From honest labour swerves.  
From fairest bowers bring rarest flowers,  
To deck the swarthy brow  
Of those whose toil improves the soil,  
The soldiers of the plough.  
Kind Heaven, &c.

Blest is his lot in Hall or cot,  
Who lives as nature wills,  
Who pours his corn from Ceres' horn,  
And quaffs his native rills!  
No breeze that sweeps trade's stormy deeps,  
Can touch his golden prow;  
Their foes are few, their lives are true,  
The soldiers of the plough.  
Kind Heaven speed the plough!  
&c., &c.

'*Malcolm*,' '*Colin*,' '*Margery*,' '*The Wine of Song*,' '*The Plains of Abraham*,' '*The Death of Wolf*,' '*Brock*,' '*The Song for Canada*,' '*I'd be a Fairy King*,' '*The Rapid*,' '*Young Again*,' and '*The Comet*,' are all Poems of rare beauty. Mr. Sangster also celebrates the genius of the Ottawa whom he pictures

to us as dwelling in the rain-bowed mansions of the Chaudiere. 'He penetrates further' still along the picturesque banks of the great Ottawa, and arriving at the remote Rapids called '*The Snows*,' he breaks out in the following strain :

Over the snows  
Buoyantly goes  
The lumberers' bark canoe;  
Lightly they sweep,  
Wilder each leap,  
Rending the white caps through:  
Away! away!  
With the speed of a startled deer,  
While the steersman true,  
And his laughing crew,  
Sing of their wild career :

"Mariners glide  
Far o'er the tide,  
In ships that are staunch and strong;  
Safely as they,  
Speed we away,  
Waking the woods with song "  
Away! away!  
With the flight of a startled deer,  
While the laughing crew  
Of the swift canoe  
Sing of the raftsmen's cheer :

"Through forest and brake,  
O'er rapid and lake,  
We're sport for the sun and rain;  
Free as the child  
Of the Arab wild,  
Hardened to toil and pain.  
Away! away!  
With the speed of a startled deer,  
While our buoyant flight  
And the rapid's might  
Heighten our swift career.  
Over the snows  
Buoyantly goes  
&c., &c.

.....  
Away! away!  
With the speed of a startled deer;  
There's a fearless crew  
In each light canoe,  
To sing of the raftsmen's cheer.

I dare not now read to you the charming song: "*I'd be a Fairy King*"—which I had, marked for quotation, or those truly patriotic, as well as truly poetical, effusions 'BROCK' and the 'SONG FOR CANADA'. They who remember the inauguration (1859) of the new monument to General Brock on Queenston heights, the scene of that hero's glorious victory, and no less glorious death, will understand the Poet when in soul stirring words, he addresses a people—one in heart,

And soul, and feeling, and desire !

Raise high the monumental stone !

A nation's fealty is theirs,  
And we are the rejoicing heirs,  
The honored sons of sires whose cares  
We take upon us unawares,  
As freely as our own.

We boast not of the victory,  
But render homage deep and just,  
To his—to their immortal dust,  
Who proved so worthy of their trust.  
No lofty pile nor sculptured bust  
Can herald their degree.

No tongue need blazon forth their fame—

~~The cheers that stir the sacred hill~~  
Are but mere promptings of the will  
That conquered then, that conquers still ;  
And generations yet shall thrill  
At Brock's remembered name.

A few lines of the "*Song for Canada*," and I take leave, although reluctantly, of Mr. Sangster.

Sons of the race, whose sires  
Aroused the martial flame  
That filled with smiles  
The triune Isles,  
Through all their heights of fame !  
With hearts as brave as theirs  
With hopes as strong and high,  
We'll ne'er disgrace  
The honored race  
Whose deeds can never die.  
Let but the rash intruder dare  
To touch our darling strand,  
The martial fires



That thrilled our sires  
Would flame throughout the land.

Our Lakes are deep and wide,  
Our fields and forests broad;  
With cheerful air  
We'll speed the share,  
And break the fruitful sod;  
Till blest with rural peace,  
Proud of our rustic toil,  
On hill and plain  
True Kings we'll reign  
The victors of the soil.  
But let the rash, &c., &c.

Health smiles with rosy face  
Amid our sunny dales,  
And torrents strong  
Fling hymn and song  
Through all the mossy vales;  
Our sons are living men,  
Our daughters fond and fair  
A thousand Isles  
Where plenty smiles,  
Make glad the brow of care.  
But let the rash intruder dare,  
&c., &c., &c.

You are now I am sure, quite tired listening to my talk about Anglo-Canadian Poetry and Poets. I must, nevertheless, ask your indulgent attention for a few moments longer. There are still some of these Anglo-Canadian Poets who have not been noticed, so highly distinguished that I cannot pass them over without honorable mention. Of this number is ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN. Although a native of Scotland, Canada justly claims him as one of her gifted children. He was only 20 years of age when he came to this country in 1840. Since that time, labouring assiduously in Canada and as a Canadian, in the not ungrateful field of literature, he has carved out for himself an eminent place in the Temple of Fame. His extraordinary taste for reading enabled him to make up for whatever was wanting in his early education. Although a mechanic's apprentice in Scotland is less unfavorably situated as regards learning, than in most other countries, his opportunities cannot have been very considerable. They were sufficient however to encourage and sustain him in the arduous but laudable task of self-culture.

His labours have already been crowned with no ordinary success, and, as yet, he is only mid-way in a great career. He cannot be compared with any Canadian Poet I am as yet acquainted with. As regards originality of thought and beauty of poetic expression, he has not perhaps any peer among them. Our best critics remark, in his compositions, a strong sympathy with humanity in all its conditions, a subtle appreciation of character, deep natural pathos, noble and manly feeling, the expression of which awakens the responsive echoes of every true heart. In 1856 he published at Toronto a volume of poems chiefly in the Scottish dialect. Some of these have been pronounced by the Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a very competent judge, it will be admitted; as not unworthy of Tannahill or Motherwell. In 1858 appeared his "Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems," and in 1861, "The Emigrant and other Poems." In the *lyrics* there are many pieces of surpassing beauty. They alone justify all the praise that has been bestowed upon him. I had an idea of pointing out to you some pieces as being more particularly beautiful, but on glancing over the volume anew, I found that this was impossible. In order to indicate all the poems that I consider masterpieces of lyrical composition, I should have to read to you the table of contents. I must, however, in carrying out my programme, give you a specimen or two. What could be more feeling than his "OLD HANNAH?"

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm  
Drops down on the heart like dew,  
And the sunbeams gleam,  
Like a blessed dream,  
Afar on the mountains blue,  
Old Hannah's by her cottage door  
In her faded widow's cap,  
She is sitting alone  
On the old gray stone  
With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging o'er her head,  
And the burn is wimpling by,  
The primroses peep  
From their sylvan keep  
And the lark is in the sky.  
Beneath that shade her children played,  
But they're all away with death!

And she sits alone  
On the old grey stone,  
To hear what the spirit saith.

Her years are o'er three score and ten,  
And her eyes are waxing dim,  
But the page is bright  
With a living light,  
And her heart leaps up to him  
Who pours the mystic harmony  
Which the soul can only hear;  
She is not alone  
On the old grey stone,  
Though no earthly friend is near.

There's no one left to cheer her now;  
But the eye that never sleeps  
Looks on her in love  
From the heaven above,  
And with quiet joy she weeps;  
She feels the balm of bliss is poured  
In her worn heart's deepest rut;  
And the widow lone,  
On the old grey stone  
Has a peace the world knows not.

What an admirable reprimand does he not administer in "THE GREAT OLD HILLS," to those who can see nothing better in these beautiful objects than the deformities of nature?

To the hills all hail!  
The hearts of mail;  
All hail to each mighty Ben!  
They were seated there—  
On thrones of air—  
Long ere there were living men.  
From the frozen north  
The storm comes forth  
And lashes the mountain rills,  
But they vainly rave  
Around the brave  
The great old hills.

They are fair to view  
With their bonnets blue;  
They are Freedom's old grey guards,  
Each waving a wreath  
Of purple heath  
To the songs of Scotia's Birds.  
The tempests come

And veil the sun  
While ire his red eye fills,  
And they rush in wrath  
On the lightning's path  
From the great old hills.

Men toil at their walls  
And lordly halls,  
But their labour's all in vain,  
For with ruin gray  
They pass away  
But the great hills remain  
While the lightnings leap  
From peak to peak  
And the frightened valley thrills,  
O'er storm and time  
They lower sublime  
The great old hills.

In the "ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE POET TANNAHILL," it is difficult to decide whether the tenderness of feeling which it expresses, or the delicacy, elegance and poetical beauty of the language are most to be admired.

Lay him on his grassy pillow,  
All his toil and trouble's o'er;  
Hang his harp upon the willow  
For he'll wake its soul no more.  
Let the hawthorn and the rowan  
Twine their branches o'er his head,  
And the bonnie little gowan  
Come to deck his lowly bed.

Let no tongue profane upbraid him,  
There is nothing now but clay;  
To the spirit pure that made him  
Sorrowing he stole away.  
Let the shade of gentle Jessie  
From the woods of old Dumblane—  
Innocence he clothed in beauty—  
Plead not for the Bard in vain.

Let the braes of grey Gleniffer,  
And the winding Killoch burn  
Lofty Lomond and Balquidder,  
For their sweetest Minstrel mourn?  
And the Stanely turrets hoary,  
And the wood of Craigielee,  
Waft his name and mournful story  
Over every land and sea.

Let the lily of the valley  
 Weep her dew above his head  
 While the Scottish Muse sings *waly* (1)  
 O'er her lover's lowly bed.  
 Lay him on his grassy pillow,  
 All his toil and trouble's o'er;  
 Hang his harp upon the willow;  
 For he'll wake its soul no more.

MRS. RŌSANNA ELEANOR. LEPROHON, (nee Mullins.)  
 This accomplished lady has won celebrity more by her numerous very beautiful and entertaining tales than by her poetical compositions. None of her poems which are of a high order of poetical excellence, have as yet been published in a separate volume. We are indebted to Mr. Dewart's selections for some of her best pieces. Her impressions on arriving at the sea-shore from her inland home, are very elegantly conveyed in the following lines :

How oft I've longed to gaze on thee,  
 Thou proud and mighty deep !  
 Thy vast horizon, boundless, free,  
 Thy coast so rude and steep ;  
 And now entranced I breathless stand  
 Where earth and ocean meet,  
 Thy billows wash the silver sand,  
 And break around my feet.

Lovely thou art when dawn's red light,  
 Sheds o'er thee, its soft hue,  
 Showing fair ships, a gallant sight,  
 Upon the waters blue ;  
 And when the moonbeams softly pour  
 Their light on wave or glen  
 And diamond spray leaps on the shore,  
 How lovely art thou then !

Still as I look, faint shadows steal  
 O'er thy calm heaving breast,  
 And there are times I sadly feel  
 Thou art not thus at rest ;  
 And I bethink me of past tales,  
 Ships that have left the shore,  
 And meeting with the fearful gales,  
 Have ne'er been heard of more.

---

(1) From the beautiful old Scotch ballad,—

“Waly, waly, up yon bank,  
 And waly, waly, down yon brae.”

They say thy depths hold treasures rare,  
 Groves of coral - suns of gold—  
 Pearls fit but for monarchs wear  
 And gems of worth untold;  
 But these could not to life restore  
 The idol of one home,  
 Nor make brave hearts beat high once more  
 Who sleep beneath thy foam.,

But I must chase such thoughts away,  
 They mar this happy hour  
 Remembering thou dost but obey  
 Thy great Creator's power—  
 And in my own Canadian home,  
 Mysterious boundless main,  
 In dreams I'll see thy snow-white foam  
 And frowning rocks again.

That literary prodigy CHARLES HEAVYSEGE of Montreal, may well be classed among Canadian poets, his works of greatest note having been written and published since he came to settle permanently in Canada. His success is all the more wonderful that his educational advantages were very limited. Such a mind as his could not long be trammelled even by the narrowest education. Nature designed him for a Poet and gifted him accordingly. It remained for him only to cultivate the gift. If it can be said that he owes it to assiduous self-culture, that he is ranked among the Poets of his time, it cannot be averred that he is not endowed with genius far more richly than he could have been by the highest wordly fortune. Nor has he dug a pit, as so many do, wherein to bury his talent. He has labored and not in vain, to render it productive. Whilst on the one hand, he has sought knowledge above all price in the divine book, on the other, if we may judge from his productions, Shakespeare has been the chief source of his secular learning. He has endeavoured to penetrate the secret of that fascinating style in which the Bard of Avon has led captive so many generations of his fellow-countrymen. The Muses may well take pride in the care which they have bestowed on his initiation, and no Eleusinian or other Mysteries were ever more creditably mastered. The Poem of "SAUL" is the greatest work which Mr. Heavysege has as yet attempted, and it is a bold attempt, but certainly not an unsuccessful one. Hear in regard to it a not unfriendly voice from the *Athens* of our time, but not the Athens of King Otho:

"Saul is in three parts, each of five acts,—altogether about 10,000 lines long. In it the greatest subject of the whole range of history for a drama, has been treated with a poetical power and a depth of psychological knowledge which are often quite startling, though we may say, inevitably below the mark of the subject matter, which is too great to be done full justice to, in any, but the words in which the original story is related."—(*The North British Review.*)

We cannot fail to be edified by this last remark. And we must always respect the views of those who think that Scripture subjects can be fitly treated only in the language of Scripture. At the same time, we cannot allow ourselves to forget that there are some in the world who have no relish for the higher Poetry of Holy writ. This may be perhaps, (and why not pass on all a favourable judgment?) because it cannot be enjoyed in its pristine beauty of style, measure and harmony. What forbids that such minds should be reached and won by the fascination of verse and rhythm that are suited to the modern ear?

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of such a Poem as "SAUL," by a short quotation. One might as soon pretend to show the nice proportions, the solid mason-work and rich architectural decorations of a spacious and elegant building, by exhibiting a brick. You will not, however, be displeased if I read a few lines from which you will learn how the Poet represents the unfortunate Monarch contending with his evil genins.

#### SAUL TO MALZAH\*

Creature, begone, nor harrow me with horror!  
Thine eyes are stars; oh! cover them, oh! wrap  
Them up within thy cloudy brows: stand off,  
Contend not with me, but say who thou art,  
Methinks I know thee,—yes, thou art my demon,  
Thou art the demon that tormentest me.  
I charge thee, shy, mysterious visitant,  
At whose behest thou comest, and for what  
Offences deep of mine: nay, nay, stand off;  
Confess, malicious goblin, or else leave me;  
Leave me, oh! goblin, till my hour is come:  
I'll meet thee after death; appoint the place;  
On Gilead or beside the flowing Jordan;  
Or if parts gloomier suit thee, I'll repair  
Down into Hinnon or up to the top  
Of Horeb in the wilderness, or to the cloud  
Concealed height of Sinai ascend,  
Or dwell with thee 'midst darkness in the grave.

Besides the Poem of "SAUL," Mr. Heavysege has written "COUNT FILIPPO OR THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE," a drama in five acts. "JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER," and "JEZEBEL," which last appeared in the January number, 1868. of the "Dominion Monthly." You will hardly believe that such a poet could descend, if indeed he can be said to descend, from the lofty style of the Drama, to the writing of a sonnet. Such is the fact, however. But he has taken care not to leave his style behind. Hear a specimen :

## WINTER NIGHT.

The stars are setting in the frosty sky,  
 Numerous as pebbles on a broad sea-coast ;  
 While o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy  
 Has marshalled its innumerable host.  
 Alive all Heaven seems : with wondrous glow,  
 Tenfold refulgent every star appears :  
 As if some wide celestial gale did blow,  
 And thrice illumine the ever-kindled spheres.  
 Orbs with glad orbs rejoicing, burning beam  
 Ray-crowned, with lambent lustre in their zones ;  
 Till o'er the blue bespangled spaces seem  
 Angels and great archangels on their thrones ;—  
 A host divine whose eyes are sparkling gems,  
 And forms more bright than diamond diadems.

MISS JENNIE E. HAIGHT enjoys great popularity, and not undeservedly, among Canadian readers of Poetry. I am not aware that this lady has written any Poem of great length. But her very numerous poetical compositions have appeared in almost all the newspapers of the country as well as other periodical publications. I cannot better impart to you an idea of Miss HAIGHT's merits as a poetess, than by quoting Mr. SANGSTER's enlightened appreciation of them. "There is a genuine womanly sincerity, womanly feeling, and deep sympathy with all that ennobles our nature, in her thoughtful strain ; there is a largeness of heart, and a burning desire to assist the fellow-traveller over the rough and intricate paths of the wearisome journey of life."

MR. DEWART himself (The REV. E. H. DEWART) must be passed over without honorable mention as a poet. The cause of the Muses would be largely indebted to this accomplished gentleman if he had done nothing more than favor the Canadian public with his "SELECTIONS." He has



been singularly judicious in his choice of pieces for quotation; and he often adds critical remarks, always in good taste, which tend to complete what his selections, necessarily few, could only in part accomplish,—the important work of leading the uninitiated to a knowledge of Canadian poetry—of imparting the information so much needed in many places, that there are, even in Canada, hitherto reputed “*the back-woods*,” at least a few Poets whose compositions would have conquered for them literary renown in lands where letters were in honor centuries before this ‘DOMINION’ of British North America had a place or name among the peoples of the earth.

I have not had an opportunity of seeing much of MR. DEWART’S own Poetry. What I have seen is of a high order—elegant and classic. The volume of poems which he is preparing for publication, will, no doubt, confirm this view of his literary accomplishments and poetical ability.

A lady who sometimes uses the *nom de plume* of TIBBIE WALKER, but whose real name I am not at liberty to communicate to you, has contributed to the Canadian periodical press, some very beautiful pieces of poetry. She possesses the faculty, now rare, of writing in the Scottish dialect as well as in classical modern English. She was awarded the prize a year or two ago, by her fellow countrymen of Montreal, for her Poem in honor of Hallowe’en when there were, if I remember well, about thirty competitors, and surely, not undeservedly, whether we consider the versification which is flowing and harmonious, or the fine feeling and elevated sentiments in which the composition abounds. A stanza or two, I am confident, will not prove unacceptable :

.....

We’ll no repine tho’ summer’s fled,  
 An’ loud the tempests blaw;  
 For ither joys aye tak the place  
 O’ them that wear awa.  
 A great assemblage I behold,  
 The like O’t’s seldom seen;  
 For Caledonia’s sons are met  
 To haud their Hallowe’en.

.....

Oh Scotia dear, my native land !  
 Where-e'er thy bairns may be,  
 Gin joy or sorrow is their lot,  
 Their hearts aye warm to Thee.  
 Land O' wild glens and heather braes  
 Whar kilted clans hae been.  
 Land O' Romance and droll auld freaks  
 That mak a Hallowe'en.

Whar Lassies lilt the legends O'  
 Ilk castle stern and gray,  
 Whar warrior Knights lang laid at rest,  
 Woo'd Leddies fair and gay ;  
 Whar monie a dale an' lonely muir  
 Has been a battle scene.  
 Sic are the aft told stories O'  
 The land O' Hallowe'en.

An,' Canada, we lo'e ye—tho'  
 Traditions auld as these,  
 Ne'er tint wi' varied hues your scenes,  
 As Autumn tints your trees.

Your plains are broad, your forests deep  
 An' happy hames they 've gien  
 To mony a hardy pioneer  
 Wha there hauds Hallowe'en.

Nae Wizard O' the North has yet  
 Among your sons been found,  
 To tread a while your rugged paths,  
 Then leave them classic ground.

Nae Ploughman Bard has o'er your Lakes  
 Thrown Fancy's magic sheen.  
 Auld superstition shakes her head  
 To view our Hallowe'en.

She boasts few records O' the past,  
 Few deeds O' wondrous Fame ;  
 But Canada's the land O' hope,  
 She yet will win a name ;  
 An' when her days O' grandeur come,  
 (By us they 'ill no be seen.)  
 We trust her bairns will ne'er forget  
 To haud their Hallowe'en.

The allusion to the Atlantic Cable is particularly nice and there is something more than patriotic feeling in the concluding lines.

An' now anither link is forged  
 That binds us to our hame;  
 Th' Atlantic cable's tethered fast,—  
 Despite the stormy main,  
 An' ilka day the news is flashed  
 'The auld an' new world atween;  
 It micht hae let us ken gin frien's  
 Are haudin Hallowe'en.

.....

We may forget the bonniest face  
 Tho' it smiled on us yestreen;  
 But we'll ne'er forget our native land,  
 Nor dear auld Hallowe'en.

ROBERT G. HALIBURTON son of the late celebrated Justice HALIBURTON, M. P., of Nova Scotia, (better known as the author of *Sam Slick*) has an undoubted claim to be classed among our Canadian poets. This accomplished gentleman has written more philosophy than poetry. But, I am far from saying that he is more a philosopher than a Poet. His merits in both capacities are beyond dispute, and will yet be more generally appreciated when he chooses to come more prominently before the public. The very titles of some of his works make it apparent how admirably his mind is adapted for philosophical research, and an attentive perusal of them will show that he has not meditated and enquired to no purpose. No doubt our Christian Faith instructs us as to the unity of the human race. But in these our days, there are not wanting men, and men pretending to science too, who do not accept the testimony of our sacred books. Will they alike reject the witness of all history,—of all antiquity? or, will they be able to set aside the reasoning and the conclusions deduced by such men as Mr. Haliburton, from the customs, convictions and practices prevalent in ancient as well as modern nations? If it be found that there are Kalendars and Festivals, particularly "*The Festival of the Dead*," common to all nations, there are few who will deny that these extraordinary coincidences point

to a common origin. It would be no great proof of science to pretend that there are no such things. Nothing will be further from the minds of truly scientific men, than to despise the researches of such a writer as Mr. Haliburton. But it is as a poet only, that I can at present consider this distinguished author. He has not, as yet, written much poetry. But, in what he has written, quality makes amends for quantity. And besides, the public, which delights in fine octavos and respectable library volumes, has nothing to do with the matter. Mr. Haliburton has not given any of his poems to the public. And if I am now able to tell you anything about them, it is because I have been favored with a reading of a small collection of some charming compositions which have been printed only for private circulation. When these poems are widely given to the world critics will discourse learnedly on their elegance, pathos, purity of sentiment and correct versification. In the meantime, you may take my word for it, that they possess all these qualities. I shall not attempt to say with what delight I perused them, or how much I regret that they are not more numerous. But a writer who is so obviously endowed with the genius of Poetry, and who is skilled in the art of expressing his poetical conceptions with truly classic taste and accuracy, will not cease to seek the favor of the Muses, until they have placed him in the highest niche of the Temple of Fame. Mr. Haliburton was born in 1833, and may yet have time, (I for one most sincerely hope that he will), to compose a great poem,—an Epic that will do honor to our nascent Literature. The most fastidious critic could not require that it should be more correct or more beautiful, than those lesser Poems, the secret of which I am communicating to you. There is no kind of verse that Mr. Haliburton does not handle with facility,—none that does not afford ready and apt expression to the inspirations of his muse. The stately numbers of Milton are quite familiar to him. He has used them to good purpose in his most beautiful Poem "*Found Drowned*." The subject of this composition does not, perhaps, admit of the sublimity of Milton; but in pathos, it is certainly not inferior to anything that you or I have ever read:

The description of the storm that howls through the dismal winter night is very grand. Meanwhile what

has become of the poor maniac—the lost erring one? None know.

Absent and gazing on the glimmering fire  
 The father silent sits; yet oft he steals  
 A tearful eye at the long-vacant chair,  
 That none is there to occupy, and oft  
 The maidens still their mirth, lest it may break  
 His mournful reverie. At length the clock  
 Reminds him of the hour for prayer; then low  
 He bows in supplication, and leads on  
 The answering group of youthful worshippers;  
 Now asking Heaven for blessings on the head  
 Of those that journey far o'er land and sea,  
 And in compassion to earth's erring ones,  
 "To raise up them that fall;" but no voice adds  
 Responsively, "Amen." With breathings hush'd,  
 Each wond'ring strives to catch once more the sound  
 Of the deep groan, that brought their prayer winged thoughts.  
 From Heaven to earth again. They listen long:  
 Hark! now it comes once more. No! 'Tis the moan  
 Of the complaining wind. Again he kneels  
 To urge the earnest prayer, and to invoke  
 For each around a blessing from on high.

The passage which follows is perfectly thrilling:

And now his deep voice trembling breathes the name  
 Of one who is not there, when shrinking close  
 To its fond mother's breast, the frighten'd child  
 Hiding its face, in silent terror points  
 At the strange eyes, that, wildly gazing in,  
 Glare through the snow-wreathed window.  
 All look up, and see a haggard, startled face recede,  
 And vanish in the darkness. From his knees  
 The father wildly rushes 'mid the storm,  
 And seeks the wanderer. In vain! The snow  
 Whirling in chilling wreaths, shuts out the view,  
 And blinds the eager gaze. He calls her name,  
 And fondly bids her welcome back again;  
 But list'ning, hears no answer, save the voice  
 Of the rude blast that raises up on high  
 Its howl of mockery. Now when a lull  
 Comes o'er the tempest's breathings, he again  
 Wastes his wild cries upon the muffled air:  
 The dulled tones soon unheard, are drowned beneath  
 The rising surges of the wind. He sighs,  
 And silent, long he doubts: "It is not she,  
 So frail! so gentle; She could never brave  
 A night like this, when even the forest beasts  
 Shrink shiv'ring to their deepest hairs. Oh no!  
 It was a waking dream. The name we breathed,

Has conjured our lost loved one back again;  
 Or she is not, and her poor spirit seeks  
 The home of early innocence." He marks  
 That all around him seemed to strive with death.  
 The hemlocks shudder 'neath their snowy shrouds,  
 As though they mourn earth's wintry sleep: the first  
 Rock to and fro, as though they feel his grief,  
 And wail the hapless wraith. Reluctantly  
 He homeward turns his lingering steps; yet oft  
 He pauses on his way to gaze again  
 Through the thick night. Again he wildly calls  
 Her name, then listens to the forest din  
 As the trees battle with the storm. At length  
 He slowly shuts the door. The drifting sleet  
 Beats on the frozen windows, and the wind  
 Still sings its ceaseless dirge."

Here I must close the quotation and spare the reader the horror of the awful plunge which ends the career of the lost child.

The late JOHN BREAKENRIDGE, a Barrister of the Province of Ontario published a volume of Poetry (327 pages) entitled "*The Crusades and other Poems*" (1).

One of our ablest critics, Mr. Dewart, says that "the compositions of this Author are distinguished by martial and chivalrous sentiments." This is worthy of a Poet, and essential, especially, to a Poet who undertakes to celebrate the Crusades. I would add that Mr. Breakenridge also shews

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(1) The author himself feels that this title is not the most appropriate; and he does not do himself justice in adopting it. "The Crusades" are not a Poem, but a series of Poems, or detached pieces bearing relation to the great subject of the Crusades, such as "The Battle of Dorylæum," "The Crusader's Hymn before Jerusalem," "The Siege of Antioch," "The Troubadour to the Captive RICHARD CŒUR DE LION," "The Battle of Tyberias," "The Amulet":—"Orient Pearls," indeed, but, "at random strung," and by no means a consecutive epic poem, although decidedly belonging to the epic style of Poetry. The author in his preface apologizes, for what a too rigid critic might call *setting sail under false colours*, by informing his readers that his greater Poem "LAÏZA," a Tale of slavery in three Cantos, remained unfinished when the Prospectus was published.

It may be objected to this beautiful Poem, that it is all in octosyllabic lines. It must in justice, however, be admitted that they are the best which have appeared as yet in a Poem of equal length. Now that the Abyssinian expedition has accustomed us to read of things barbaric and Ethiopian, this finely written tale must afford great pleasure to the English reader, and he will be delighted to find that the heroic Laïza meets with a destiny very different from the richly deserved fate of the cruel and blood-thirsty King Theodore.

great power of imagination, and that his versification is flowing and correct, and in the true style of epic Poetry. The following passage from "*Napoleon Bonaparte and the French Revolution*," will enable you to judge for yourselves. The Poet, in describing the passage of the Beresina so fatal to the fortunes of Napoleon, concludes with these magnificent lines :

Onward ! still on ! for now before the view  
The sullen river rolls its darkling flood ;  
The clang of war behind them bursts anew ;  
No time have they o'er sad defeat to brood.  
Onward, o'er dying friends so late who stood  
The sharers of their toil—for life, for life,  
The madd'ning race begins ! in that dark wave,  
With every horror fraught—with danger rife,  
Who dreamt of kindred ties, or felt sweet friendship's power ?

And fast and wild, in gathering crowds they come ;  
And shrieks and groans from out that mingling mass  
Tell that the anguished spirit wingeth home  
Its weary flight ! They win that narrow pass,  
But ever and anon the thund'ring bass  
Of guns that, rumbling in the distance, boom—  
Waking to one continuous peal ! alas !  
Is there no hope for that once victor host ?  
The despot's arm, earth's scourge, and Gaul's triumphant's boast ?

None ! For the tempest-breath of heaven awakes,  
And darkly green the swollen waters flow ;  
The Wintry blast upon them coldly breaks—  
The rear guard yields to the victorious foe !  
It heaves,—it yawns—O God ! with one dread throe,  
The crowded bridge beneath the pressure shakes,  
And thrice ten thousand souls are hurled below  
Into that "hell of waters," fierce and strong,  
Whose waves relentless bear the flower of France along !

Ay ! and her vine-clad valleys long shall hear  
The voice of mourning for her sons who lie,  
Thrown by the sated wave on deserts drear ;  
And long shall ring "that agonizing cry,"  
And haunt his dreams when none to soothe is nigh !  
And fortune flown shall thunder in his ear  
'Mid Courts and-Camps—the worm that ne'er shall die ;  
And tell to every age like Heaven's own wrath,  
The vengeance dire that waits on the invader's path !

That accomplished scholar MR. GANE, better known in Canada, as "*The Lowe Farmer*" has contributed many elegant and truly classical pieces of verse to the periodical press of these Provinces.

The REV. MR. A. WALLACE, a Catholic Priest of Portland, Maine, U. S., is entitled to notice here, having been born at Chatham New Brunswick, and educated at Halifax Nova Scotia, of which place his family are still citizens. In 1853, Mr. Wallace published a volume of Poems. It is a work of very great, indeed, but unequal merit. Some of his productions are of rare beauty and give proof of a high poetical mind and refined taste, whilst there are others which appear to be wanting in warmth and imagination, although evidently the work of a man of classical education and the finest feeling, Mr. Haliburton says of him that "he has a great deal of vigor and power as a satirist, as shewn by his *"Men and things."* Although he admires Horace, it is on the principle that we like our opposites. Horace attacks vice because it is unbecoming a gentleman. Juvenal assails it because it is unworthy of a man, and our author assaults it because it is unbecoming a christian. Horace laughs and "shoots at folly as it flies." Juvenal pursues it with a double edged sword and shews no mercy. Our author knocks vice and hypocrisy on the head with a sledge hammer. His allusion to poverty is the best thing he has written. (His song of Joseph beginning "auspicious, &c." and his song of the angels are very beautiful. The latter to my mind, is unsurpassed in beauty by anything yet produced in the Dominion, in that style of Poetry." Let the opinion of a Poet by a Poet suffice. I shall only say in conclusion: *Macte, novâ virtute puer! sic itur ad astra*

## PART, II.

## FRENCH CANADIAN POETS.

This audience will not, I am sure, be displeased to hear something about those amongst our Poets who have written in French and who are for the most part, of French Canadian origin. It is, indeed, time that after hearing so much of English Poets, you should be invited to listen to some discourse about those sons of Genius and the Muses who have done honor to your own people and tongue,—have done so much by their highly finished compositions, to preserve the sweet and musical language of old France. You will allow me to dispense with any fixed order, (a privilege which I claimed in regard to the English Poets) in enumerating the authors of French Poems who have won for themselves a



name in these Provinces. The gift of genius, it is scarcely necessary to observe, is conferred without reference to nationality. But as regards Literature and Literary pursuits, the French Canadian people have greater difficulties to contend with than their fellow-countrymen of British origin. The chief of these, perhaps, is the circumstance that the ranks of their literary men are not recruited from the Parent Land, whilst British men of letters who have won honors at the Schools and Universities of the United Kingdom, or have attained there to more or less literary distinction, are constantly taking up their abode in Canada. It is, besides, ~~deserving of remark, that the French language, however~~ beautiful when wielded by an accomplished Poet, presents difficulties to the aspiring Bard that are unknown to the composer of English verse. Both languages, indeed, must be handled by a master-hand when there is question of rising to Poetical excellence. But of the two, considered as weapons at the disposal of the Poet, the French is undoubtedly the more difficult. Honor then to the Poets of Canadian origin who have cultivated and enriched the language of their race! In recounting them, we wonder not that they are comparatively so few, but rather that their numbers are so much greater than could well be hoped for.

As I have not decided on any order whether alphabetical or according to merit or seniority, you will not conclude that I consider Mr. BENJAMIN SULTE as positively the most meritorious of our French Canadian Poets, nor yet that I set him down as in any respect, inferior, and so commence at the foot of the ladder. His name and age suggest that I should present him to you, and I do so with no ordinary pleasure, as the BENJAMIN of the Poet family.

Born at Three Rivers in 1841, he was early distinguished by his taste for letters. Whilst still a resident of his native city, he laboured assiduously to promote the elevation of Literature amongst his fellow countrymen. With a view to this noble end, he founded a club known as "*The Three-Rivers Literary Institute.*" He became its first president, and it flourished under his fostering care. I am not aware that his poems have appeared as yet, in a collected form, but, many elegant compositions from his pen have figured most favorably in the periodicals of the time;—such

as the *Revue Canadienne*, the *Echo du Cabinet de Lecture Paroissiale*, and the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*. The critics, among the rest HECTOR FABRE, highly eulogize his style, describing it as at once simple and graceful, vigorous and perspicuous. All agree in foretelling that he will occupy one day, the highest rank among the gifted sons of Genius. The Literary men of Ottawa ratified this verdict and marked their appreciation of the success which he has already achieved as a Poet, by inviting him to a public banquet at which the Mayor of the city filled the Chair, on occasion of his departure for Montreal where he was asked to fill the office of Secretary to an important manufacturing company. This need not, and we may rely upon it, will not, sever him from the society of the Muses.

I shall not pretend to say which of all Mr. Sulte's numerous compositions is the best,—his master piece. I would rather refer to a few pieces selected at random. In his "*Canada Francais a l'Angleterre*,"—a Poem which was occasioned by the ill-timed and certainly not very enlightened remark disparaging to his country, of a very self-conceited Englishman,—it were hard to say whether patriotic indignation combined with the most generous sentiments, or elegant poetical expression predominate.

I would not have him say, however, if indeed, such be his meaning that the British people were obstinate and blind as regarded the interests and rights of their Canadian fellow-citizens. Were it not better that he should pour out his just and poetic wrath on a retrograde party, and marvel that light came so soon, and with such power, and that the Empire in the zenith of its strength, its day of danger having gone down with the fallen day star of the First Napoleon, was able to carry into effect the large, enlightened and beneficent views of its ablest statesmen? But I must not be political. Well, am I not reviewing a somewhat political Poem? But I seek not to justify myself. I have done.

As I must quote something, according to my programme, and still more, according to my inclination when there is question of Mr. Sulte's compositions, I shall ask you to listen for a moment, whilst I read to you that amusing popular ballad:

## LA BELLE MEUNIÈRE.

—Par les chemins, qui donc, ma belle,  
Vous attire si bon matin?—  
Et rougissant la jouvencelle  
Dit : "Seigneur, je vais au moulin."

—Le cristal-bleu de la rivière  
A bien moins de limpidité  
Que ton joyeux regard, ma chère.  
—"Monseigneur est plein de bonté."

—Quel frais minois! quel port de reine!  
Approche, enfant: va-tu me plaire!  
A tant de grâce souveraine  
Il faut pour logis un palais.

Monte en croupe et sois ma maîtresse,  
Viens! je suis chevalier-baron....  
....Mais pourquoi cet air de tristesse  
Et cet incarnat sur ton front?

Ne fuyez pas, mademoiselle,  
Vous aurez mon titre et mon cœur;  
Je vous conduis à la chapelle.  
—"Merci; c'est beaucoup trop d'honneur."

—Qui êtes-vous, ma charmante,  
Pour refuser un chevalier?  
Quelque dame riche et puissante?  
—"Je suis la fille du meunier."

—Quoi, du Meunier!—Dieu me pardonne!  
J'en suis marri pour ton bonheur:  
Je ne puis t'épouser, ma bonne.  
—"Qui vous a demandé, Seigneur!"

At the risk of changing your mirth to sadness, I shall now read a short Poem of a quite different character,—one that is more in keeping with Mr. Sulte's cast of mind. Although not one of his greatest poems, it shows admirably that he is eminently serious, pensive and inclined to melancholy.

## LUCIE.

Je la voyais dans mon enfance,  
La blonde enfant aux grands yeux bleus,  
Mêlée avec insouciance  
Aux bruyants éclats de nos jeux.  
"Sa rêverie est singulière,"

Disaient les gens des alentours,  
 "Pourtant elle est douce et peu fère,  
 "Lucie, où donc sont tes amours?"

Dans sa jeunesse radieuse  
 Je la revis à dix-huit ans,  
 Bonne, indulgente et gracieuse,  
 Mais le désespoir des amants!  
 Son front où rayonne une flamme,  
 Pensif est le même toujours.  
 Qui donc préoccupe ton âme?  
 Lucie, où donc sont tes amours?

Pour elle les plaisirs du monde  
 Remplissent en vain la cité;  
 Partout où la misère gronde,  
 C'est l'ange de la charité!  
 On dirait que la Providence  
 Sans elle ne suivrait son cours,  
 Tant elle est chère à l'indulgence....  
 Lucie, as-tu là tes amours?

Belle à voiler un marbre antique,  
 Esprit calme et délicieux,  
 Convertie d'un reflet mystique,  
 Qui rêve d'elle songe aux cieux....  
 Hier, passant au cimetière,  
 J'entends prier, sitôt j'accours,  
 Je vois des fleurs sur une bière:  
 Lucie est avec ses amours.

LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE.—A very young Poet also. He was born at Lévis in 1839. Canada claims him not only for his birth, but also on account of his education. He studied successively at the Seminary of Quebec, St. Ann's College and Nicolet. His profession is that of a lawyer. He was called to the bar of Canada East in 1864. Mr. Fréchette is one of the few who can claim to be a dramatic Poet. Not only has he contributed many lyrical pieces of great merit to the "*Foyer Canadien*" and the "*Soirées Canadiennes*," he has also attempted, and not without success, a dramatic composition. His drama of "*Félix Poutré ou l'échappé de la Potence, Episode de la Révolution de 1838*," has often been publicly performed at Montreal and Quebec. No doubt the subject of this play was highly popular among the French Canadians. But, it could not, if devoid of poetical merit, have appeared so frequently on the stage. *Theodore Vibert* a French critic, in discussing Mr. Fréchette's merits, speaks of Canada as having "given birth to writers worthy

in every way of (what he calls) its glorious metropolis," meaning, I suppose, the French Capital. He alludes, moreover, to Mr. Frechette as "one among a hundred, who on account of his youth and genius, sheds on his Father land a gleam of his own glory." Mr. Frechette, no thanks to his former fellow citizens of either the commercial or the other capital, on whom he shed so much lustre, is now a citizen of Chicago.

MR. EUSTACHE PRUD'HOMME, in the few pièces from his pen which I have had the good fortune to meet with, shows wonderful descriptive powers and the true feeling of a Poet. Some of his compositions and among the rest, "*Mon Village*" may be seen in the "*Revue Canadienne*."

MR. EDOUARD SEMPÉ, a native of France, has contributed since he came to Canada, many highly meritorious Poems to the newspapers and other more important periodicals. His *Cantate* in honor of the Prince of Wales does him much credit as a writer of verse. There is more, however, of the true spirit of Poesy in his sentimental and reflective pièces. His *Cimetiere* is very fine.

You will allow me to quote two lines of this Poem as a specimen of some very beautiful stanzas:

Que pour l'homme rêvant dans ces vastes ruines  
L'Univers est petit et ses pompes mesquines!

There is much power of imagination in the following stanzas:

Toi dont le char vainqueur, émule du tonnerre  
Sur des monceaux de corps a sillonné la terre,  
Homicide géant, où sont tes fiers soldats?  
Comme un éclair, a fui ta gloire passagère,  
Et tu dors sous un tertre, inutile poussière,  
Malgré tes longs combats.

En vain sur tes débris de pompeux mausolées  
Èlèvent jusqu'aux cieux leurs cimes désolées;  
Sans ranimer ta cendre ils disent ton orgueil;  
La mort te tient captif, sous la dalle glacée,  
Et d'un nom qui n'est plus la splendeur effacée  
Git au fond d'un cercueil.

Et la pourpre des rois et les lauriers du brave,  
Et les haillons du pauvre et les fers de l'esclave,

Tout au sein du sépulcre un jour s'évanouit.  
 Telle après avoir un instant battu la rive,  
 Dans le gouffre des mers la vague fugitive  
 Se plonge et s'engloutit.

MR. ALFRED GARNEAU must now be mentioned, not, as some of you might suppose, on account of his father's high name, who, as you are all aware, has won renown as the historian of Canada, but on account of his own merits as a Poet. Fabre, the rigid critic of Lower Canada, speaks of him as a *brilliant versifier*. This is great praise from a critic of confirmed habits, to a young Poet. May it encourage him to greater and more sustained efforts! You will find that the critic was not too indulgent (what critic ever was?) whenever it shall please you to read Mr. Garneau's poetical compositions in the periodicals of Quebec and Montreal. I cannot do more at present, than present to you a few lines of his "*Bon Pauvre*" which appeared in the "*Foyer Canadien*." You will like myself be at a loss to decide whether sound philosophy or true poetic expression abound the more.

Non jamais je ne dis une parole amère ;  
 Mon regard troublé par les pleurs,  
 Ne s'est jamais dressé contre la main sévère  
 Qui m'a brisé dans les douleurs.

O Christ ! devant ton front que les épines ceignent  
 Je bénis mon sort et ta loi.  
 N'as-tu pas dit "Heureux ceux dont les pieds saignent."  
 "Sur les ronces derrière moi ?"

"Il faut que l'homme souffre en son corps, en son âme ;  
 "Seule une larme est un trésor.  
 "Les pauvres brilleront au ciel comme une flamme,  
 "Et tiendront une palme d'or."

Tu comptes tous nos pas, nos peines infinies  
 Tu le dis, soudain je te crois....  
 Frappe donc, ô douleur ! redoublez, avanies,  
 Que je tombe sous votre poids !

LOUIS JOSEPH CYPRIEN FISET holds a high place among Canadian Poets. At an early age, and whilst yet a student at Quebec his native city, he shewed a remarkable taste for

literature, and gave proof by the excellence of his compositions, that he had become perfectly master of his mother tongue. He studied law with success, and became a Barrister. But his professional studies by no means deadened his poetic fire or lessened his liking for literary pursuits. Fabre gives him the praise of fascinating imaginative power, delicate and graceful expression, elegant versification. Most of his Poems have appeared in the Literary periodicals of Quebec and Montreal. Such was his reputation as a Poet in the former city, that the high honor was done him of being requested to write the Ode of welcome to the Prince of Wales, on occasion of the Royal Progress through Canada in 1860. It is superfluous to say that this composition by a Poet so highly distinguished, elicited an appropriate eulogium from the Youthful Prince, inspired, no doubt, by the able and learned mentors who surrounded him.

I must refrain from quoting MR. FISET, and proceed to tell you something about another eminent Poet of Lower Canada.

MR. JOSEPH LENOIR.—This eminent Canadian Poet whose too early death, all friends of the muses sincerely lamented; was born at St. Henry, Lower Canada, on the 25th September 1822. His death on 3rd September 1861 closed a brilliant, but unfortunately for his country and the cause of letters, a brief career. He studied law and became a Barrister. The severer study which his profession required, did not hinder him from cultivating that poetical genius, and it was of the highest order, of which he gave proof whilst yet at school. He wrote chiefly in "*L'Avenir*" and the "*Journal de l'Instruction Publique*." Of the latter publication he was for some time assistant editor. Some of his poetical compositions have been selected for publication in the "*Répertoire National*." Of these an oriental piece, "*Dayelle*," remarkable for its flowing lines, its eastern imagery and ardour; "*The Dying Huron to his Favorite Oak Tree*," equally flowing, but wherein the Indian does not appear in his usual stoical character; his "*Genius of the Forests*" which combines boldness with elegance,—may be all safely mentioned, I conceive, as fair specimens of the productions of Mr. Lenoir's genius. His "*Fête du Peuple*" will always be read with pleasure in Canada. And they of foreign

climes, who mayhap cannot admire its nationality which, however, it sets forth in a very amiable light, will be compelled to acknowledge its poetical merit and its truth of sentiment. This elegant composition pays well deserved homage to the Canadian people. Long may they retain the unsophisticated and amiable character which it so truly ascribes to them!

.....  
 .....  
 L'érable est sa couronne;  
 L'écharpe qu'il se donne,  
 Quoique noble, rayonne

---

Moins que sa gaîté franche et ses regards sereins!

.....  
 .....  
 Cette bannière qui déploie  
 Nos couleurs sur l'or et la soie  
 N'est elle pas bien belle à voir?  
 Dirait on pas que cette brise  
 Qui fait ployer sa lance grise  
 Anime son beau castor noir!

Amis! j'ai vu de douces choses,  
 Des filles, des perles des roses,  
 Mais pour se contenter il faut  
 Voir ce navire aux pleines voiles,  
 Disant "Je voguerai plus haut!"

Quand il a déroulé les plis de ses bannières,  
 Quand le parvis du temple a brui sous son pied,  
 Le peuple était sublime! Oh! j'aime les prières  
 Et les chants de ce Temple où tout homme s'assied!

.....  
 Time will not admit of more quotations or a longer review. I must now in obedience to its demands, take leave of MR. LENOIR and proceed to make some mention of other distinguished Poets who have written in French. You will not be surprised to hear that I number among these sons of Canada who have done so much honor to their country, the HON. PIERRE J. O. CHAUVEAU, LL. D., &c. Although this gentleman may be said to have commenced his career as a Poet, and was first known as an author, by his poetical efforts, he has since become so eminent as a parliamentary orator and as a statesman, that we can hardly think of him as



a writer of verse. And yet, it is in this last capacity only that we can consider him here this evening, and offer him the well won meed of a passing eulogium. I cannot now, it is so late, enter upon a detailed review of Mr. Chauveau's poetical productions. Nor is it necessary that I should do so. His fellow country-men—the most competent judges,—have already pronounced their verdict. I need not say that it is a favorable one, and highly complimentary to his poetical genius. Many of his earlier Poems which appeared in the "*Canadian*," and other publications, were republished in the '*Répertoire National*' (1850),—an undoubted proof of the high appreciation in which they were held. Although an able prose writer, Mr. Chauveau has never ceased to contribute in verse to the periodicals of the time. '*Le Castor*,' '*Le Canadien*,' '*Le Fantastique*,' '*La Revue Canadienne*,' '*Le Journal de l'Instruction Publique*' and '*Les Soirées Canadiennes*' have all been enriched by his compositions and have become monuments to his fame as a Poet, whilst they shew at the same time, how ably and how elegantly he could wield the powerful weapon of vigorous prose in the cause of his country and his country's Literature.

The Honble. Mr. Chauveau now for the third time, holds high office in the state, as Premier of Quebec, having previously been Solicitor for Lower Canada, and Provincial Secretary. I must now conclude, but not without expressing my sincere wish and earnest hope that neither his great honors and arduous labours in the State, nor his important and useful efforts in the cause of Education and the intellectual improvement of his fellow country-men, will ever hinder him from cultivating as he has hitherto so nobly and successfully done, the Society of the Muses.

I shall now invite you to consider the merits, as a Poet, of an author whose principal work is the History of Canada. You already divine that I allude to MR. F. X. GARNEAU. When I mention the History of Canada as the one great literary achievement of this eminent Canadian, I speak more according to the opinion generally prevalent in Canada, than my own judgment. This opinion is no doubt well founded, for it is entertained and expressed by the leading *Litterateurs* of the Country. But it must be acknowledged that the Canadian people, literary men and all, could not fail to be

agreeably affected when they found that the tale of their earlier settlement and their more recent colonial existence could be handled by a man of such talent and high culture as Mr. Garneau, and that it came from his elegant and flowing pen—a work of such calibre and importance as to be dignified with the name of History. I am far from denying that it is a History. It is moreover, and surely justice demands this admission, a work which gives proof of wonderful ability as well as of untiring industry. But, it might have been the fruit of less exalted genius than that by which Mr. Garneau was distinguished. His early education, his travels, ~~his conversations with some of the most eminent~~ literary characters of Europe—with Campbell the Poet, Mrs. Gore, the Historian and Statist—McGregor, the patriotic Czaritoriski, the Poet Niemcewicz,—his intimate relations above all, with the Patriot Statesman of Canada, Mr. Viger, who introduced him to the scientific world, of the French Capital, together with superior talent and a taste for study, might alone have qualified him to become a writer of history. But none of these things,—not all of them combined could have enabled him to write so much as one of his many beautiful Poems. I ask no excuse therefore, when I claim Mr. F. X. Garneau as a Poet, and maintain that as the author of so many exquisite poetical compositions, he holds a far higher position than as a writer of history. Talent with labour and opportunity makes an Orator, an Essayist, a Historian. The Poet derives his inspirations from a higher source—from genius even, and if there be anything higher he can claim than this high gift, from that also.

Allow me now to give you an idea in a few words, of the opinion which eminent critics have expressed in regard to Mr. Garneau's efforts as a historian. I shall then impart to you my views of his poetical powers. The Rev. Abbé Casgrain alluding to his history says: "C'est dans un élan d'enthousiasme patriotique, de fierté nationale blessée qu'il a conçu la pensée de son livre, que sa vocation d'historien lui est apparue. Ce sentiment qui s'exhalait à mesure qu'il écrivait, a empreint son style d'une beauté mâle, d'une ardeur de conviction, d'une chaleur de vivacité d'expression qui entraînent et passionnent,—surtout le lecteur Canadien. On sent partout que le frisson du patriotisme a passé sur ses pages."

I do not think that my judgment, even as regards French Poetry, will be questioned when I pronounce Mr. Garneau the Lamartine of Canada. The same ardour, the same enthusiasm, the same vigour of thought and power of imagination characterize his compositions. His versification like Lamartine's is bold, but like his, also, correct, elegant and flowing. He has not written so much; and in this he has done well, and has left only Poems that do honor to his memory, and will secure his fame. I shall not pretend to say which are his more excellent pieces. Such of his poetical works as I have seen, are in point of style beyond any criticism I might think of exercising. But the subjects of some must necessarily interest more than others, and readers generally will make their choice, not rigidly according to merit, but rather according to the memories and associations that will be revived in their minds. The "*Rêve du Soldat*" is a very fine historical Poem; "*La Presse*," a politico-philosophical piece, is notwithstanding its subject, full of grand poetical ideas and splendid imagery; "*Les Oiseaux Blancs*" is replete with fine feeling expressed as a Poet only can express it. "*Les Exilés*" in addition to being highly poetical and patriotic, shews how the author could appreciate the love of country; "*L'hiver*" is a charming composition, and "*Le Dernier Huron*" has been pronounced Monsieur Garneau's master-piece and even more, the master-piece of Canadian Poetry. There are some who deny it this honor. But as so good a critic and competent judge of French poetry as the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, insists upon such high praise, I am by no means inclined to call it in question. Allow me now before taking leave of Mr. Garneau, to quote a few words from that intensely patriotic Poem: "*Au Canada*." The Poet introduces some sinister oracle or evil genius anathematizing the Canadian people after this fashion:

".....Laissons tomber ce peuple sans flambeau,  
Errant à l'aventure;  
Son génie est éteint, et que la nuit obscure  
Nous cache son tombeau.

### III

Pourquoi te traînes-tu comme un homme à la chaîne,  
Loin, oui, bien loin du siècle, où tu vis en oubli?  
L'on dirait que vaincu par le temps qui l'entraîne,  
À l'ombre de sa faux tu t'es enseveli?

Vois donc partout dans la carrière,  
Les peuples briller tour à tour.  
Les arts, les sciences et la guerre  
Chez eux signalent chaque jour.

Dans l'histoire de la nature,  
Audubon porte le flambeau ;  
La lyre de Cowper murmure,  
Et l'Europe attentive à cette voix si pure  
Applaudit ce chantre nouveau.

Enfant de la jeune Amérique,  
Les lauriers sont encore verts ;  
Laisse dans sa route apathique  
L'Indien périr dans les déserts.

Mais toi, comme ta mère, élève à ton génie  
Un monument qui vive dans les temps ;  
Il servira de fort à tes enfants  
Faisant par l'étranger respecter leur patrie :

Cependant quand tu vois au milieu des gazons  
S'élever une fleur qui devance l'aurore,  
Protège la contre les aigillons  
Afin qu'elle puisse éclore.

Honore les talents, prête leur ton appui ;  
Ils dissiperont la nuit  
Qui te cache la carrière :  
Chaque génie est un flot de lumière."

The poet now recalls the great intellectual efforts that were made under the ancient civilizations of Rome and Greece, and then resumes his despairing strains :

" Mais pourquoi rappeler ce sujet dans mes chants ?  
La coupe des plaisirs effémine nos âmes ;  
Le salpêtre étouffé ne jette point de flammes ;  
Dans l'air se perdent mes accents.

Non, pour nous plus d'espoir, notre étoile s'efface,  
Et nous disparaissions du monde inaperçus.  
Je vois le temps venir et de sa voix de glace  
Dire il était ; mais il n'est plus.

Peuple, pas un seul nom n'a surgi de ta cendre,  
Pas un, pour conserver tes souvenirs, tes chants,  
Ni même pour nous apprendre  
S'il existait depuis des siècles ou des ans.  
Non ! tout dort avec lui, langue, exploits, nom, histoire ;  
Ses sages, ses héros, ses bardes, sa mémoire

Tout est enseveli dans ces riches vallons  
 Ou l'on voit se courber, se dresser les moissons.  
 Rien n'atteste au passant même son existence,  
 S'il fut, l'oubli le sait et garde le silence."

This is more than poetry. It expresses in such language as the poet only can command, the profound convictions of the author, convictions which impelled him and sustained him in the execution of his herculean task, the labour of his life-time, his history of Canada, which has so nobly given the lie to his melancholy forebodings and snatched from oblivion the memories, the traditions and the people that were so dear to him.

After this lengthened notice of so popular an author and poet as Mr. F. X. Garneau, you would not easily pardon me many details concerning several distinguished poets who, however, cannot be passed over in silence. Their names, so well known to their fellow-countrymen of Eastern Canada, must suffice on this occasion. There is not time for biography and critical appreciation of their works. Among these honored names which the Literature of their country has enshrined, are PIERRE PETICLAIR, A. S. SOULARD, J. T. LORANGER, LEVESQUE, LAVIOLETTE, Hon. Justice MORIN, JEANMENNE, PLAMONDON, BARTHE, DÉROME, GÉRIN LAJOIE, ARTHUR CASGRAIN, JEAN CHARLES TACHÉ, ACHILLE FRÉCHETTE, QUESNEL, BIBAUD, AUBIN, BÉDARD, and last, but not least, JOSEPH OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE to whom that Prince of Canadian Critics, HECTOR FABRE, assigns the highest rank among the Poets of his country. A few extracts from the poetical works of this eminent Poet would no doubt be acceptable. But, I must remember that this is only a Lecture, and shall now hasten to a conclusion. An Ottawa audience would not however excuse me, if I closed my remarks, without some allusion to a Poet whose name must ever remain an honor to our City, Mr. LEON PAMPHILE LEMAY although a native of Lothbinière Province of Quebec, claims affinity with Ottawa. Whilst he was yet a student unknown to fame, and the City of the woods was no less obscure than the future Poet whose genius was maturing within its walls, Ottawa became for a considerable time, the scene of his persevering studies. He aspired at that time to the Christian Priesthood. But the requisite

study and discipline were too much for his delicate health, and after persevering with the most commendable zeal, for no less a period than two years, he devoted himself once more to literary pursuits. In this congenial field of intellectual labour he has met with more than ordinary success. Not only have his earlier poetical compositions which appeared in the literary periodicals of Lower Canada, attracted the notice and elicited the highest eulogiums of the *Literati* of his native Province; they have also been the subjects of eulogistic criticism in France and the United States of America,—thus imparting to distant and jealous lands, a distinct and unmistakeable knowledge of the fact that learning and talent can find an asylum,—an honored home, on the banks of the remote St. Lawrence and the remoter Ottawa.

M<sup>r</sup>. Lemay has published a volume containing a highly finished translation of Longfellow's "*Evangeline*," and a considerable number of lesser Poems. You will allow me to say that the translation is an improvement on the original. All the fine feeling of Longfellow is preserved. His lines of intolerable length are changed, as if by some magic power, into the elegant and flowing and never tiresome measures of the French Poet.

A very beautiful Poem from the pen of M. Lemay appeared lately in "*La Revue Canadienne*" (No. for April 1867,) entitled "*La Débacle du St. Laurent*." This is a composition of some length in the Epic style. It is full of masterly descriptions and breathes, throughout, the finest feeling. Hear how the Poet appreciates the joys of spring.

"Avril! Avril! ton souffle est plein de volupté!  
 Tes matins et tes soirs, ô beau mois enchanté,  
 Naissent dans l'harmonie et les flots de lumière!  
 Avril, c'est toi qui viens égayer la chaumière,  
 Dont la bise d'hiver attristait le foyer!  
 Avril, c'est toi qui fais sous ton souffle ondoyer,  
 Les flots du St. Laurent redevenus dociles,  
 Quand tes feux ont fendus leurs cristaux immobiles."

.....

There is no time for a longer quotation. Let these few lines suffice for an introduction to a fine descriptive passage. Whilst was yet indulging in such strains,

"Un barde jeune et bon  
 Doué du plus fatal mais du plus noble don ;  
 Et pendant qu'il chantait son œil mélancolique,  
 Suivait avec ivresse une scène magique :  
 C'était le Saint-Laurent qui las d'être captif,  
 S'agitait sur son lit comme un coursier rétif,  
 Secouait le fardeau de ses glaces massives,  
 En éclats scintillants les poussait sur ses rives,  
 Les broyait sur son sein avec un bruit affreux  
 Comme un bruit de volcan par un soir ténébreux,  
 Ou les trainait au loin dans sa fuite rapide,  
 Comme au fond des forêts un lion intrépide  
 Emporte les lambeaux de ces liens honteux  
 Qu'un dompteur osa mettre à son pied généreux."

I cannot without regret take leave so soon of our gifted fellow-citizen. But my lecture must come to an end. M. Lemay is still young, (born in 1837.) What great things may we not hope for from his genius and well known industry ?

And now, craving your indulgence, and nothing less than a plenary one, for the many omissions of this necessarily hurried discourse—but what do I see? There's old Fadladeen again! will there be no end to cant? Criticism—sound criticism—all must bow to. But the cant thereof! Of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, although indeed, it cannot be denied that the cant of hypocrisy is the worst—the most criminal, the cant of criticism is the most pretentious and the most tormenting. It never has been known to be productive of good. Evil only can arise from its application. It is one of those things which appear to exist for no other purpose than the punishment of mankind. By its stolid persistency, it ruffles the sweetest temper, makes the warm current of life grow chill and stagnate in the veins, sours the very soul itself, and like vermin on the expanding buds of spring, seizes with deadly grasp, the most promising seeds of genius the moment they have begun to germinate. It is the "malignant star" under the influence of which the most gifted among the sons of song are doomed, not unfrequently, to wither away and perish. (*The pompous Fadladeen desires to be heard*). Why, my Lord Faladeen, I thought you were gone: "I did not go far. I rejoice in being here, not for any pleasure I have enjoyed, but because it affords me an opportunity of protesting against such lec-


turing. The dignity of the sublime art of oratory requires a more sustained and formal style. It is completely thrown from its exalted sphere when it descends to the familiar forms of conversation. So great an art was never designed for any less important purposes than to influence the judges of mankind or to move vast assemblies. I grant, indeed, that oratory may be employed in order to form the minds of men. But when so employed, it must appear in its proper garb. When stripped of its befitting ornaments, and exposed in rags and almost nude, before the rude world, it can no longer be recognised as oratory. It sinks into that contempt which is the well deserved lot of those, who whilst they might be, and ought to be, rich and distinguished, aim at finding happiness in poverty and obscurity. It will be pretended, perhaps, that when oratory becomes conversational and discursive, it is capable of embracing a greater variety of topics and of discussing them more copiously and completely. But it cannot be maintained that any purpose however good and noble, can be sought by means that are unworthy. The diffusion of knowledge no doubt, is a great end. But can it justify the most ignoble means? Ought the divine power of oratory to be sacrificed for the sake of communicating information which may be acquired by reading and in many other ways? Ought the goddess of the sublime gift of speech to be stripped of her garments, torn from her pedestal and dragged in the mud, in order that people may be told in a homely style quite unsuited to godlike eloquence, how many songs have been written for their amusement? "I deny that Poetry is intended only for amusement." "Let me proceed, if you please; you hold that by adopting that undignified conversational manner, you can discourse more freely and impart knowledge which could not be conveyed in the more lofty and appropriate style of oratory. But, what have you done? You have talked only of some poets who, you say, are more distinguished. You have indeed given dates of birth and other circumstances which have their proper place in a Parish register, but which are quite superfluous and irrelevant in a discourse on the noble art of Poetry. It would have been more to the purpose if you had spoken more at large and in language suited to so high a theme, of all our talented youth who have been favored with the divine *afflatus*. It is well known that there are many in



this privileged land, where the language of the primitive Bards and Troubadours is still spoken, who are gifted beyond their fellows. It is notorious that there are many such. But who they are is not so generally manifest. To withdraw these sons of genius and the muses from their unmerited obscurity, is a task worthy of the sublimest oratory, as well as of that learning which, you say, can be imparted in an undignified *tête-à-tête* fashion, but which, I insist upon it, ought never to be degraded any more than oratory itself, by the trivial and colloquial manner of the drawing room—a manner, I am sorry to observe, which is passing from the fashionable circles to the lecture room; and must speedily corrupt, if it does not meet with some salutary check, that eloquence which if allowed to appear only in its native grandeur, could not fail to maintain its empire over the minds of men.

Notwithstanding all this pompous criticism, the Lecturer was honored with an unanimous vote of thanks. He bowed his acknowledgments, and lest even a work of supererogation should go without its reward, he proposed three cheers for that Prince of critics, MY LORD FADLADEEN !

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*Leggotyped from a Photograph by Notman.*

HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE.

# SERMON

DELIVERED AT THE

## SOLEMN MASS OF REQUIEM,

WHICH WAS CELEBRATED IN THE

PARISH CHURCH OF L'ORIGNAL,

DIOCESE OF OTTAWA,

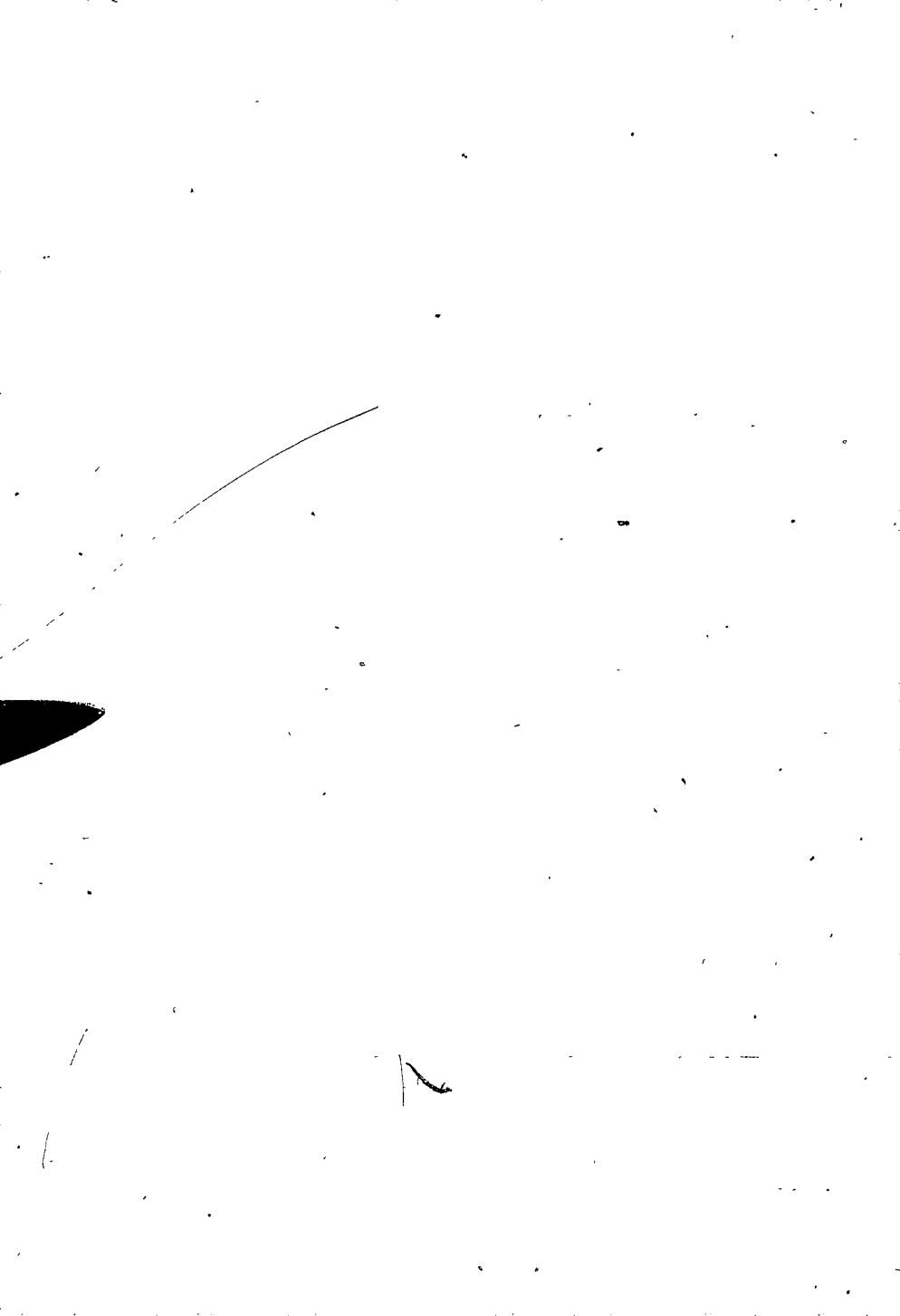
ON TUESDAY, 28<sup>TH</sup> APRIL, 1868

FOR THE

REPOSE OF THE SOUL

OF THE

HON. THOS. D'ARCY M<sup>C</sup>GEE.



# SERMON

AT THE REQUIEM OF THE

HONORABLE THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE,

&c., &c.

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## PREFACE.

IF any one should think it worth while to enquire why a Sermon delivered at the Village of L'ORIGINAL, is given to the public rather than one which was spoken on the same subject in the CATHEDRAL CHURCH of the CANADIAN CAPITAL, the answer is at hand. In the first place, there was very little time for preparing the discourse for the REQUIEM of the late ever to be lamented HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, which was celebrated in the Cathedral, no request having been made in regard to it, sooner than the previous evening. Secondly, there was not sufficient leisure at command to write the sermon after it was delivered. The proprietor of the "TIMES" having asked

for a copy of the discourse which accompanied the very appropriate celebration at L'ORIGINAL, a manuscript was prepared with all possible déspatch. This discourse, however imperfect, being more complete, is now published as it appeared in the "TIMES," of Monday, 25th May, 1868.

The warm welcome which it has met with throughout the Provinces renders it quite unnecessary to make any apology for printing it in a more permanent form.

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## SERMON

DELIVERED AT THE SOLEMN MASS OF REQUIEM, WHICH WAS CELEBRATED  
IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF L'ORIGINAL, DIOCESE OF OTTAWA, ON  
TUESDAY, 28TH APRIL, 1868, FOR THE REPOSE OF THE SOUL OF THE

HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE

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"Thus did this man die, leaving not only to young men, but also to the whole nation, the memory of his death for an example of virtue and fortitude."—II. MACH. IV. 31.

As the heroic Eleazar was barbarously slain by the executioners of a ruthless persecutor because he would not betray the laws and institutions of his country, so was that patriotic man—that faithful and powerful friend of Canada, the Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, doomed to an untimely grave, by the members and agents of an association or secret "brotherhood" which aims at subverting the institutions and the State of Canada. None of you are unaware, dear Brethren, that in order to accomplish a purpose so odious to to us all, and in every respect so wicked and unjustifiable, the leaders of this association organized an armed force collected in the cities and other places of the neighboring Republic, and after having made the most formidable preparations of which they were capable, actually crossed the Canadian frontier, and carried the terrors of war into our peaceful homes. To resist this most lawless of all invasions, was, surely, the duty of our people—and of all our people. To denounce the invaders was alike imperative on every

good citizen. As a representative citizen—as a public man in whom his fellow countrymen placed unbounded confidence, the statesman and orator whose loss we mourn, exposed and brought to light the hidden and hostile machinations of the worst enemies that Canada has ever known. These Enemies of our peace and prosperity could exercise, and, it is well known, did exercise, a certain influence in our community, by means of spies and secret agencies in our cities. By denouncing these also, the learned and patriotic gentleman rendered their wicked schemes abortive. Nothing more was necessary in order to draw down their vengeance on his head. For this they pursued him with unrelenting hate. For this they reviled and calumniated him. For this, one of their number more cruel, more foolhardy, and more cowardly than the rest, struck him, an unarmed, defenceless man, at an unguarded moment, in the dead of night. But in proportion to their dark malevolence and inveterate hatred, is now and ever will be the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. So long as liberty itself shall be appreciated, so long will Canadians be grateful to him who was its ablest defender. Where would be now those institutions of which we are so justly proud, if the schemes which the enemy contrived and plotted in the dark had been allowed to come to maturity? Where the peace which we enjoy? our prosperity? our national happiness? Where those equal rights which we claim and possess under the guardianship of our free representative Government? All these were imperilled. And he who so nobly fell when labouring to avert the threatened loss of so many blessings, may be well accounted a martyr in our cause, the cause of our institutions, whether sacred or political, no less than in the cause of our constitution itself, to which we firmly hold as the surest bulwark of our liberties. If an aged man of four score and ten is praised in Holy Writ because that he laid down his life for his country and his country's laws, even more must we be permitted to extol a patriotic fellow-countryman who in the very prime of life, and in the midst of a career, brilliant as it was useful, exposed himself to death, and met death, whilst courageously thwarting the designs of our enemies, and driving far from the land he loved—the land of his choice and his adoption—the ruin with which it was menaced.



"And thus, indeed, did this man die, leaving not only to young men, but also to the whole nation, the memory of his death for an example of virtue and fortitude."

How devoted was he not to his adopted country! Within its borders he found realized, and with the joy which could fill such a mind as his, that ideal of sound and rational liberty which had been the day-dream of his youth—social and civil liberty; religious liberty well understood, individual liberty in its greatest possible extent, and liberty of thought and speech, such as is vainly sought for in States which boast themselves more completely free. Who was ever more the friend of Canada, her more eloquent advocate or wiser counsellor? As he was, if not wholly the founder, at least a chief architect in the founding and building up of her vigorous state, so was he the ablest defender—the strongest and most highly finished pillar of the grand and comely edifice, which his hands had so powerfully helped to raise. With what pains did he not prepare the minds of men for the contemplated union? How carefully did he not educate public opinion? What an amount of learning did he not bring to the task? But erudition was not all. Lucid arrangement of ideas and of facts—ancient as well as modern history were made tributary,—the elegance and grace of language were compelled to do their part,—the fascination of style, conjoined with sterner logic, was brought to bear on his labour of love—the stupendous work of building up a state, a mighty nation—of giving to these scattered Provinces a name and a place among the peoples of the world, Nor did he shrink from toil or seek to shun danger. Two voyages across the storm tossed Atlantic, in the cause of the New Dominion, afford ample proof that he was not to be dismayed by any perils to which he could be exposed, nor deterred by difficulty or any conceivable amount of fatigue, when there was question of advancing the interests of his adopted country. What arguments did he not bring to bear against those who so pertinaciously opposed the Union and raised obstacles to the future greatness of the united Provinces! With what eloquence did he not enforce them! We have not yet had time to forget that grand and most successful effort of his oratory,—his oration in reply to the ingenious but fallacious reasonings of the Hon. Mr. Howe. His untimely fate, more even than

the eloquence by which this oration is distinguished, will cause him to be held in perpetual remembrance, whilst *the memory of his death*, which no time can efface, *is left as an example, to our nation and its children*. For ages to come it will be green, and will flourish amongst the Canadian people. Even as the phillippics of Demosthenes, and the classic orations of Cicero, after the lapse of more than 1,800 years, are earnestly studied in our schools, so will the eloquent utterances of our departed orator and statesman give lessons to unborn generations. Believe not, therefore, that they who thirsted for his blood, have put him down. They thought to lay him low—lower than the dust beneath their feet. But what have they been able to effect? Truly, too truly, alas! they have brought him to an early grave. But to humble him in reality, to lessen his renown, or silence his mighty voice, was beyond their power. By a crime unheard of hitherto in the annals of our country, by a deed of darkness, and cowardice, and villany unparalleled, perhaps, in the annals of the world, they have broken prematurely his thread of life. But their deed of blood and cruelty, and reckless vengeance, has failed to bring to them the promised fruit. Instead of promoting their iniquitous purpose, the disorganization and destruction of this newly constituted state—it has blasted their vain hopes and proved the death blow to the most wretched and contemptible of all factions—the basest, and most criminal, and most irrational conspiracy of which history bears record. Their victim, meanwhile, is exalted above the ordinary lot of the children of men. His fame which was only growing whilst he lived, is made perfect in the grave, and so firmly established that it can never perish. His eloquence, before which all sophistry quailed, and which, like the sword of justice itself, was a terror to the plotters of evil deeds, far from being silenced, is more formidable than ever, and, from the ashes of his untimely urn, will speak in accents that will ever be heard with reverence, and that will never cease to move, to impress, to enlighten the minds of men, not the men of our country only, their children, and their children's children, but, also the men of all generations and of all nations, so long as there shall be civilization and christianity on the face of the earth. Well may this man's death be likened to that of the aged and patriotic Eleazar. His memory like that of the heroic Martyr-Prince of Judah

will survive and like his will be chronicled in the saddest but least perishable page of history, and will be read there *as an example of virtue and fortitude, not to our youth only, but also to our whole nation*: and not to our nation only, but to all nations. Like Rome's first Brutus, who, sternly virtuous, preferred principle and duty to natural ties, like her undaunted Regulus and her self-sacrificing Curtius,—like the heroes of more recent times—the Tell, the Wallace, the Kosciusko, who fearlessly faced death and confronted the enemies of their country, our martyr statesman will live in the remembrance of mankind; the memory of his death, enshrined in the annals of every civilized people, will stand forth, an example, ever bright and powerfully attractive, of *virtue and fortitude, not to youth only, but also to maturest manhood*.

Well may we enquire what education did for such a man. Whilst we admire his great abilities and extensive learning, the sound principle which guided his public life commands still more our approval and applause. To what cause or influence did he owe this great endowment? To nothing else than his early training, to the anxious care of an affectionate and accomplished mother. Genius was born with him, indeed, but, nevertheless, his mind might have been narrowed and warped by unworthy prejudices, contracted views which would have rendered unavailing all his intellectual power. If he was ever above such prejudices, if his mind was always open to conviction and ready to receive sound impressions, he was indebted above all for these qualities to the teachings of his truly Christian mother. His filial duty towards her was in proportion to her loving and well directed care. His reverence for her when grown to man's estate, whilst it proves the dutifulness of his early days, accounts at the same time, for his strict adherence to what he conceived to be principle and duty in after life. The taste for letters by which he was so soon distinguished, was inspired, we cannot doubt it, by the lessons taught him by his excellent mother. This lady was not only generally well informed, she also possessed remarkable knowledge of the poetry of her own land, no less than that of other countries. She was skilled in music and could thus impart, as we are well assured that she did impart, to her tender charge—the son who was destined to fill

so bright a page in the history of the New World, the legends of Scotland as well as those of her native Ireland, in melodious verse allied to the sweetest power of song. No wonder if he loved such a mother. No wonder if this dutiful filial affection was to him, as it could not fail to be, the source of many blessings. No wonder if it remained deeply graven in his inmost soul, and was dearer to him even than fame itself.

"My mother! at that holy name  
Within my bosom there's a gush  
Of feeling which no time can tame  
A feeling which for years of fame  
I would not, could not crush!"

Whilst yet a boy Thomas D'Arcy McGee was thrown into the arena of public political life. That his career, at that early period of his existence, was free from error, few will now maintain. That he was not hurried into greater and more enduring aberrations was due to two very powerful causes, the sound principles imbibed in his tenderest years, and the companionship of the late Daniel O'Connell. If we have to lament that he was borne away for a time on the tide of an ill regulated enthusiasm, which like a mighty current, swept over Europe, and in the continental nations aimed at the overthrow of all existing institutions, whilst in Ireland, it only contended with abuses, and by accident merely, may it not be said? or the force of untoward circumstances, came to be in conflict with constituted authority. It sought to remedy the crying evils which prevailed, by throwing light into dark places,—by educating a people who for centuries had been denied the blessing of education,—by creating for them a literature, and a national literature. Need we wonder if in the sudden blaze of noon-day splendour which no dawn preceded, men's vision was disturbed, and they failed to see their way in the confusion of thought and conflict of opinion, which was necessarily consequent on the rapid and unexpected awakening of a nation's mind from the sleep of ages? As regarded one man, at least, correctives were at hand. Thos. D'Arcy McGee never could forget his early principles. The good grain had fallen on good and very good soil. It could not fail to spring up and in due time produce fruit a hundred fold.

The lessons of the great O'Connell were as the dews which freshen the good seed and favor its growth. His peaceful labours had opened for his people the doors of the constitution—that constitution which, however much abused for a time, had a fold in its vast mantle for the down-trodden and oppressed. To the young, and ardent and inexperienced, his wisely conceived measures appeared to be inoperative and unavailing. In their enthusiasm for a future, and not an ideal one, for it is now at hand, but which had as yet to be realized, they forgot the past—they forgot that by his slow, but sure moral means, he had overthrown in a comparatively short time, the gigantic fabric of iniquity which brute force had consumed whole centuries in building up. Was the *coterie* or faction called “Young Ireland” ever able to accomplish anything like this? But there were such odds against them. None greater, nor so great as against O'Connell. The difference was in their weapons. The moral power which O'Connell wielded was no less mighty than the sword of justice in the hands of the civil ruler. The physical force to which “Young Ireland” had recourse without professing it, was worse than useless; or if it had any use, it was in this, that it showed “that they who take the sword, shall perish by the sword”: in other words, that they who, in the face of a free constitution, the freest ever yet known to man, hope to prove the justice of their cause by blows and deeds of violence, must perish, the victims of their own devices. This important truth which youth, inexperienced, ardent, enthusiastic, could not discover, was manifest to maturer years, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, instructed by the principles and example of O'Connell, enlightened by experience, guided by the promptings of his riper judgment, animated and encouraged by the inspirations of his superior genius, beheld and acknowledged the errors of his too early political career. But he had not in reality, as yet, commenced any such career. In the times to which reference has been made, he was a man of letters and a journalist, and less a politician than his relation with the “Young Ireland” club might lead us to suppose. These relations were as the friendships of childhood, and like them ephemeral. They passed away with his boyhood, and all that remains of them is a faint and perishing remembrance. His literary labors

of the same period enjoy as they deserve, a better fate. They alone would be a lasting monument to his name.\* The works of his youth, we are well assured, are read with interest even now, by his fellow countrymen in Ireland, and they will long survive in the literature of his country. That could have been no mediocre talent which attracted the notice of O'Connell, and was induced by that great man to devote itself to his cause,—the cause of reform in Ireland through moral and constitutional means. The friends of Mr. McGee, in Canada, shewed an equally sound appreciation of his great abilities. They invited him to take up his abode amongst them in the rich and prosperous city of Montreal. He was not long there, applying, as was his wont, to the congenial labours of literature and journalism, when at a general election which took place about a year after his arrival, he was chosen one of three representatives of the city in the Canadian Parliament. Now (1858) in reality commenced his career as a politician and statesman. It has been already alluded to in this discourse. You all know how brilliant it was, and alas! how brief! Thrice in the Ministry, and since he left it, without any difference with his colleagues, but from the purest, most patriotic, and most disinterested motives, he was more than ever at the head of all affairs. From the first, even, before he was elected to Parliament, the consistent advocate of the Union of these Provinces, he was until his latest breath its ablest defender. More, need it be said? much more than any other, he was the public man—the statesman of Canada. He was repeatedly, habitually recognized as such. A truly magnificent proof this recognition was given only a few days before that on which he was called away so suddenly and so nefariously from the country which loved him and will long revere his

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\* "The gigantic products of his short but eventful life, must be proof positive, even to his enemies, of ceaseless industry, and a marvellously sustained intellectual culture, incompatible with serious faults of any kind. The ten or eleven hundred lectures delivered by him in twenty years, the unnumbered pieces of matchless eloquence which he poured forth,—his immortal speeches in and out of Parliament,—his voluminous political writings,—and the many literary works in prose and poetry in his name,—and lastly, the blasting shock of his hideous taking off before the blossoming of manhood! speak trumpet-tongued for the moderation and the many untold virtues of his whole life."—*Archbishop of Halifax, funeral oration on the late T. D. McGee, Halifax, 1868.*

memory. The reckless, ungrateful and most criminal hand which consigned him to an untimely grave, struck at the heart of the Canadian people, and all who do not hasten to repudiate all sympathy with the foul and fiendish deed, incur their just contempt and undisguised hostility quite as surely as the perpetrators of such acts, together with their patrons, abettors and accomplices, who are the enemies alike of God and man, daringly and impiously place themselves under the bann of the Church and the curse of God. We mourn the loss of Canada's ablest statesman and most eloquent orator. But the cruel and unexpected blow has also hurried from our sight and from our society, a deeply read scholar, a pleasing essayist, a great historian and a good poet. What varied learning did he not bring to bear on the subjects which he selected for the numerous lectures which he so willingly undertook in the cause of charity\* and benevolence? How gracefully and with what untiring energy, did he not deliver those lectures? If any one thing more than another be deserving of special notice in this place and on this occasion, it is this, that all the efforts of his fascinating oratory tended to extinguish animosities, reconcile differences, promote peace and good will among the various classes and denominations of his fellow-countrymen of Canada. This alone would entitle him, as it does entitle him, to the prayers and benedictions of the Church. It does more; it gives him a right to the blessing of God himself. "*Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God!*" (Matt., 5, 9.) If for this cause the grossest ignorance—ignorance that no tongue of man or angel ever can enlighten—assailed him with reproach, endeavoured to crush him by calumny, and at length, when the cup of their iniquity was filled brimful, and their reprobation was complete, struck him down in the dead of night, his reward is beyond expression great, in the Kingdom of God. *Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice sake; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven!* (*id. ib.*; v. 10.) With what humility did he not speak of his great literary labours? Not farther back than last St. Patrick's day, when he sat an honored and a deservedly honored man in the midst of the most eminent representative men of this Dominion, who had assembled at the national banquet, as it

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\* In number over 1,000.—*Archbishop Connolly.*

may well be termed, in order to mark their appreciation of his great abilities and successful services to the State, he very modestly, in reply to a well-merited compliment, addressed to him by the Mayor of the Capital, who praised his History of Ireland as his greatest work, *that he was well aware of its many faults and imperfections, and that if he were favored with life and health a few years longer, he would endeavour to find time to correct them.* And yet this is the work of which competent critics have said that it is the most to be relied on, of the few readable histories of Ireland that exist, while in point of style, grace and beauty of diction, it is infinitely superior to several histories which are considered authentic, but which none but the most determined student would undertake to read. Mr. McGee seldom wrote verses. But when he did, his poetry like his prose, was devoted to the cause of truth. How true in feeling and in sentiment are not his lines on Tasso's tomb! How nobly was he not inspired by the sight of Christian and classic Rome! Who amongst us, can ever forget his intensely pathetic, most moving and truly pious stanzas to the memory of his friend of Montreal, the late Mr. Devaney? Poet, historian, essayist, statesman! Who ever became eminent, and so greatly eminent, in so many ways? Well may Canadians mourn. *Quando ullum invenient parem?* His extraordinary intellectual powers were accompanied and graced by no less benevolence and amiability of character. Who ever sought his aid and was denied it? Who among the lowly and the poor, that does not now raise his voice to Heaven in prayer for his eternal peace? What benevolent charitable association, throughout the land, that does not plead in his behalf the promise of the Lord to those who comfort him in the persons of his afflicted servants?

"I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; &c". "Amen. I say to you as long you did such things to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."—*Matt.* 25: 35, 40

Not only did Mr. McGee contribute largely towards raising up a national literature in this new nation, which his patriotic efforts had so powerfully aided in building up, he studied also to encourage and foster literary efforts on the part of others. It was not necessary in order to gain his



favor and win his words of approval, that the aspirant to literary honors should share his political or religious views. He knew neither sect nor party in the field of letters. Sound thought, pure, generous and noble sentiments, together with the truth of feeling, were his only tests. Where these existed, he hesitated not to judge every writer according to his merits. Nor was he a rigid critic. It was his aim and policy,—a policy which flowed from his inherent goodness, not less than from his zeal in the cause of literature, to encourage by commendation any dawning of authorship, rather than to correct and instruct by the strict truth of criticism. More matured works, he knew, would come with maturer years. The expanding buds of talent required only to be carefully tended. And who more considerate than D'Arcy McGee in his care for such precious germs? When he rose to a high position in the State, he was, it is far from being too much to say it, the *Mecænas* of his time and country. If it had pleased Divine Providence to preserve him a few years longer from the savage hands of hidden enemies, we might have indulged the pleasing hope of beholding in our own day, in these United Provinces, an epoch not less renowned in letters than the augustan age of Rome, or an era like to that of Leo X. in modern Italy, or to the reign of Louis XIV—the classic age of France, or to our own brightest days of literary fame—the Shakspearean, Miltonian, Addisonian, and Johnsonian epochs. But, alas! how vain are all human hopes; how are the mighty fallen! Cities of Canada that have witnessed such a deed, lament and weep—weep until your tears have washed from your polluted land, so foul a stain. May never the rain of Heaven, nor its freshening dews descend upon you more, till your iniquity be blotted out! \* And let the children of green Erin weep! Their friend, their stay, their David is no more! Their voice, together with his eloquent speech, is for ever silenced in these lands. Who will ever respect them? Who will ever heed them any more? Their enemies will say that they are men of strife, of violence and blood. In vain shall a friendly voice,

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\* King David lamenting the death of Saul and Jonathan said: "Ye mountains of Gelboe, let neither dew nor rain come down upon you, for there was cast away the shield of the valiant, the shield of Saul, &c." [1 KINGS I. 21.]

in days to come, be lifted in their cause. The awful handwriting which the murderer's hand has written upon our cities' walls, and which neither time nor the skill of man can ever obliterate, will cry out against them. No power can still this cry—no reasoning confute it. Ah! mourn, O people that were late so favored! Amid the general sorrow none have such cause to weep as you. Who ever was—who ever could have been—more your friend than him whose loss we deplore? No change of place, or time, or circumstances, could ever alter or diminish his affection for you. His love for Ireland only grew in intensity as he grew in years. Neither the fame which crowned his genius in the land of his adoption, nor the honors that were heaped upon him in the State and by the people, ever lessened his zeal for her welfare. Neither his varied literary occupations, nor his multifarious duties in the Parliament and counsels of Canada made him forget, even for one moment, his loved Erin, or cease from laboring to promote her interests. On the occasion of both his visits to Europe, as a Canadian statesman, and in the furtherance of the affairs of the important Dominion of Canada, he failed not to urge earnestly on the attention of the most eminent British statesmen of the two great parties, the necessity of reform in Ireland. When surrounded on St. Patrick's day by the great men of the land, who assembled for no other purpose than to pay the well won tribute of honor to his great talents and public services, far from being elated by so great a triumph, for his modesty was ever equal to his merits, he declared emphatically in the midst of that illustrious assembly, that he thanked them more than for the great honor which their presence conferred upon him personally, for the opportunity afforded him of causing his views in regard to Ireland, to be wafted over the Atlantic, and communicated to the statesmen of Great Britain, in a way which, he hoped, would produce a salutary impression on their minds for the good and the happiness of his dear native land.

"I shall not," he said, "presume, Mr. Mayor, because I am your chief guest, to monopolize the evening; I will only say farther on the subject of Ireland, that I claim the right to love and serve her, and her sons in Canada, in my own way, which is not by either approval or connivance with enterprises my reason condemns as futile in their concep-

tion, and my heart rejects as criminal in their consequences. (Loud cheers). Before I close, Mr. Mayor, permit me to add one thing more: speaking from this place—the capital of British America—in this presence—before so many of the most honored public men of British America—let me venture again to say, in the name of British America, to the statesmen of Great Britain—‘settle for our sakes and your own; for the sake of international peace, settle promptly and generously the social and ecclesiastical condition of Ireland, on terms to satisfy the majority of the people to be governed. Every one feels that while England lifts her white cliffs above the waves, she never can suffer a rival Government—a hostile Government—to be set up on the other side of her: whatever the aspirations for Irish autonomy, the Union is an inexorable political necessity, as inexorable for England as for Ireland; but there is one miraculous agency which has yet to be fully and fairly tried out in Ireland; brute force has failed, proselytism has failed, anglicisation has failed; try if only as a novelty, try patiently, thoroughly, statesmen of the Empire! the miraculous agency of equal and exact justice, for one or two generations.’ (Loud cheers). Gentlemen and Mr. Mayor, I again thank you for the three-fold gratification you have afforded me this evening; for your great and undeserved compliment to myself personally; for being allowed to unite with you in this way in a union banquet of Irish Canadians in the capital of Canada; and lastly, for the opportunity you have afforded me of saying a word in season, on behalf of that ancient and illustrious Island, the mere mention of which, especially on the 17th March, warms the heart of every Irishman, in whatever longitude the day may dawn, or the stars look down upon his political destinies, or his private enjoyments.” (Loud cheers).

On the day before that which fiendish malice resolved should be his last in this world, he wrote at length to a member of the British Government, the Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, not so much in order to thank that nobleman for the well deserved eulogium which he had pronounced upon him in Parliament, as to represent to him how necessary it was that the work of Reform, and of thorough Reform, should be energetically proceeded with in Ireland. If a powerful section of the great Conservative party are now

prepared to consider favorably Ireland's rights, if the Reformers of the Empire now as one man are engaged, heart and hand, in forwarding the essential work of Irish Reform, who knows to what extent, all this is due to the earnest and unceasing representations and remonstrances of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee? O, that I could say that no Irishman had a hand in his untimely fate! \*


In whatever light we consider him, the Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee was no common man, but *errare humanum est*; was he, in every respect, above the condition of our common humanity? was he all excellence—all perfection? To say that he was above all human weakness, would surely be exaggeration; but he was more. He rose superior to such weakness. He did what few men do. He won a victory which few aspire to. He realized the grand idea of the pre-christian sages—the sublime teaching of the christian faith—he conquered himself. If he heard this eulogium, the truest, the greatest that can be pronounced upon him, he would disclaim the honor of a conquest more glorious to him than all the laurels he ever gathered in the wide and varied field of literature, or in that arena which only few can strive in, the more exalted sphere of statesmanship; he would have said, like him of the giant mind, who was so intensely human, and yet so far beyond humanity, “*by the grace of God I am what I am.*” (I. Cor.: 15, 10.) He was not indeed called to the same apostleship as Paul. But his was nevertheless, a great apostleship. It was the apostleship of Peace. And he was not unworthy of it. He who called him to so great a mission, blessed him with success; and an united people, may we hope, will long enjoy its happy fruits. His work whilst it follows him beyond the grave, (*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.* From henceforth now, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; *for their works follow them.* [Apoc.: 14; 13.]

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\* “And by whom has this tremendous deed been perpetrated? Was it by wild Indians?—a savage, a Cherokee, a Blackfoot, a Hottentot, or a New Zealander? Was it by an Orangeman—English, Scotch, American, or Canadian? Was it by a Bengal tiger, a hyena, or a demon in human form? But, Oh, God! to think that this Prince of Irishmen, for mere blood money, for private vengeance, would have been trailed for months, and struck down by the miscreant blood red hand of one of his own countrymen, is perfectly overwhelming.”—*Archbishop of Halifax.*

yet remains behind him. The memory of his martyr-fate will impress it deeper and deeper every day, for ages to come, on the minds of his fellow-countrymen, and unborn generations will not only point to him as an example of virtue and fortitude, but also as the preacher of peace and the regenerator of his country. Nor was D'Arcy McGee a mere philanthropist. The teaching of the Church Catholic found an echo in his expanded mind. The principles of Christianity which he had imbibed in earliest youth, were the principles of his maturer manhood. What he learned and followed in the simplicity and innocence of childhood, he accepted in after years, as the guide of his powerful and highly developed intellect. His was a profound, but not a blind belief. He was highly gifted with divine faith, as with many and extraordinary mental endowments. His enlightened reason beheld in this faith a greater light than its own, and he honored it with the most humble and devoted obedience,—obedience which was reasonable, but complete; thus realizing the sublime, and truly philosophic doctrine of St. Paul: "*rationabile obsequium vestrum.*" (Rom.: 12; 1). What he believed he feared not to profess; and many will bless his memory for the loving pains which he bestowed in proving to them, expounding and impressing upon their minds, those all important doctrines which were a stay and a joy to himself. Nor did he fail to practice what both in private conversation and on all fitting public occasions, he so often and so eloquently preached. What could have been more edifying than his most regular and devout attendance at public worship? What more affecting—what more cheering to every christian mind, than his child-like attention to the preaching of the word of God? But he was also a most pious communicant, fulfilling with filial affection, all the spiritual duties which the Church imposes on her children. It was fitting, but not to be wondered at, that when the hour of visitation came, such a man should be found at his post. If to love God and to serve him be one and the same thing; surely his is now the lot of those to whom all things happen opportunely and concur for their good, because they love God. "*Diligentibus Deum omnia co-operantur in bonum,*" (Rom. 8, 28). On the day before that on which he was so suddenly, but surely not unpreparedly called away, he was engaged directly in the service of God on the Lord's own Day and

in His holy place. Later, until the last moment, he was actively employed in doing the will of God—serving his neighbor—laboring to advance the cause of peace and friendly feeling amongst his fellow-men. “*Well done thou good and faithful servant.*” Such are our thoughts regarding him whose loss we mourn. We can only add our earnest wish and fervent prayer for his eternal happiness. *Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine !*



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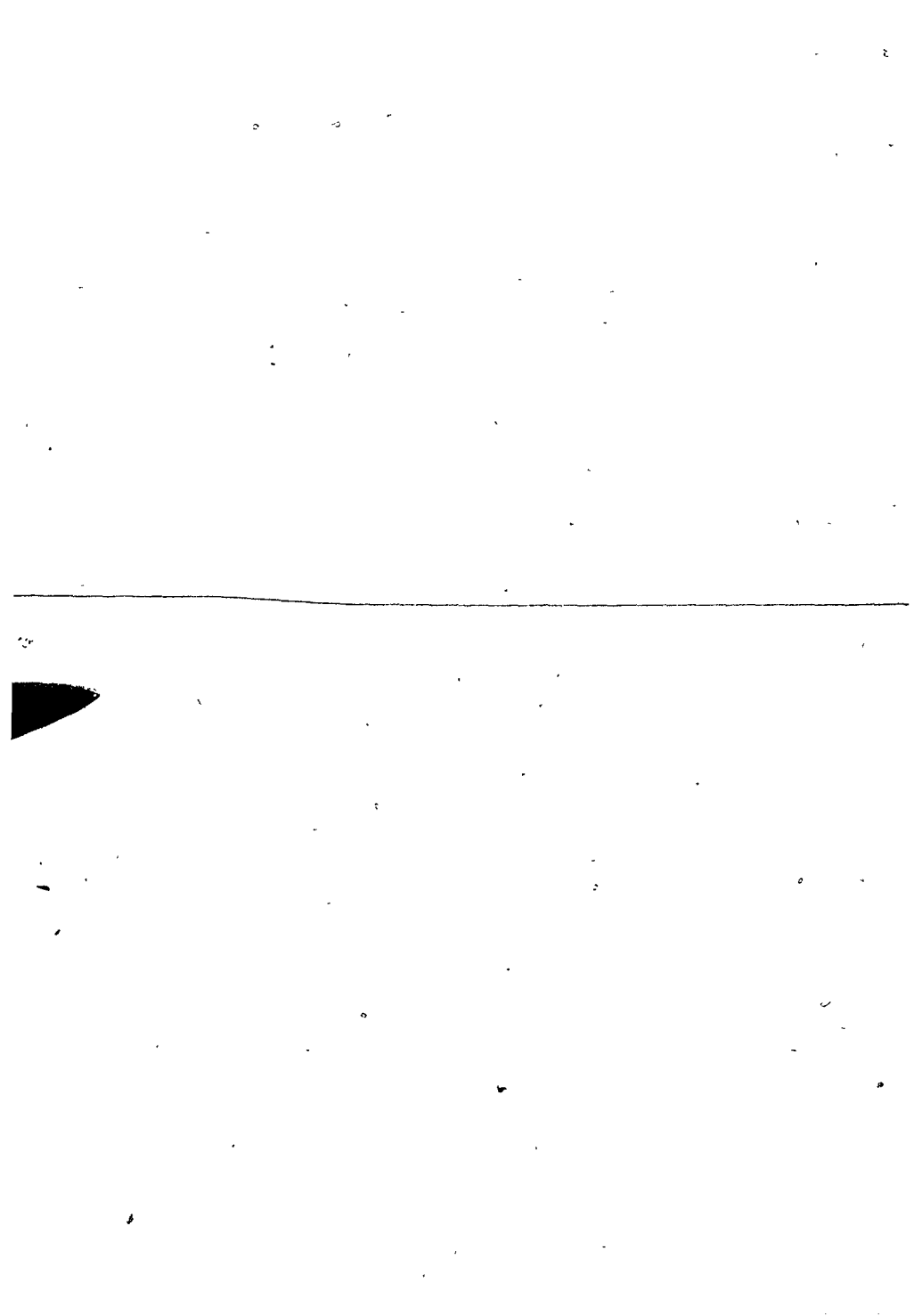


# DOMINION DAY

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AND

OTHER POEMS.





# DOMINION DAY,

COMPOSED FOR THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL HELD THROUGHOUT CANADA, IN HONOR  
OF THE AUSPICIOUS UNION OF THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES,  
ON THE 1ST JULY, 1867.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

The Genius of Canada mourning in her solitary haunts on the banks of the Ottawa. Consolation is offered to her. A Council of Chiefs is called from which the greatest results are anticipated. But, evil passions interfere:—factions and parties arise. The white man comes. The wigwams of the aborigenes are seen near his dwellings. This picture of Peace comforts the Guardian Spirit. She experiences still greater joy on beholding the prosperity of the country, the harmony of its races and its more recent developments.

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O saddest lot!  
In lonely grot.  
Bound by unholy spell,  
Cheerless ever to dwell!

Thou mournest, hapless Sprite,  
Wrapped in thy misty pall:  
Nought can thy soul delight,  
Lone by the melancholy waterfall.

The pines around,  
The weeping skies,  
The dull cold swampy ground  
And caverns dark e'er greet thine eyes;  
The moaning wind and hissing wave,  
Of Spectres dread the hollow groans

That echo as o'er Nature's grave,  
 Of Goblins fell the dismal tones,  
 The whirling demon-pool that yawns,\*  
 Aye thirsting, panting for its prey,—  
 That Stygian tide o'er which ne'er dawns  
 The cheering light of rising day;—  
 What awful sounds thine ears assail,  
 O Genius of the forest land!  
 No marvel if thy solemn wail  
 Thine Ottawa's echoes all command!

Yet, cheer thee, solitary Sprite!  
 An aged Chief, in Council sage,  
 Thine eyes shall see. Ere dawning light,  
 Each warrior shall his care engage,  
 O'er hardiest braves that long has borne,  
 In forests wild, unquestioned sway,  
 From Manitoulin's woods unshorn,—  
 To billows of the "salt-lake" spray.

Ah! hope not that the weary Sprite  
 "In sagest counsel shall delight.  
 Lo! promptly, round the chieftain strong,  
 Crowd counsellors,—a motley throng;  
 Each passion, o'er his dauntless soul,  
 Claims for itself unique control.  
 First Envy seeks her Empire to secure:  
 "Divide and rule" have sages said,  
 This maxim Envy plies—her task is sure,  
 Dissension o'er the wigwam's spread.

Ambition next her towering head uprears  
 Mad faction tears the grave divan;  
 Considerate counsel there no more appears,  
 Each growling party for its man.

In anger frowns the Chief. From blood-shot eyes  
 Fierce lightnings dart—the throug recoils—  
 But, wrathful soon, its anger's torrents rise,  
 The Council all with fury boils.

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\* A fearful whirlpool not far from the Chaudière falls, not inappropriately denominated the "Devil's Hole," into which a considerable portion of the waters of the Ottawa, are seen to rush without any visible outlet.

"Revenge! revenge!" the haughty Chieftains cry,  
 "Revenge" above the torrent's roar  
 They louder yell;—'tis watchword and reply;  
 "Revenge! revenge!" o'er Ottawa's shore!

O! Peri Sprite, can nought the tempest still?  
 Bid music's sound  
 Aloud resound!  
 It conquered Saul,  
 And soothed his soul,  
 When flew the dart,  
 In fury to the Shepherd's heart.

Soft pity to infuse,  
 Invoke the tuneful Muse.  
 The Persian victor owned its power,  
 To sorrow moved, his fury o'er,  
 Stern fortune's fitful mood he mourned,  
 His burning rage to sighs he turned,  
 And grieving o'er man's ills below  
 The gushing tears began to flow.

Sing Peri, sing  
 Sweet peace and hope and mercy's power.  
 Bid forests ring,  
 And o'er the boiling wave,  
 Diffuse the soothing strain,  
 The song of hope shall save,  
 When powerless all beside  
 To stem wild passion's tide.

O for Timotheus' strain!  
 Or thine,  
 Cecilia Divine!  
 In holiest rapture's vein,  
 In harmony sublime,  
 Let both combine,  
 The spheres conjoin,  
 As echo to the cascade's chime  
 Thy tones, Divinest maid,  
 That "drew an angel down!"  
 Or thine, upon the sounding lyre that made

Those master lays that mortals bore  
 In ecstasy to Heaven!  
 In songs all new be given  
 On hill and plain,  
 Hope's cheering strain!

Lo! in ecstatic measures,  
 Tells she of promised pleasures!

Touched by her magic hand, the chords resound,  
 Louder and louder still she pours along  
 Her sweetest notes;—the caverns echo round,  
 The charmed Dryads warble to the song,  
 Earth's loveliest scenes the entrancing music hail,  
 And vocal are the woods, the hills, the vale.

Now as her softest, holiest themes she chose,  
 Were heard responsive murm'ring at each close,  
 Celestial voices round the listening shore;

"Let joy prevail! Be hate and war no more!"  
 The choral Naiads sang. The Red Man smiled,  
 His soul with pleasure thrilled, and he threw down  
 His gory tomahawk! No more defiled  
 Shall be his hand to seek in blood his victor crown.

Seeks choice delight  
 A traveller wight,  
 From distant clime  
 Earnest he roams  
 Charmed with the chime  
 Of the rushing tide that foams  
 Through varied scenes and new.  
 By Ottawa's shelving shore,  
 Bursts on his gladdened view,  
 Men's happiest homes before,  
 The wigwam's curling smoke,  
 What rapture to his soul the scene!  
 Is this the conquered Red Man's yoke?  
 Free as the winds to roam through forests green.

'Tis even so—and thus 'twill ever be  
 So long as o'er the heaving ocean's wave  
 Britannia's flag shall bravely float and free.

The favored Indian prays, "Our MOTHER save,"  
 Neath his roof of the sweetest summer leaves,  
 With a heart as leal as the bravest chief  
 That ever bore a Briton's sword; nor grieves  
 O'er his altered state; aye light as the leaf  
 His bounding step, as he fearlessly roams  
 In his native woods, 'mid the white men's homes.

Well may thy Genius, Canada, rejoice,  
 Peace like to thine ne'er yet to men was known.  
 Still flows thy fortune's tide, thy noblest choice  
 Fair Freedom still; nor Freedom's gift alone.  
 Fired not by lust of conquest—pride of power,  
 Thy people bold with philanthropic will,  
 Their enterprise extend the world out o'er,  
 Right glad to mitigate the sum of ill.  
 The nations meet thee with an equal soul;  
 Their richest trade ships press around thy shores,  
 And far, beyond the raging main's control,  
 The wealth of worlds out-pour in boundless stores.

"O happiest lot!" the exultant Peri cries,  
 "Lo! more than e'er I dreamed I now behold!  
 "O! blest the most of all beneath the skies!  
 "Peace, Freedom yours, and Happiness untold!  
 "O! to the latest age of changeful time  
 "May gracious Heaven this era bright prolong!"  
 So prays the Red Man too, unstained by crime;  
 Ardent he prays, and thankful pours the song;

"Such tranquil days Gods only can bestow;  
 "Thanks ever to the Christian's MANITOU!  
 "Benign VICTORIA'S Rule dispels all fears;  
 "Be ours this happiness to latest years!  
 "The CONSTITUTION FREE our firmest stay;  
 "Late may 'OUR MOTHER GREAT' to realms of day  
 "Honored return! Above her Spirit flown,  
 "Be Freedom, Peace and Plenty still our own,  
 "Britannia's guardian mantle o'er us thrown!"

*Lines for October.*

## SOLITUDE.

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O solitude, thou pleasing, dreadful power !  
I court thee, yet fearful abhor thy spell.  
In my lone chamber here, at evening hour,  
The solemn thoughts I own, what muse shall tell ?  
'Tis stillness all. Nor voice of living man,  
Nor foot-fall in the silent drowsy town,  
Nor song of merry bird since night began,  
Nor buzzing insect's hum with summer gone,  
Nor breath of gentlest zephyr greets mine ear ;  
The music of the awful stars is mute,  
The autumnal moon ruling the fallen year,  
Wades through the stilly sky, as if to suit  
With melancholy face, the gen'ral gloom ;  
And now it seems to my affrighted mind,  
As if were near at hand the final doom,  
And I should hear the knell of humankind,  
Hark!—that sound ! list !—only some creaking door :  
No foot-step near,—no gladdening voice is heard ;  
Nought moves at all in the long corridor.  
Only a phantom noise have I fear'd,  
In thought at least I'll change the tiresome scene.  
And now upon imagination's wing  
Away I speed to lands where erst I've been,  
And crowded Cities shall some solace bring.  
I mingle with the unsympathizing throng ;  
No cheering voice accosts, nor welcome's smile.  
For dearest solitude once more I long  
This dullest time its musings shall beguile  
But ere the fancied pilgrimage be done,  
To climes remote where oft with men commune

Ancestral spirits, eager I alone  
 Hopeful repair, and anxious crave the boon  
 Of sweetest intercourse with hero minds—  
 —Departed spirits of the mighty dead,  
 Whose memory arrayed in glory binds  
 Our favored peaceful age with days long sped.  
 Nor vain my prayer. Descending from on high  
 They who in days of yore, on earth held sway,  
 And now are potent rulers in the sky,  
 A vision gave radiant as brightest day.  
 Varied their converse. Long I raptured heard  
 How they discoursed of Virtue's noblest mood  
 And graceful told how they in life prepared  
 For deeds of high emprise, the common good  
 By arts unselfish to secure, and strife  
 Valiant maintained with ev'ry hostile band  
 That desp'rate warred against their country's life;  
 How they in battle for their native land

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Had struggled oft, and oft by foes out-done,  
 Their toil renewed, and greatly struggling still,  
 Success achieved and glorious Freedom won,  
 The worthiest meed of their unswerving will.

I stood entranced, and would have tarried long,  
 Unconscious of the swiftly passing hours.  
 But ah! who e'er shall hope of mortal throng  
 Society to hold with heavenly Powers—  
 —With Gods to dwell? sufficeth it their mind  
 Favored to learn, their matchless glory see,  
 Then back to wonted haunts of humankind,  
 Striving mid strife all hero-like to be.

Now fades the glorious vision, and alone  
 I'm left upon the misty hills, elate  
 But yet disconsolate, the dying tone  
 Of Spirit voices 'twas my happy fate  
 To hear distinct, resounding in mine ear,  
 As veiled in clouds the venerable train  
 To airy halls returning, disappear.  
 To seek their awful presence more were vain.

To scenes of rural bliss I bend my way  
 The City's throng avoiding, fitting less  
 Than dulness self my labour to repay  
 With store of thought and social happiness.

There, each beloved pursuit be what it will,  
 No bustling crowd impedes. If social joys  
 Delight, these all your own, and you may still  
 Solitary muse, apart from noise  
 And the shrill stirring war of mingling words  
 That oft distract the meditative mind,  
 Now mirth exciting, now like clashing swords,  
 Plying the Sophist's art, as if combined  
 Were blessed Truth with falsehood's hydra forms  
 Mankind to vex, each fury to evoke  
 That mars men's peace, and the whole world deforms  
 As doomed to sink beneath some vengeful stroke.

What store of bliss the rural home affords!  
 None there need dread the over-crowded hall  
 Where oft, within, on creaking dusty boards,  
 Reel stifled revellers, and for their stall  
 Sigh jaded steeds, without, their own death knell  
 Coughing, as through the dark unwholesome night  
 Dull peers the cold gray dawn. Tell us what spell  
 Ye Genii, can mankind so delight

That converse sweet, that joys of sacred home  
 To lifeless pleasures such as these must yield!

How blest are they at early morn who roam  
 Joyful out o'er the dew-bespangled field,  
 Or by the limpid brook, buoyant with health,  
 Ply the light rod, coaxing the finny race,  
 To fragrant meads, of choicest rural wealth  
 The gladdening source, direct their eager pace,  
 Or vig'rous climb the rugged mountain side,  
 Or led by love of antiquary lore,  
 To far famed hoary ruins early ride,  
 Or if in sultry day, it please them more,  
 When sorely scorched by Sol's refulgent ray,  
 Their parched limbs in coolest waters lave.  
 Such aye the healthful joys along each bay  
 Lashed by Britannia's ever guarding wave.  
 Hark!—that sound!—sure 'tis the wild ocean's roar!  
 Sweeter than music were thy tones, great sea,  
 As they resounded by my native shore.  
 Still, as in days long gone, thou'rt dear to me.  
 To all thou'rt dear, thy ever changing wave  
 Who rashly tempt not. On thy swelling tide



Are borne men's richest trade ships, navies brave  
 And fleets exploring on thy waters glide.  
 Let none insult thee! On thy friendly breast  
 Hoping secure to rest, when daring, bold,  
 In craft unworthy, and of Heaven unblest,  
 Men venture, reckless, urged by thirst of gold;  
 Such presumptuous, in thine angry mood,  
 Thou wheldest 'neath thy storm tossed raging waves.  
 To all thou'rt kind, great sea, but most thy good  
 To Britain's Sons appears their flag that saves  
 And bears triumphant. Thou didst wed of old  
 And to thy gen'rous bosom fondly press  
 That famed Republic, now so basely sold  
 To craven churls, who vainly would express  
 Degenerate fools! the glories that were thine,  
 Proud Venice! when with Liberty arrayed,  
 Thou nobly satest throned in the silver brine,  
 And the sceptre of a vast Empire swayed.

But I mistake. That's not the Ocean's roar.  
 Harken attentive.—Still come soothing sounds  
 Borne, as on Zephyrs, from some distant shore.  
 The Cataract in the still night resounds.  
 Roll on, thou foaming Ottawa! ever roll!  
 How many thousand years have silent flowed  
 Since thou in forests where no human soul  
 Had learned to dwell, hast ceaseless murm'ring glowed,  
 Sweet is the music of thy boiling wave;  
 Sweet to the woodsman as adown the stream  
 Homeward he hies; sweet to the Patriot brave  
 Of dangers past and battles won, who dream;  
 Sweet to the traveller from distant clime  
 Who hears thee and is glad. Sweet more to me  
 In solitary hour, thy Cauldron's Chime  
 When voice nor sound beside lends harmony.  
 And thou wilt still be sweet, when all around,  
 On rockiest bank and hills o'ergrown with pine,  
 Millions shall dwell, and on thy forest ground  
 Cities shall rise,—science with art combine  
 Athwart thy Lakes rich Argosies to drive  
 With treasure fraught, richest of Eastern clime.  
 And they beyond the Atlantic wave who live  
 Thy stream shall seek,—in brightest march of time,

Ocean to Ocean wed\* and Cities vast  
 With Cities greater still, by commerce join,  
 And man to Brother man unite at last  
 By ties more strong than boasted kindred's line.  
 Another sound!—the clock!—the witching time is o'er;  
 Nor fiend nor fairy now one soul can touch,  
 Nor wakeful, dreaming Fancy's torturing Power.  
 The clock strikes twelve. I'll to my lonely couch.  
 And yet not lonely all. My solitude.  
 No loneliness doth own. And more are mine  
 Society and true beatitude  
 Than theirs, who, scorning, would my lot decline.  
 The Phantom time is gone. I lay me down,  
 In him confiding, who could lull to sleep  
 His Patriarch Servant in the desert lone.  
 I'll rest: Me too will guardian Cherubs keep.

Ottawa, October, 1866.

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\* It is believed that when the Union of the British North American Provinces is effected, a Ship Canal will be made along the course of the Ottawa, &c., establishing communication by Lake Nipissingue and the Georgian Bay, with Lake Huron, Lake Superior and the navigable waters of the North-west territory as far as the Rocky Mountains, through the passes of which, as eminent travellers have shewn, access can easily be had to the Pacific Ocean.

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## ROYALTY AT OTTAWA.

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"His Excellency, Viscount Monck, made his public entry yesterday into the Capital of Canada.

*Ottawa Times, May 3rd 1866.*

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In Europe's Sun delight no more alone,  
Mysterious Fate! Thy brightest page unfold!  
Snatched from the darkest night of ages gone,  
'Neath western skies, let glories new be told.  
Unfathomable power! with human state,  
Thy sport and pastime. Now in gayest mood,  
Upliftest Thou the lowly—dost create  
Things great—colossal. Empires that withstood  
The shock of time, long 'neath thy plastic hand,  
Disported glad, in heyday of their fame.  
Frowns thine awful brow,—smites thy scourging wand,  
Rome, Greece and Babylon are but a name.

At thy command, up sprung Marengo's Chief.  
Borne on thy fostering gale, his fortune's tide  
Past glories all outshone,—surpassed belief;  
Yet could he not thy withering scowl abide.  
His prosp'rous day, that dawned so glorious bright,  
'Mid thickening clouds, its wondrous glory paled,  
His morn of splendour closed in dismal night,  
And earth's Conqueror a lost world bewailed!

*The American War.* { Thine awful book, dire Fate! unrolled anew;  
Sends fiercest warriors to the gory field.  
Unchecked, would they fair earth with ruin strew.  
Thy frown forbids.—To braver men they yield.

*The Indian Mutiny.* Stirred from thy Cauldron's depths, O Cruel Fate,  
 Its blood-stained banner foul rebellion spreads.  
 The Tartar reigns, with new-born pride elate  
 Holds Delhi's towers, and boastful conqu'ring treads  
 O'er India's plains. But vain his fiendish play:  
 Not his to rule. A destiny more grand  
 Hath Fate in store. In glory of noon-day  
 VICTORIA'S Sceptre guides the Hindoo land.

In days long gone, thy power, accursed Fate!  
 This cherished soil o'er-spread. Dark strife prevailed,  
 And jarring party vexed the troubled state.  
 Each faithful Son thy hapless lot bewailed.  
 The rolls of Fate unveil an epoch new.  
 Lo! Concord reigns! thy Children, loving band,  
 Around thy colors press, to honor true;  
Thy foes recoil nor dare invade thy land.

Nation of "bon accord"! Union thy word.  
 No petty Kings, no separate States be thine!  
 United, ever shall Britannia's sword  
 Before Thee glow, Heaven with thy Fate combine  
 Thy greatness to extend. Thy lot, meanwhile,  
 Beyond all people's blest! guarded thy shore  
 By Fleets invincible, from Britain's Isle  
 That willing sail. Thine ever growing store;  
 Thine infant power, its influence benign  
 O'er Continents and Isles, e'en now, that yields;  
 And lo! a priceless treasure, truly thine,—  
 —The valour of Thy Sons, thy land that shields;—  
 —All—with the favoring gales of Fate conspire,  
 From elements diverse, a prosperous State  
 Glorious to raise. Sweetest Peace inspire  
 Thy Counsels ever, and shall happy date  
 Ages of glory from this brightest day  
 That yet hath dawned o'er all Columbia's Land.  
 Lustrous this epoch more than Victor's bay.  
 Its praise shall speak our Children, as they stand  
 On Ottawa's favored shore, and raptured view  
 Those gorgeous Palaces and stately Towers,  
 Where BRITAIN'S ROYALTY, so loving, true,  
 Bids constant dwell our LEGISLATIVE POWERS.

THE VOLUNTEERS WHO FELL AT THE  
BATTLE OF RIDGEWAY,


JUNE 2ND, 1866.

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Fallen are the brave in youth's bright years,  
Sisters and Mothers, ye weep o'er their grave,  
A Nation bedews it with tears.  
O'er heroes their life-blood nobly who gave  
That Conntry and Freedom might live,  
Deeply sorrows each Patriot heart.  
Now grieve ye!—time soothing will give  
Meeds brighter than tears, highest fame,  
Wreaths deathless unfading impart,  
And glory encircle their name!

Sleep heroes! sleep! your warfare o'er.  
O ne'er o'er your warrior grave,  
By the grand Ontario shore,  
Shall the lone drooping willow wave!

Strew flowers! ye people all combine,  
From distant Hudson's frozen zone  
To Isles remote in Ocean's brine,  
With brightest hero-bays alone,  
The hallowed spot worthy to deck,  
Where first was, willing, bravely poured,  
The Patriot blood, your foes could check,  
When dark and om'nous war clouds lowered.

Cor'nach nor Ullalula raise,   
 Nor Pibroch's solemn tones resound.  
 From age to age shall speak their praise  
 Your free-born happiest Sons, around  
 These favored shores, from bondage foul  
 Redeemed, and threatened chains, that long  
 Would manacled have held each soul,  
 To Freedom born and hale of wrong.

Long as beneath the Summer's glow,  
 Shall heave Ontario's bosom broad,  
 And mock the dismal winter's snow ; \*  
 Long as shall pour its mighty load  
 Of waters vast, great Erie's flood,  
 By foaming Cataracts to join  
 Ontario's wave, this hero-blood  
 With glorious Victor-bays shall twine.

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\* The waters of Lake Ontario never freeze.

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# A DAY IN JULY AT OTTAWA, 1863.

HORACE : ODE II, LIB. I.

*Jam satis torris nivis at que dira  
Grandinis misit Pater, et rubente  
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces,—  
Terruit urbem ; &c, &c.*

O, sure, Olympian Jove, 'tis time thou'dst done  
Hurling o'er earth and sea thy flaming darts,  
Us mortals of to-day for crimes by-gone  
So cruel scourging, and our timid hearts  
With dread inspiring lest should come anew  
The woes of other days,—the Pyrrhan age  
When Proteus' finny tribes to dry land flew,  
And, O, sad fruit of thy celestial rage,  
The trembling fawn high on the mountain side,  
Aloft o'er gathering waves, astonished borne,  
Swam, panting, hopeless, 'mid the whelming tide,  
Vain these fears; mightier than Jove hath sworn  
Such all-sweeping sudden inundations,  
Despite the once great thunderer's vengeful power,  
Never more shall overthrow earth's nations.  
Of lesser ills who knows what poisoned store  
Our sinning time awaits? lo! dismal lowers  
The northern plague cloud—Crime-dyed Russia sends  
Not Cossack hordes against our peaceful bowers;  
Her trampling war steeds for more easy ends,  
But not less guilty deeds, cautious she guards,  
Her tyrant rule to spread, and freedom's ray  
Ruthless to quench, whilst hapless Poland's bards  
The bitter wail prolong, all hope away.

No war she dares. Pest-bearing fœtid gales  
 Ooze from her swamps ; her arid steppes pour forth  
 Withering simooms, and all the crushing bales  
 Mankind that vex, rush o'er the fated north.  
 Intestine strife its gory banner spreads,  
 Reluctant still to sheath its reeking sword ;  
 New direful raids our infant nation dreads :  
 Rash scribes the strife maintain ;—fell war their word.  
 With thirst of gold fierce burns each narrow mind,  
 Vile pelf the idol, grovelling souls adore ;  
 All means to us alike ; perish mankind !  
 We ceaseless cry, if only swell our store.  
 With daring hand earth's depths we bold explore,  
 The accursed thirst to quench, and deadlier still  
 Our fellow-men down-tread, as if no more  
 Were brotherhood below. Such height of ill  
 Just Heaven beholds. We marvel at its blows  
 And ask why fall its thunderbolts so fast,  
 Now here, now there ! where next, no mortal knows ;  
 But late it smote,—a nation stood aghast !\*  
 More daring still, we Heaven itself assail, (1)  
 No bounds our folly knows ; we n'er can say, 'tis done  
 Cease now the chast'ning thunder to prevail,  
 Great Heaven at length, be merciful alone.  
 Propitiation first, and then will smile  
 Indignant Heaven propitious.—Its favour,  
 Even now, willing would it extend, the while  
 Our crimes we flaunt, and in behaviour,  
 Our impious Sires outdo,—(2) a fouler race  
 Hastening ourselves to leave, the fitting heirs  
 Of each paternal vice, our emptied place  
 To fill too worthy, all the evils theirs,  
 That please by turns, and punish erring man,  
 Just Heaven, meanwhile, its friendly warning gives ;—  
 The plague spot in the distant sky we scan ;  
 Rumour of war a wasting war outlives ;  
 Our social state a source of evil shows ;  
 The thunderer with flaming red right hand,  
 (And when his awful wrath will end, none knows,)  
 Strange terror spreads out o'er the astonished land.

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\* An allusion to the untimely death of President Lincoln.



A panic Fenian, now the wide spread tale,  
 Lo ! now, but not quite yet, the people's dread  
 The plague from Cronstadt ;—some hideous bale  
 Of foreign war. Not so. We'el have instead,  
 Thy fate so sad, Glencoe, when base was poured  
 Nocturnal, on the hearth of kindly men,  
 By cruel trait'rous guest, whilst om'nous lowered  
 The winter cloud, the best blood of thy glen.  
 Nought quite so terrible, it would appear ;  
 Merely some small scale Darien affair  
 The only menace was, this hopeful year ;  
 And not quite this ; but something made us stare.  
 Just like that oft told tale of Jack and Gill,  
 Or him of France and his ten thousand men  
 Who, long ago, we're told, marched up a hill ;  
 This deed of glory once achieved, what then ?  
 Why, to be sure, the King marched down again,

McJAN.

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(1)—“Heaven itself assail”  
*Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia*  
*Neque iracunda Jovem sinimus*  
*Ponere fulmina.*

(2) *Ætas parentum peior avis tulit*  
*Nos nequiores, mox daturos*  
*Progeniem vitiosorem.*

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# VISION OF BURNS AT LINCLUDEN.

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WRITTEN, AND RATHER HURRIEDLY, ON THE OCCASION OF A ST. ANDREW'S  
DAY CELEBRATION AT OTTAWA.

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## PART I.

Lone, by Lincluden's roofless tower,  
Stood musing, Scotia's honored Bard.  
Still was the air ;—'twas midnight hour ;—  
Nor in the stillness aught was heard  
Save doleful Clouden's murmuring sound,  
As rushing through its hazel shade,  
It glided o'er the hallowed ground,  
And by the ruined wall outspread  
Its widening stream, ere onward borne  
To Nith's fair tide, 'twas lost to sight :  
It seemed as nature all to mourn  
Were doomed. Here through the solemn night,  
In ivied bower, the dismal owl  
His sorrow poured, and on the hill,  
The fox's melancholy howl  
Gave bodings sad of darkest ill.  
All silent shone each lonely Star  
Through broken arch and shattered aisle,  
And wide o'er fields and woods afar  
The moon gaunt shadows cast the while ;  
The North wind rushing cold and shrill  
O'er tower and stream, was heard to moan,  
The Borean Aurora chill  
With doubtful flickering lustre shone.

Dear to the pensive Bard the scene.  
 Now pained, now in ecstatic mood,  
 Back to the days that erst had been,  
 Whilst honored was Lincluden's rood,  
 In thought he roamed, enraptured saw  
 Bright visions of the days of yore ;  
 Blest days ! when Scotia's Lion strong  
 Her envied Freedom faithful bore,  
 And victory was enshrined in song !  
 Upstood the Nimrod of the North  
 The mighty Parent of her King's ;  
 Came Victor Kenneth awful forth,  
 And Bards, that spoke of glorious things,  
 Full joyous raised the choral strain.  
 Loud, jubilant and long their praise  
 Of Royal Margaret's prosp'rous reign,  
 And good King Duncan slain so base,  
 And Statesmen-Kings,—a noble line—  
 Of Dalriad and Saxon race,  
 All ancient fame that could outshine,  
 Time's brightest epoch fit to grace.  
 But hark ! What woful sound assails  
 The Poet's ear ? In solemn tone  
 A venerable train bewails  
 Some dear one lost. Nor they alone.  
 But sages hoar and heroes old  
 In sorrow crowd the broken aisle.  
 Their words of anguish soon are told,  
 And Patriot tears the ruined pile  
 In floods bedew ! And can it be ?  
 The mightiest fallen ! Thy Wallace gone !  
 Oh ! Scotia, thy Liberty—  
 So hardly won, so long thine own,  
 Powerless, alas !—thine arm to save,  
 Lies vanquished in its gory grave !  
 No marvel if the Bard o'ercome,  
 In terror swooned. But such the power  
 That lingered by the hallowed dome,  
 A moment, and he felt no more,  
 The crushing weight upon his mind,  
 But quickly starting from the ground,  
 He anxious looked in hope to find,

Even yet, the Holy Fane around,  
 The awful vision sad but bright,  
 Which he could still, though late out-done,  
 Contemplate with intense delight.  
 The scene was changed. Now sorrow's tone  
 Was heard no more. A sight all new  
 Saw Clouden's stream. The Bard alone,  
 This vision bright could fearless view.  
 What rapture his, when plain and tower  
 From Solway to the polar wave,  
 Once more the rampant Lion bore !  
 And holy Priest and warrior brave  
 With hope elate, thus solemn vowed !  
 " Nor lands nor life itself we'll prize,  
 Nor be a moment's rest allowed,  
 Nor danger shunned, till glorious rise  
 Our Freedom's Sun. Disloyal he  
 A traitor and his country's shame,  
 Who will not to this pledge agree,  
 And earnest battle for her fame."  
 Now Scotia's stalwart sons are seen  
 In warlike march o'er hill and field,  
 As brave as they of yore had been ;  
 The Bruce's banner floats aloft ;  
 In serried column round it throng,  
 They who of old, with Wallace oft  
 'Gainst Southron foes in battle strong,  
 The brightest victor-wreaths had won ;  
 The men of Lanark brave and true ;  
 Of Ettrick wild each hardy son ;  
 And Teviotdale so fair to view,  
 Her faithful bands in firm array,  
 Around the patriot Lion gave ;  
 Roused Scotia all, from Whitehorn bay  
 To lands remote, where Ocean's wave  
 Among her thousand isles resounds,  
 The best and bravest of her youth  
 From sweetest vale and rockiest bounds,  
 Straight Marshals 'gainst the usurping South.  
 Appeared the mitred Abbot now ;  
 His reverend figure lean and tall  
 The host o'ertopped ; upon his brow

The lines of care. The warriors all  
 He blessed ; but most, his awful word  
 Out-poured to Scotia's Sovereign Lord :  
 " De Bruce ! I rose with purpose dread  
 To speak my curse upon thy head,  
 And give thee as an outcast o'er  
 To him who burns to shed thy gore ;—  
 But like the Midianite of old,  
 Who stood on Tophim Heaven controlled,  
 I feel within mine aged breast,  
 A power that will not be repressed,  
 It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,  
 It burns, it maddens, it constrains !—  
 De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow  
 Hath at God's altar slain thy foe ;  
 O'er mastered yet by high behest,  
 I bless thee and thou shalt be bless'd !  
 Bless'd in the hall and in the field,  
 Under the mantle as the shield.  
 Avenger of thy country's shame,  
 Restorer of her injured name,  
 Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword,  
 Be Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful Lord,  
 Bless'd in thy deed and in thy fame,  
 What lengthened honors wait thy name !  
 In distant ages, sire to son  
 Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,  
 And teach his infants, in the use  
 Of earliest speech, to falter 'BRUCE.'  
 Go, then, triumphant, sweep along  
 Thy course, the theme of many a song !  
 The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,  
 Hath bless'd Thee, and thou shalt be blessed ! " \*  
 And now with patriot ardour fired  
 Thus Bruce, as if by Heaven inspired :  
 " O Scotland, shall it e'er be mine  
 To wreak thy wrongs in battle line,  
 To raise my victor head, and see  
 Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free,—  
 That glance of bliss is all I crave,

Betwixt my labours and 'my grave !"  
 Lo ! Northward roll the Southern powers  
 And far is seen their strong array  
 'Neath classic stirling's leaguered towers.  
 Who shall this tide of battle stay ?  
 " O Heaven ! when swords for freedom shine,  
 And Monarch's right, the cause is thine !  
 Edge doubly every patriot blow !  
 Beat down the banners of the foe !  
 And be it to the nations known,  
 That victory is from God alone !"  
 Knelt then each warrior in the sod  
 And urged his prayer to Battle's God.  
 Up sprang the Bruce : " My Scotsmen true,  
 Fair Scotland now confides to you,  
 Her liberty and hard won Fame ;  
 Strike for your own, your Nation's name !"  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Impatient wait in war's array,  
 That small but chosen patriot band,  
 Each hero burning for the fray :  
 Archers bold of the border land ;  
 Men of fairest Teviotdale ;  
 Ettrick's and Liddell's chosen few ;  
 They of Nith's and Annan's vale,  
 Right skilful famed to bend the yew.  
 The Douglas these, of old renown,  
 And Royal Stewart's youthful Chief  
 Their dauntless leaders faithful own.  
 Valiant men of the hardy north  
 The sway obey of Moray's Lord,  
 From Tay to Sutherland sent forth,  
 The rest of Scotia's Host the word  
 Of Edward Bruce receive, and next  
 The Earl Marshal's high command ;  
 Whilst in reserve, from Bruce not far,  
 Appear the isles'men—fearles band—  
 In hardest need to aid the war.

In placid glory sank to rest,  
 On Forth's dark wave the summer sun ;

Pale on her calm untroubled breast,  
 The Silver Moon, her course nigh done,  
 Was mirrored clear. More tranquil scene  
 Was ne'er beheld; it seemed to mock  
 The coming storm as it had been  
 Of gentle Peace, not War's fell shock,  
 The welcome harbinger; and well  
 To Scotia's Sons it imaged forth  
 An epoch new! Ah who shall tell  
 How blest, auspicious to the North,  
 Arose that happy June day morn! \*  
 Smiled 'neath its ray the fields all round,  
 As with new glory to adorn  
 The Bannock's bright historic ground,  
 In envy rival the great fame  
 In after days bound to its name.

'Tis dawn. But scarce the early ray  
 Peers o'er Demayet's lofty brow,  
 When onward rush in dread array,  
 Like thunder clouds the Southron foe.  
 Who shall that brunt of battle bide?  
 On! Randolph, on! the day's thine own!  
 Lo! fast recedes the invading tide;—  
 New wreaths thine ancient glories crown!

Ten thousand archers bend the bow;  
 The stoutest warriors well may quail  
 As arrows like the whelming snow  
 The Bruce's chosen bands assail.  
 Speed now, each neighing charger speed!  
 Disperse that serried archer-band!  
 Bold Edward Bruce,—thy noble deed.  
 Will long be told in Scotia's land!

Proud Edward's horsemen scour the plain;  
 Like rushing waves of Ocean's tide,  
 They sweep resistless on; but vain  
 Their giant strength; down, side by side  
 They fall, rider and steed,—ne'er more  
 To rise and battle for their king.  
 Stains the sweet rill their parting gore;  
 With dying shrieks the forests ring.

Thy noblest, England, keep the field,—  
 Thy heroes all of old renown.  
 Now hand to hand, now shield to shield,  
 The battle's rage. More furious grown,  
 Each dauntless warrior deals his blows  
 Like awful thunder on his foes.

"One effort more,—and Scotland's free!"  
 The conquering Bruce exulting said:  
 "Brave Donald, firm's my trust in Thee!  
 "Charge with thy wonted chivalry!"

A banner waves on Stirling tower!  
 Beneath, the bravest Warriors lie,—  
 Their toils, their life, their warfare o'er,—  
 The moaning winds their lullaby!

## PART II.

The battle's won, yet mourns the Bard,  
 O cruel fate! must Scotia still,  
 In many a gory field fought hard,  
 Her children's blood, like water spill,  
 Her sacred birth-right to defend?  
 Will never cease thy scourge, dread war?  
 Will ne'er thy desolation end?  
 Must aye thy blighting horrors mar  
 This land so fair; where endless flows  
 The fertilizing stream, to peace  
 Inviting, and each art that strewn  
 The earth with beauty! Cease, O cease  
 To devastate the teeming fields;  
 Thy fury, impotent, no more  
 The ocean mock, that faithful shields  
 Against thy rage, our favored shore.  
 Accursed war depart! Let reign  
 Each influence benign to man  
 That gives freedom, his dearest gain,  
 Next order—the great social plan—  
 A nation's weal—and the long train  
 Of humanizing arts, our days  
 Ever to bless, rich to bestow,  
 In copious store, all that arrays



In robe of glory, and makes glow  
 With treasures new—with wealth unbought—  
 Each mighty people as expands  
 Their high estate, whilst time unsought  
 Their destiny unrolls,—commands  
 In its great march, their onward course,  
 Appointed long in the dark night  
 Of ages gone, ere yet discourse  
 'Mong men was held, or known was light

[*The Genius of Liberty appears and consoles the Bard.*]

Thus LIBERTY, as bending from the sky  
 In radiance Divine the Goddess shone.  
 “Favored of peoples most, on me rely,  
 My Scotia ever true; and thou, my son,  
 For love to me and patriot zeal renowned,  
 My words attend: Long have I earnest toiled  
 Thy nation to exalt, and now is crowned  
 My cause victorious. No more defiled  
 By odious bondage, shall thy honored race  
 To aliens crouch, nor ever vanquished bear  
 A conquering tyrant's rule and foul disgrace.  
 In me confide—thy glory aye my care.”

Vouchsafed the Goddess now a vision bright.  
 The Bard consoled, o'erjoyed, in rapture views  
 A pageant grand, as from the realms of light  
 To earth descending. Who are they who choose  
 'Mong mortals to return, and converse hold  
 With sons of men? That venerable throng  
 My son, are patriot statesmen, heroes bold,  
 And warrior kings, in battle oft and long,  
 And counsel sage, my flag who fearless bore.  
 With smile benignant 'mid the grand array  
 The peaceful Stewart see, a statesman more  
 Nor yet a warrior less. Next, him, whose lay  
 His foes o'ercame, a hostile Princess won,  
 The Poet-King, who yet ere coyest fame  
 On letters smiled, or war's dread hour was done,  
 A Sage, and Bard, immortal wrote his name.  
 Lo! good King Robert, too, right well who knew

The sword to wield, yet peaceful more and kind.  
 (Let England's Richard tell how firm and true  
 That venerable monarch stood his friend).  
 The warrior brave you see, with ghastly brow,  
 Yet laurel-crowned, of world-wide high renown.  
 Is Flodden's hero, in the field laid low,  
 Who yet unconquered fell, the regal crown  
 Bequeathing stainless. Who that stately dame?  
 Her noble gait, and on her brow serene  
 The triple crown exalted rank proclaim.  
 She mourns alas! Fair Scotia's beauteous Queen,  
 The tear-drop on her paly cheek, bewails  
 Her hapless country's ills. O discord foul!  
 What cruel fate—what fiendish will prevails  
 To mar each plan—bid jarring factions scowl!  
 "Cheer ye my son, 'tis but a passing scene.  
 Will reign ere long, sweet peace and union's power.  
 Look to to those mountains blue! That armor's sheen!  
 See! through the rugged gorge brave horsemen pour!  
 Yet not in devastating war's array.  
 What may it be that gorgeous cavalcade?  
 Proud England's sternest Barons crowd the way,  
 And tranquill o'er each hill and smiling glade,  
 Ride Norman knight and Scottish cavalier.  
 In triumph come they o'er/their foes out-done?  
 Their triumph claims no mourning widow's tear.  
 Was never victory like this, my son,  
 No battle wreath adorns the victor's brow.  
 Yet not to fame unknown, a halo bright  
 Serene philosophy delights to throw  
 His diadem around, and lettered light  
 With soft effulgence glows, with glories new  
 A threefold throne than pride of conquest more  
 Enriching. Thus, amongst his people true  
 Moves Britain's king. No conqueror of yore,  
 Such greatness knew. Blest Scotia, ever thine  
 This glory all! With Saxon Margaret's son  
 Thou'lt reign—King James—of Banquo's ancient line.  
 UNION with PEACE thy meed, till time be done!

With loud acclaim three mighty nations hail  
 Fair Scotia's bridal day! Thus when of old

O'er Vandal power was destined to prevail  
 A young Republic and a people bold,  
 In union strength was sought, and Venice lone  
 The ocean wed! With tenfold conqu'ring power  
 Each foe she now repelled. The sea her own  
 New glory she achieved the world out o'er.

Yet hope not thou the wedding feast each day.  
 The brightest morn is oft with clouds o'erspread;  
 Yet vanish they before the sun's bright ray.  
 Even so my Scotia's destiny is read;  
 Dark as the murkiest cloud will fiercely rage,  
 Intestine strife, and odious party broils  
 Her peace will mar. But yet will she engage  
 In contests grand, and o' her warlike toils  
 The fruits shall reap. Her own great battle won,  
 When others shall for empire lawless strive,  
 And seek their foes to crush, the weak outdone,  
 Her victor sword shall wave and freedom give.  
 Her union flag unfurled, no tyrant dare  
 O'er Europe's tribes his banner proud to raise  
 And boast himself alone the ruler there,  
 Or e'er exclusive claim a monarch's praise.

Thou'rt wed, my Scotia! From thy nuptial day  
 Shall glorious date improvements passing grand,  
 Thy liberty secure, the northern ray  
 On teeming fields all o'er thy rugged land,  
 Shall dawn propitious;—bright even as the rose  
 Each wilderness shall blossom, and shall yield  
 To culture's genial power each spot that shows  
 In stubborn mood, how patient in the field  
 Thy sons can toil. See like a garden smile  
 The cold unwholesome swamp!—the heath-clad hill  
 A furrow'd plain! Thy num'rous flocks, meanwhile,  
 Disporting by each grass lined murm'ring rill.

How blest that pair! Their union ever sways  
 Enduring love. Aye prosp'ring grows their store.  
 Unfailing sunshine brightens all their ways  
 And happy children bless them evermore.  
 So, Scotia, in love thy UNION grows,

And with it grows thy wealth. In times gone by,  
 What greatness like to thine ! Full constant flows  
 Thy fortune's tide ! Nations with nations vie  
 To pour into thy lap each treasure new  
 That time unfolds ! Even in those fabled days  
 When rarest fruits of earth unbidden grew,  
 Less favored were mankind, less blest their ways.  
 Up spring thy numerous children by thy side  
 In pride of strength. The fast increasing throng,  
 In cities vast by wide Atlantic's tide,  
 Or, where, thy storm beat rocky shores along,  
 Roll northern waves, thy limits all o'erflows.  
 Each art that can adorn or useful prove,  
 Meet honor finds, and wide extending shows  
 The genius power a universe can move.

Nor less in arms thy bliss—thy wedded fame,  
 Names dear to Thee of old, are cherished still,  
 Where toil, where danger courts, thine still the claim  
 To foremost rank, as when thy nation's ill  
 Thy sons to battle called, for Europe's right  
 And Freedom's cause, so now the sword Thou'lt wield ;  
 And names that were of yore a tower of might,  
 Thy banner bright in glorious battle-field,  
 Will yet undaunted bear."

The Goddess now

A vision grand unfolds. Of ancient fame  
 The brightest rolls grow pale, as glorious show  
 The brilliant star-beams SCOTIA'S HONORED NAME.  
 Her sons in thousands crowd the gorgeous scene,  
 In costumes diverse. Laurel-crowned appear  
 Her Patriot Statesmen grave, with brow serene ;  
 Many a Sage and Warrior bold is there,  
 Each clime of earth its willing tribute pours  
 And rescued nations raise the swelling strain.  
 That Lion flag ! around the mightiest powers !  
 Ne'er Scotia's Sons have toiled or bled in vain.  
 See Glory's lustrous page unrolled anew !  
 Names bright it bears erst famed by Bannock's brook.  
 Thy hero-children they, right valiant, true,  
 An Empire huge, o'ergrown, who dauntless shook.  
 In glory falls Glenlee ! around him thrown

Thy Union flag! The valiant Cameron's slain,—  
 Recoils the vanquished foe! Their high renown  
 Thy Donald and thy Gordon firm sustain,\*  
 Their giant strength to whelming hosts oppose,  
 The day retrieve,—roll back the battle's tide,  
 And to a world, expectant long, disclose  
 Its brightest page! and, over Europe wide,  
 Write glowing words that ne'er shall be forgot—  
 Vittoria's field, stern Montrave,—Waterloo,  
 And Ægypt's sands and Maida, where the Scot  
 Victorious, could his ancient Fame renew!"

\* Colonel Miller of the guards, Son of Sir William Miller, Lord Glenlee; Colonel Cameron of Fassiefern; the Honorable Sir Alexander Gordon, Brother of the late Earl of Aberdeen; and the Hero of Hougomont, the late Sir James Macdonell, are celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in his 'Field of Waterloo.'

"Saw'st gallant MILLER's failing eye  
 Still bent where Albion's banners fly,  
 And CAMERON, in the shock of steel,  
 Die like the offspring of Lochiel;  
 And generous GORDON 'mid the strife,  
 Fall while he watched his leader's life."

"Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,  
 And Cressy be an unknown spot,  
 And Blenheim's name be new;  
 But still in story and in song,  
 For many an age remembered long,  
 Shall live the Towers of Hougomont  
 And field of Waterloo."

Sonderborg bombarded, without warning,  
by the Prussians.\*

---

SEVENTY WOMEN AND CHILDREN SLAIN.

Did'st hear that groan—that agonizing wail,  
So quickly wafted o'er the Northern wave?  
Better thy death knell, Prussia—so sad the tale;  
Mourn shall thy iron soul that gory grave.

Thy war till now was with the warrior Dane,  
Till now, 'twas man'gainst man, 'twas steel'gainst steel;  
Whilst only heroes fell none dared complain,  
But now thy fight is 'gainst the common weal.

---

\* The London correspondent of the *Ottawa Citizen* (newspaper), writes as follows:

LONDON, April 9th 1864.

“The bombardment of Duppel proceeds at a steady pace, and with marvellous fierceness. Sonderborg has been nearly destroyed by the Prussian shells. It was cruel policy to cast these implements of death among the women and children of a considerable town without notice. Nearly seventy of these non-combattants—for children and women do not fight—were killed. The furniture and homes of many more of the inhabitants were burned or destroyed. A feeling against the Prussians is common everywhere. No doubt the Danish army made Sonderborg answer their purpose. Understand that Duppel is a promontory with which the continent terminates there. Alsen is an island that, at the foot of the Duppel promontory, approaches within 200 or 300 yards of the mainland. Sonderberg is built on the point of Alsen nearest Duppel. Two pontoon bridges connect the batteries on the continent with the town on the island. These bridges were not reached by the Prussian shells; therefore the commanders decided to bombard the town. By burning and destroying it they would oblige the Danish army to encamp further from their batteries. This step was allowable by the modern rules of war. It might have been followed, but first warning should have been given to the helpless inhabitants. Therein the Prussians failed—so shame rests on them.”

Was't not enough, presumptuous, upstart race,  
 Europe's peace to mar, and proudly defy  
 Opinion's power and struggle to efface  
 A nation's name in history so high?

Were such the lessons of thy sapient King,  
 That fierce thou should'st wage reckless, cruel war  
 On helpless women? Long thou'lt bear the sting  
 Of burning shame, and curse thy fatal star.

Thou, Prussia, first 'mong modern states, as sage,  
 Till now wert held. No more thou'lt lustrous shine.  
 In wisdom's path bright pattern of our age.  
 Hath fallen the withering curse an thee and thine,  
 Of slaughtered innocence; and reeking homes  
 In days to come shall tell of thy disgrace,  
 And the dire tale, wide o'er thy regal domes,  
 Aloud proclaimed, thy glories shall efface.

Speak shall the nations still thy by-gone fame,  
 But on thy 'scutcheon dark wtl e'er be read  
 The deep reproach that now must blight thy name—  
 The stain of blood, so basely foully shed.

Oh! woful day!—the fateful book of time  
 Thy like contains not—when a despot king  
 Brave men reluctant drives to deeds of crime.  
 Yet o'er thee, Prussia, shall flap its wing  
 Wronged Scandiuavia's Raven, and thou'lt share  
 Strange ills thou wot'st not of—dread war's alarms,—  
 Intestine strife that knows not whom to spare,—  
 'Gainst thine own children turned thy dastard arms.

TRIBUTE  
TO THE LATE EARL OF ELGIN,  
VICEROY OF INDIA,  
    *etc., etc., etc.*  
    FORMERLY  
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.

---

I.

Mourn, Hero Land, as for a Monarch gone ! \*  
The good, the brave, the sage, in Eastern clime  
Untimely falls ! He was thy noblest son !  
Erewhile thy Freedom's Champion, ere the time  
Had come, when it should need no statesman hand,  
High, o'er the admiring world, its flag to raise,  
And, loud, and long, as in his own famed Land,  
In deeds of glory, speak its deathless praise.

II.

On Bannock's stream is heard the Banshee's wail ;  
Rock, flood and mountain, re-echo the sound ;  
On Forth's dark wave, lamenting tones assail  
The listening ear : and, all her waters round  
The lowering woods in direst sorrow bend ;  
He's fled, who was the honor of these shores  
And, patriot, kindred spirits solemn lend  
Their voice, amid the melancholy flowers  
That vainly paint the mansions of the dead.  
A nation's grief to tell, a people's tears !

---

\* Lord Elgin died at Dhurumsilla, India, on the 20th November, 1863.



Soon as the warning, withering words are read,  
 That hope shut out, that rouse all true men's fears,  
 Beneath the sombre crypt, is heard a groan  
 Echoes the dim aisle that shadowy strain;  
 From hoar Dunfermline's tower, a dismal moan  
 To parent dust recalls. and, not in vain,  
 OUR AGE'S BRUCE. As tolls that fatal hour,  
 'Neath India's sun. succumbs he in his prime,  
 The Statesman and the Sage, endowed with power,  
 To conquer worlds, and rule in every clime.

## III.

And, first, great Wilberforce, thy work his care !\*  
 Well hadst thou torn the fetters from the slave;  
 Nobly Britannia pressed, thy toil to share.  
 But vain the boon, even Freedom's boon, she gave,  
 If ne'er in timely hour the mind had risen,  
 With genius blessed as thine, lamented sage,  
 That made avail to man the gift of heaven;  
 That could in salutary toils engage  
 The hand unused to holy Freedom's sway,  
 To sloth inclined, and deadly pleasure's lure,  
 'Neath Western skies, when Sol's refulgent ray  
 Rank weeds of vice uprears in soil impure.  
 Thine was the task, each art of life to blend  
 With liberty's sweet joys, unknown before;  
 And savage men, with rapture, learned to bend  
 Beneath the yoke thou bor'st from Britain's shore,—  
 Freedom's sweet yeke,—labour with social bliss,  
 Enriching commerce,—interchange of minds,—  
 The sacred care, no useful aim to miss,  
 That man to man in holy concord binds.

## IV.

And mourn Columbia! thine, too, the soul  
 That bade the Negro live, in Freedom live,  
 And, when emancipate from base control,  
 Of peace and order brightest lessons give.

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\* I have heard persons of the most liberal education, and who were deeply interested in the welfare of the West Indies, speak in the highest

Vain, but for him, were liberal DURHAM's toil ;  
 Long had'st thou groaned beneath the bigot sway  
 Of narrow-minded tyrants, born to foil  
 The best laid schemes, and drive fair Peace away

Divided wert thou, Canada ! the spoil  
 Of faction, warring fierce, unsatisfied,  
 Ambitious, grasping,—in eternal moil,—  
 That held all minds, and sacred truth defied.

Of what avail to thee, that Freedom's Sun,  
 The Party strife, that raged so long, now quell'd,  
 O'er Albion's favored Isles, triumphant shone ;  
 Thou from the Constitution's pale, expelled,  
 An Iron age endured'st, and helpless lay,  
 Vanquished, despairing, powerless, at the feet  
 Of enemies, who quenched the glorious ray—  
 The light of Liberty—thou deemed'st so sweet.  
 Ah ! long unheard thy voice—thy tale of woe !  
 It fainter grows !—But, ere 'tis stifled in thy gore,  
 Enlightened DURHAM nobly strives to show  
 Thy griefs, and ELGIN hastens to thy shore.

Victory awaits thee, BRUCE, and fields are won,  
 That long shall live in History's proudest page ;  
 And, when our Age's Warriors are gone,  
 Will genius's toil, in days to come, engage.

Loud, jubilant and long, bid swell the strain,  
 As erst o'er HIM, who in the days of yore,  
 By Bannock's brook, heedless of toil and pain,  
 A NATION'S LIBERTY' victorious bore.

Mourn not thy BRUCE, the Saviour of thy Race !  
 He loved thee well, and did thy land adorn ;  
 But ne'er shall envious time his fame efface,  
 Although from bleeding hearts too early torn.

Cold wert thou, pale and dead ! He bade thee live  
 Fair Freedom's life ! and thou becam'st a gem,  
 The Richest, Earth or Ocean e'er could give,  
 The brightest in VICTORIA's Diadem !

## V.

And equal wert thou to the improving age,  
 Great ELGIN! Nought but a vast Empire's fate,  
 Thy course might stay. If INDIA could engage  
 Thy counsel and thy arm, its power shall date  
 From that auspicious day thou lent'st thine aid;  
 And thou shalt honored live, in History's page,  
 'Mongst them whose memories shall never fade—  
 With Havelock and Clyde, brave, good and sage!

Now onward speeds thy Bark, and Tartar hordes  
 Vanquished recoil. The Conqueror Mongol's pride  
 Subdued, craves Peace of Europe's mighty Lords,  
 And vows that Europe's laws it will abide.

Ye boast, in vain, proud Race, Celestial fire,  
 Nought in your varied ways, was there of Heaven,  
 Till HE whose soaring genius could inspire  
 New thoughts and sweet humanity, was given.

England, in rapture, hails her honored son,  
 Rich with new spoil, returns he o'er the main;  
 Empires, not gold, the Glorious Trophies won!  
 Thine own, loved Albion, ever to remain.

Elate, each haughty Conqueror of yore  
 Fast bound to victory's car, the trampled foe!  
 Pageants, so monstrous, shall be seen no more.  
 Impious, unworthy Britain's Crown, such show!  
 Isles, Diamond bright, in the far Eastern Sea,  
 Thy power attest, sage BRUCE, and long thy NAME  
 Thy country shall embalm, and twine for thee,  
 Perennial wreaths, decay shall never claim!

Peace to thy shade! Secure is thy Renown!  
 And thou, as calm, shalt sleep on Orient plains,  
 As if by warm and weeping Friends laid down,  
 By thy loved Forth's fair tide, 'mid Regal\* Fanes.

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\*The ancient Abbey Church of Dunfermline was, for several centuries, the burial place of the Royal Family. A stone sarcophagus containing the remains of KING ROBERT THE BRUCE, the Hero of Bannockburn, is placed immediately under the great Tower.

Near Scotia's Patriot CHIEF, thou may'st not dwell ;  
But, o'er thy Laurell'd Bed, shall reverent sweep  
SAVED INDIA'S perfumed gales, and thou, as well,  
Whilst Guardian Spirits Holy, Vigils keep,  
Shalt patient wait, in Cashmere's balmy vale,  
The hoped for, glorious Resurrection Morn,  
As if recorded were thy death's sad tale,  
In that Dear Land, thou didst so long adorn.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

## St. Andrew's Day at Ottawa, 1864.\*

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Hail, patriot band, loved Scotia's children, hail!  
Bid spread the feast, let joyous song prevail.

How bright this day!  
Each heart so gay.  
Yet long hath rolled time's course,  
Since first, this festive board around,  
Flowed sweet discourse  
And music's stirring sound.  
Now fill the bowl!  
Let flow the soul!  
Lo! Reason's fav'rite hour!  
Blest union's power  
Her throne around,  
In spacious halls,  
With charms all bound  
Her vot'ries calls.

---

\*The natives of Scotland and numerous persons of Scottish descent resident on the continent of America, take great delight in celebrating their national festival.

This year, the St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa caused the feast to be observed with more than the usual éclat. A numerous body of the members, together with invited guests, dined together in a large room attached to one of the Hotels. A Legislative Connellor, a Member of Parliament and many gentlemen of the learned professions honored the festive board with their presence. The Artillery of the place also did honor to the occasion by firing a salute as each toast was given. Speech and Song prevailed throughout the evening, and it were difficult to decide whether the former or the latter expressed the greater amount of patriotism and good humor, whilst there was not the slightest inclination to depreciate the other important nationalities of which the Empire is composed.

The hall was elegantly—even richly decorated. The Banner of St. Andrew was conspicuous. Full length portraits of the Queen, and other

O'er war's alarms,  
 And hostile arms,  
 Victorious of yore,  
 From never failing store,  
 Bold Scotia gave,  
 Each warrior brave  
 Nobly to cheer as home he sped,  
 His toils achieved his foes all fled.  
 The wine cup flowed,  
 Gladdened hearts glowed;  
 In thrilling strain  
 —Song's deathless vein,—  
 The tale prolonged each patriot bard,  
 And highest praise, dear bought, was heard,  
 Of victor Kings that valiant led  
 The battle's van and glorious led  
 In Freedom's cause, a nation's life  
 Foremost to save, in gore-dyed strife.

Lo! now no more,  
 What was of yore,  
 The nation's task now done,  
 The hard-fought battle won,  
 The Peace wreath, brightly now,  
 Surrounds her tranquil brow,  
 New toils her care demand,  
 New leaders take command;  
 Onward, aye, onward still;  
 Such the great age's will.

Songs new be sung,  
 The harp unstrung,

---

members of the Royal Family; a beautiful transparency representing the Poet Burns, together with other paintings suited to the occasion, were seen along the walls. Magnificent vases of flowers, as fresh and fragrant as in July or August, adorned the tables. And if in this, the feast was classic, no less than as regarded the elegant and *recherche* nature of the viands, it was more than classic by the admirable moderation which prevailed. It may well be doubted whether such luxurious revellers as those who graced the banquets of Greece and Rome, would have enjoyed with so keen a relish, the remarks illustrative of the history, the warlike achievements and the philosophy of ancient Caledoni, which the occasion called forth, or could have participated in the sentiments that opportunely found utterance, and were received with manifest delight.

Enchantress like that bound,  
 The festive board around,  
 Our hero sires, and fired  
 The raptured breast, inspired  
 Each ardent mind and nerved  
 The arm that never swerved.


Now changed the tone ;  
 To PEACE alone,  
 The gifted muse will bow ;  
 HER victories to show,  
 The sweetest songs will pour,  
 And all the world out o'er,  
 HER praises loud proclaim,  
 HER paths to lasting fame.  
 Aye leading sure, our days,  
 (More blest than ancient ways,)  
 Hastening by rapid pace,  
 With trophies new, to grace.

All strife away  
 Bid cease the fray,  
 So long that vainly raged,  
 And war eternal waged  
 And, cruel, made each mind,  
 That else were good and kind,  
 A shrine to hatred given,  
 High swoln with evil's leaven.  
 Sweet Peace and Union dear,  
 Around our board appear  
 Our sainted Patron true,  
 Bound by no narrow view,  
 A debtor was to all ;  
 Nor could his mind enthrall  
 Sectarian bigot pride  
 That dared the world divide,  
 Made fiendish discord reign,  
 And ills on ills, an endless train.

Let flow the bowl,  
 Rejoice each soul !  
 So Bruce of old,

As bards have told,  
The wine cup quaffed  
While Barons laughed  
Right jovial round,  
And music's sound  
The victor praised  
And sky-ward raised  
Each victor bold,  
For deeds extolled,  
Of high renown  
The laurel crown  
That bravely won,  
All foes out-done,  
And Freedom given  
Best gift of Heaven  
Our land to save,—  
Loved Scotia--eyer great and brave.

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## CANADA.

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To—

EDINBURGH.

Good Tidings from your distant shore ;  
For which my thanks, the pleasure more  
Than words, however true, can tell.  
You joy, in turn, to learn all's well.

Much doth your envied land of bliss  
Contain. Nor will it e'er to this  
Our upstart world, the palm resign.  
To speak its praise, no task of mine.  
Its list of glories, bright and long,  
All chronicled in tale and song,  
Familiar to your patriot mind,  
Like golden links that faster bind  
The many charm-bright fairy chains,  
That tie you to loved Scotia's plains.

Though proud be your historic name,  
Unrivalled in the rolls of fame,  
Far o'er the main with learning's eye,  
And taste refined, you can descry  
Whate'er of beauty boasts our clime,  
Its story read by hoary time  
Unhallowed yet, and with the sage  
And statesman, watch its tender age

With progress crowned, in all the ways  
 Of various art,—a nation's praise,—  
 With steps unbroken, onward borne,  
 As erst, ere yet, by discord torn,  
 In days primeval, Adam's race  
 Strode powerful on, with giant pace,  
 And all those wonders early wrought,  
 Best fruit of knowledge, lore unbought,  
 That still our admiration claim,  
 And eternize the ancestral name  
 Of mighty Nimrod's ancient sway  
 Of Nineveh's and Ægypt's day,  
 Of Babylon the great, and Rome,  
 Of science as of power the home,  
 Till pride and pomp and wrecking war  
 Stalked forth, man's noblest works to mar.

Much that was great with you of yore,  
 Its ancient greatness owns no more.  
 Where proudly rise Edina's Towers,  
 Exist not now those sovereign powers  
 That wisely gave a nation's laws,  
 And waved the sword in freedom's cause.  
 Famed Stirling's grandeur's but a name,  
 And now are only known to fame,  
 Dunstaffnage and Dunolly hoar,  
 With Royal Malcolm's roofless tower,  
 And storied Lithgow's shattered walls,  
 And stately Scone's historic halls.  
 Even Holyrood is desolate,  
 Its monarchs gone and regal state.

With you hath been what here may be,  
 Yea, will be yet, and we shall see  
 New glories crown this virgin land,  
 Whate'er is beautiful and grand  
 Its own become, as time pours forth  
 Of art and toil the varied store,  
 Us now enriching, as of yore,  
 The father people, with the spoil  
 Of ages gone, the treasured hoard  
 Into the lap unceasing poured

Of generations as they rise,  
 By lib'ral sires, whose high emprise  
 Bids earth and air and ocean wide  
 Their wealth untold with man divide.

With you, Prometheus' like, Heaven's fire  
 Bold men have stolen, and now aspire  
 O'er isles and continents, its light  
 Daring to throw, its radiance bright  
 Intelligence diffusing wide,  
 Vast seas beyond, where Ocean's tide  
 Sweeps India's shores, and fabled lave  
 The Ganges and Euphrates wave  
 The Hindoo land. Your conquest great,  
 But, yields it yet to ours, complete  
 Our victory more, in forests drear  
 And dismal swamps that makes appear  
 The ærial messenger to joy  
 The exile, and bring sweet alloy  
 To sorrow's cup, in log built home  
 So oft that dwells, ere yet have come  
 Toil's luscious fruits, and, cheering more,  
 Loved friends, long lost, from Britain's shore.

Aught, is there, favored, you possess  
 This Western land that does not bless ?  
 Famed are your num'rous streams, and long  
 Have echoed to the voice of song.  
 Not useful more than ours, which flow  
 Unsung as yet. Long years ago  
 Arose your Bards. The torrent wild  
 Immortal grew, and to each child  
 Familiar was your hero tale,  
 And ev'ry hill and storied vale  
 With life instinct, 'neath genius, spell,  
 Forth mirrored as the limpid well,  
 Your more than thousand years of fame  
 That aye the Poet's meed will claim.

Harp of the North ! thy deathless strain  
 Be wafted o'er the foaming main !  
 Let thine ecstatic numbers flow,

Where bright Columbian waters glow.  
 Echo thy music to the roar  
 Of cataracts! Bid smile the shore  
 Of beautiful Ontario's flood,  
 Where late the red man's wigwam stood,  
 With song wreaths new;—with such of old,  
 As thou didst crown each warrior bold,  
 Who for his Scotia loved to wield  
 In patriot warfare's gory field,  
 Bright freedom's dauntless sword, and well  
 His laurels won, as they can tell,  
 Exultant, free as breeze of morn,  
 Whom victory's happy fruits adorn.

The gifts so fair, that blessed their toil,—  
 LAWS EQUAL,—grace Canadian soil.  
 Nor to her conquering patriot sires  
 Ungrateful, Canada aspires,  
 Onward, in time's great march to speed,  
 Like them to win the victor's meed.

And now, with energetic will,  
 Anxious her high career to fill,  
 The genius of her lakes appears,  
 And as on Nith's fair stream, in years \*  
 Not yet long gone, the wondrous power,—  
 This age's boast, even now her own,  
 Bids frequent ply, where late unknown  
 All kind of sail, the steamship grand,  
 The sons of trade from ev'ry land  
 That willing bears, and on our shores  
 The wealth of worlds continual pours.

Yet is not commerce all our care;  
 Destined each blessing rich to share,  
 Earth's teeming bosom ceaseless pours  
 Into the hand of toil, are ours

---

\* Miller of Dalswinton, whose mansion was on the banks of the River Nith, in Scotland, was the first who applied steam power to navigation, and set afloat the first Steamboat on Dalswinton Lake, which is contiguous to the Nith.

The healthful labours of the field,  
 And the dark forests ever yield  
 New scenes of industry, where man  
 All skill and art employs, that can  
 The untamed wilderness subdue,  
 And deck with verdure ever new,  
 Untrodden, trackless wilds, where roamed  
 The savage bear, unheeded foamed  
 The torrent loud, and winter's reign  
 Uncheered, unchecked by joy or pain,  
 Held sway unbroken o'er the land,  
 Fast clenching in his icy hand,  
 The mighty world that lay concealed,  
 Expectant still to be revealed,  
 And open thrown, to bless mankind.  
 Thus, to the all-disposing mind,  
 Obedient more, than when unknown,  
 And wolves fierce howled in forest lone.

Nor woods and fields alone bestow  
 The gifts by which we prosp'ring grow.  
 Lo! treasures vast the mineral reign (1)  
 Outpours, and now, advent'rous, gain  
 Our hardy sons, whose skill explores  
 Tracts desert, pathless, and their stores  
 Plenteous and rich, strives to possess,  
 More than in ages gone, could bless  
 The race of man, in fabled times,  
 Or now, in earth's more favored climes.  
 Nor Oural gold, nor gems of Ind  
 The wealth surpass our children find,  
 As aye with science for their guide,  
 The field they search so grand and wide,  
 From distant Hudson's frozen wave  
 To lands remote, where lave  
 The Atlantic tides bleak Gaspe's shore.  
 Things beauteous, rare, unknown before,  
 And purest gold and marble bright,  
 Their toils reward,—their minds delight  
 With prospects grand;—whilst bold aspires  
 Our infant race, their giant sires  
 To emulate; from sea to sea,

Their Empire's power one day to be.  
 Where flows the vast Pacific tide, (2)  
 Even now mankind our laws abide;  
 Where sweeps the rugged Eastern strand  
 Wild Ocean's foam, our rule and land.

Not lib'ral nature's gifts alone  
 Our soil enrich; each art its own  
 Wants to supply, life to adorn.  
 Here revels genius native-born;  
 Their gifted sons remotest climes  
 Bestow: these, lib'ral grace, our times.  
 With ornament and wealth of mind,  
 Their study to improve mankind.

With soaring view they anxious tend  
 The opening intellect to bend,  
 By lures that art and science lend.  
 Thus, where by great St. Lawrence tide,  
 Stately arise in martial pride,  
 Quebec's famed walls, and Diamond's towers (3)  
 Defiance frown to hostile powers,  
 The painter's varied skill displays  
 The artist mind of other days;  
 The architect's ingenious lore  
 The art of times gone by, even more  
 Sets forth, as wond'ring you behold  
 Those massive walls now gray and old,  
 That oft have beat the foeman back,  
 Repelling, firm, each bold attack.  
 Against the compact, bomb-proof wall. (4)

Nor fail with time our wisdom powers  
 Of modern skill the genius ours,  
 Witness those edifices grand  
 That deck the foaming Ottawa's land:  
 Magnificent in all their parts,  
 The Architect's and Sculptor's arts  
 Our people's taste and gen'rous will  
 Glorious display, as on to fill  
 Their high career, they eager speed

By honor's paths, more pleased the meed  
 Of industry to win, than fame  
 Of hero bold, whose laurelled name  
 In fields of blood that lustrous shone,  
 Survives,—a shadow, bright but lone.

Nor deem our lot so wretched here;  
 Winter terrific more than half the year  
 O'er rivers, lakes and smiling fields,  
 Sternly his frozen sceptre wields.  
 Meanwhile, are we, not all forlorn,  
 As if from ev'ry pleasure torn.  
 Changed is the season, true; arise  
 New scenes, and, frequent now the skies  
 In all their wintry grandeur lower,  
 And conscious of their giant power,  
 The tempest hurl. To refuge driven,  
 Wayfaring men 'gainst angry Heaven  
 Contend not. To their homes they cling,  
 Hoping the God of light will bring  
 Ere long, the sunshine back,—the ray  
 So bright of the Canadian day.  
 In winter, even, so cloudless,—clear,  
 We think no more this time of year  
 A period dull and tiresome grown,  
 When summer's Halcyon days are flown,  
 And Autumn, as for very grief,  
 Hath strewn the sere and withered leaf.

Each frame, the winter air so keen,  
 Not languid now, as it had been  
 In scorching Summer's heat, delights  
 In healthful exercise, excites  
 Anew its powers by manly toils  
 And sports invigorating, spoils  
 The forest of its wealth, and rears  
 The fabric vast, in future years  
 Will bless the store, and make increase  
 The nation's strength, secure its peace,  
 Its bulwarks raise, that will defy  
 Each foe that e'er shall daring try  
 Its soil to win. Thus plies his axe

The hardy woodman, to relax  
 Unwilling, even when rudely blows  
 The biting wind, and gathering snows  
 Whiten the grim pines, and all trace  
 Of herb and footpath to efface  
 Hasten infallible. His art  
 Fails not meanwhile, and his bold heart  
 Exultant wars against the blast,  
 Nor thinks he till his toils are past,  
 Of cot or wigwam. They who can  
 Crush this unconquerable man.

Dreaded is our winter; but amiss;  
 Sweetest home joys and social bliss  
 Its ever fruitful growth. These more  
 Here dwell, than on the happy shore  
 Of prosp'rous Britain. Here is found  
 True happiness, and here abound  
 Pleasures all pure, now long unknown  
 Whence truth and frugal ways are flown.

Favored Isles! by Steamship and Rail  
 Onward you speed o'er hill and vale.  
 Nought can improvement stay; your ways  
 Like net-work spread, the land unite  
 As magic spell both strong and bright  
 The votary binds in charmed tie  
 That none may break, so wide and high  
 Your art extends; and now no more  
 Your races foreign are, the shore  
 Of mainland, in our day, conjoined  
 With islands lone, cause live mankind  
 In amity, by commerce bound,  
 And social joys, your Empire round.  
 Thus, they who barb'rous erst were deemed  
 And lost their lot and hopeless seemed,  
 Delighted now the progress share,—  
 Our age's pride;—and glad prepare  
 For times to come, all that is grand  
 In prospect yet to bless your land.

Not yours alone, the power of steam.  
 The sea-wide lake and limpid stream,



The light canoe so late that bore,  
 Now, gladdened, waft from shore to shore,  
 The golden freight, 'neath swelling sail;  
 With conscious art, now make avail  
 The mystic engine. Thus, on land,  
 As on our waters, deep and grand,  
 An ever living scene you view,  
 Behold, with pleasure ever new,  
 The fleets that richly laden glide,  
 Aye bearing on the peaceful tide,  
 Our people's hopes,—the costly stores  
 That greatly bless these Western shores.

Nor only this the victory we claim;  
 Even now much honored is our name  
 'Mongst all who for the love of gain  
 Or pleasure's dreams, heedless of pain  
 And travel-toil, seek distant climes,  
 And here meet all that modern times  
 To please or to enrich have found  
 In art's or science' endless round.  
 Welcome to these the coursing train  
 That gladly sweeps the lake bound plain  
 The gloomy swamp and forest wide,  
 From farthest lake to ocean's tide.

Severe our winter; grant you this;  
 But who shall tell what store of bliss  
 From climes remote, upon its wings,  
 Unto these ice-girt shores it brings.  
 Scarce wafted o'er the surging brine,  
 Rich laden ships with snows combine  
 Their treasures on our land to pour;  
 And now, when howling tempests lower,  
 And blinding drift, each way to bar,  
 Hastens resistless; when the car  
 Steam-power defies, then rapid glide  
 Through field and swamp and forest wide,  
 On thousand roads of beaten snow,  
 Sleigh-horse and man; now brightly glow  
 'Neath wintry Sol's returning ray,  
 The merchant loads that crowd each way;

Now pleasure's vot'ries healthful scorn  
 Both time and distance, lightly borne  
 O'er land and lake and ice-bound stream;  
 Nor pain nor labour now they deem  
 The forest dark and dense-to scour,  
 Nor rock nor mount resists their power.  
 On, on, they, joyous, eager, speed;  
 Nor the keen piercing cold they heed,  
 Braced each nerve by the cheering day,  
 And glowing warm in furred array.

What with our Summer can compare?  
 Nought you possess, though great and rare.  
 Our days of sunshine can excel;  
 Pleasing your clime, and who can tell,  
 What victories art with you hath won—  
 —Art that can of Orient Sun  
 The warmth, though not the light bestow;  
 That causes o'er the land to glow  
 Each beauty of the floral reign,  
 Sweet, luscious fruits, your wondrous gain.

But cheering more the gifts of Heaven  
 Beneath our Sun spontaneous given.  
 Too short, we own, our Summer time,  
 Too glorious bright,—in Eastern clime  
 Unknown its splendour; the clear day  
 Sheds genial the refulgent ray  
 Our earth that warms, and makes appear  
 The lustrous honors of the year.  
 Flowers of innumerable hues  
 The eye in rapturous transport views  
 The land around,—in shady vale,  
 Hill-side retired and forest dale,  
 The garden's various, rich array  
 Even Science' pen could scarce portray,  
 So vast the store kind nature gives  
 Where every plant unbidden lives:  
 Some care in Winter's keener hours,  
 Shelter from chilling Springtide showers,  
 And each exotic you desery,  
 Exultant in the Summer sky.

Too brief, alas! this season bright;  
 Yet to a time of new delight  
 Now it must yield; cooler the days  
 That, now, less vivid, mellowed rays  
 Shed o'er the ripened fields; and now  
 Freshened with dews, the sweet flowers glow  
 In chastened Sunshine; now the leaves  
 Their rich hues change, as Summer grieves  
 Her throne to abdicate, her ray  
 Soft blending with th' autumnal day.  
 Nor grieves she as if Winter's blast  
 When she withdraws, rushed fierce and fast,  
 But mournfully recedes to own  
 A rival worthy of her crown.  
 Kind, fruitful Nature's revel time  
 Is the resplendent Summer's prime;  
 Her rest, when torrid days are flown,  
 And Autumn's gentler breath hath blown.  
 Far less exerts she now her power  
 The conquest won. In tranquil hour  
 Rejoicing, now her giant might  
 Put forth no more, her sole delight  
 Sweetly to bask in the mild ray  
 Of the less warm September day.  
 The Sun unclouded, brightly still  
 His calm, cool beams o'er dale and hill  
 Benignant pours, invites to rest,  
 As now, serene, on Autumn's breast  
 He sinks to sleep, the toil-worn race  
 Of busy men, joys to efface  
 Each furrow dark that care had wrought,  
 Whilst striving to attain, dear bought,  
 The wished for prize, in searching glow  
 Of summer's heat. Now from the brow  
 Anxious no more, are wiped away  
 The dews of toil, and the blest swain  
 From labour now of Sun-struck plain  
 Emancipate, with Nature's song,  
 Blends his glad voice, loves to prolong  
 Throughout the calm Autumnal time  
 The joyful strain, in favored clime  
 That grateful swells around the land

Where Summer with unsparing hand,  
 Into the lap of Autumn pours  
 Bounteous, her never failing stores.

From heats oppressive now relieved,  
 Sol's brighter, fiercer course achieved,  
 The season ever calm, serene,  
 Gracious, a sweet and soothing scene  
 To wearied men presents, each eye  
 Sparkling with pleasure to the sky  
 Enraptured soars, and the joyed mind  
 Expanding, grateful, calls mankind  
 Melodious song and choral strains to raise  
 And jubilant the King of Seasons praise.

When from his couch of driven snow  
 Came vigorous Spring, and caused to glow  
 The earth with verdure, and arrayed  
 Each herb and tree in garb new made  
 Of richest foliage, the view  
 So cheering, joyous was, that few  
 Could look unmoved. Of coldest steel  
 The soul, that could not inward feel  
 The influence sublime, that ran  
 Through ev'ry sense, and made each man  
 HIM worship by whose word appear  
 The glories of the rolling year.

More lovely Autumn. Hope's kind ray  
 Cheering to man. In rich array  
 Comes hoped for good, and now sweetly  
 Yields promise to reality:  
 Thus, Spring's live joys that hope inspire,  
 The banquet spread may all admire  
 But taste not yet, pale their glad ray  
 To glorious Autumn's teeming day.  
 And now the feast, so rich prepared,  
 And lib'ral given, is thankful shared.  
 The happy guests expectant long,  
 The board around in rapture throng.

And lo! this Autumn feast to grace,  
 Their beauteous leaves the woods apace  
 With loveliest tints endless adorn.  
 These ever changing hues, each morn,  
 Rapt you descry in aspect new  
 Of many colored robe, the view  
 So rich and cheering, varied, grand,  
 That annual decks this Western land,  
 The forests vast in their array  
 The glories of our autumn day,  
 With fields and flowers conspire to raise,  
 And waft to distant shores its praise.

---

Adieu my RAVENS CRAIG! no more  
 Behooves it now this gifted shore  
 Joyful to sing. Will come the day  
 When not unworthy Poet's lay,  
 A fitting them,—its social state,  
 Its Statesmen and its Sages great,—  
 The Muses shall inspire, and song  
 Shall sweetest eulogies prolong,  
 Till field and flood and forest lone,  
 Harmonious, echo to their tone.  
 Remotest shores shall hear the strain,  
 And, far, beyond the Western main,  
 In days to come, shall speak its fame  
 The Bard unborn. Its honored name  
 Glorious, with wreaths unfading twined,  
 'Mong them whose labors bless mankind,  
 Whose conqu'ring power, nor warrior band  
 Nor Ocean's waves may now withstand.  
 Deign, gentlest Peace, thine aid to lend;  
 Thy yoke beneath, willing to bend,  
 Let all incline, this favored soil  
 Ever to bless; the sons of toil  
 Aye happy speed in the grand way  
 This better age hath traced. E'er grow  
 With time their growth. Bounteous bestow  
 The progress meed. With garlands new  
 Thy votaries enwreath. Their view  
 Guide onward, till thy crowns of gold

Their brows encircle, wealth untold,  
And all thy treasures, Peace, abound,  
And happiness each hearth surround.

OTTAWA, October, 1864.

- (1) "Lo! treasures vast the mineral reign  
Outpours, &c."

*Pages 249 of Epistle to — Edinburgh.*

It may be stated in reference to what is said in the foregoing lines, in regard to the mineral resources of Canada, that no fewer than thirty-five Acts have been passed in the Canadian Parliament, during the course of the current year, for incorporating Gold-mining or other Mining Companies, or otherwise regulating the working of valuable mines in Canada. Thus, there are Acts to incorporate "The Eastern Townships' Eldorado Gold and Copper Mining Company," "The Ophir Gold Mining Company," "The River Famine Gold Mining Company," "The Du Loup Gold Company," "The Atlas Gold Mining Company," "The South Ham Gold and Copper Mining Company," "The Havalah Gold Mining Company," "The Magog Gold Mining Company," "The Bunker Hill Gold Mining Company," &c., &c. &c.

(2) It has been proved that those portions of the North-West Territory which border on the Pacific Ocean, were subject to Canadian law until erected lately into separate Colonies. They are still governed by the same laws and the same Sovereign authority as Canada.

(3) The renowned Citadel on Cape Diamond.

(4) Some of the ancient buildings at Quebec are known to be bomb-proof.

## THE NEWS FROM RUSSIA.\*

August, 1865.

*Delicta majorum (haud) immeritus lues  
Romane, donec templam refeceris  
Ædesque labentes Decorum, &c., &c.,  
HORACE ODES; lib. III., ode 6.*

Alas! young Romanoff, aye thine to bear  
Of each paternal crime the damning load,  
Until the ruined temple thou repair,  
And honor pay'st to Poland's outraged God.  
That o'er so vast an Empire thou bear'st sway;  
To more than mortal choice, its cause must trace;  
If men in millions prompt thy word obey,  
'Tis that thou will'st to reign by Heaven's grace.

The latest newspapers present the most melancholy accounts of the cruel system by which Russia hopes to exterminate the nationality of Poland. This system is pursued with untiring zeal in Lithuania, Podolia, White Russia, Volhynia and Ukraine. In all the Provinces which constituted the ancient Kingdom of Poland, it is forbidden to speak the language of the country; the nobility, landed proprietors and Burghers are deported; the clergy and religious orders persecuted and exiled; the youth of the land forced to serve in the Russian army. Numerous arrests, the motive or, rather, the pretext for which is unknown, have lately been executed at Warsaw. That city is filled with consternation. The Kieff Telegraph publishes a list of 52 Poles condemned for political offences. Of these five have been deported to the remote regions of Siberia, declared to be civilly dead and stripped of all honors. Fifteen are banished to the less distant provinces of Siberia and deprived of their rights. Thirty-two, of whom three are peasants and the rest nobles, proprietors and burghers, are ordered to the interior of Russia. In the Government of Kieff alone 330 Poles have been condemned in the course of six months. Thus is Poland cruelly afflicted by the hand of man. A more powerful hand strikes Russia

Of all things human this the mighty source ;  
 Whatever agitates this nether sphere,  
 Whate'er occurs throughout time's varied course,  
 Must aye to this great power relation bear.

What ills on ills o'er Muscovy have poured,  
 A people loved of Heaven too well declare.  
 Ah ! long o'er them have whelming war clouds lowered,  
 And long her tyrant arm doth Russia bare ;  
 Vainly the right of conquest doth she claim ;  
 A nation, long in fragments hopeless riven,  
 By arms to seize, unworthy warlike aim.  
 Ignoble boast, that men, to ruin driven

Ere dawned thy day, by victory are won !  
 Not such the victories of Him whose power  
 Defied Marengo's hero, and alone  
 Without ally from any foreign shore,  
 Rolled back the conquering Gaul, and nobly gained  
 To freedom's cause, an Empire throned in snow ;  
 Not such the glorious deeds that erst constrained  
 The haughty Swede in humble mood to bow,  
 As brightly rose the genius of thy Tzar ;  
 Not such the arts—that gave to deathless fame

herself at the same time. We should be blind indeed if we failed to see that retributive justice which, sooner or later, must be meted out, in the calamities, which, no less terrible than war, are spreading ruin throughout that immense Empire.

That unfortunate country is devoured by frequent fires. In 1864 there were 10,031. This figure is already exceeded this year. Tamboff among other places, was during three days enveloped in flames. The Poles were accused of these disastrous accidents. But the falsehood of the accusation was demonstrated by the *Journal of the Academy of St. Petersburg* itself. Epidemics rage at the same time. At St. Petersburg there are 4,000 sick. The cattle are perishing by epizootic diseases. Terrible hurricanes and torrents of rain are spreading devastation everywhere. The hopes of the harvest are destroyed by a season so unusual that it was still snowing at Saratoff on the 4th June. Enormous quantities of corn are annihilated in an unwonted manner. The cholera is spoken of. In a few words, there is no end to the diseases which appear to have combined, in order to crush this gigantic empire which embraces nearly the half of Europe and the whole of Northern Asia—reaching from the Frontiers of China to the confines of Poland, Sweden and Turkey, besides having vast possessions on the northwestern coast of North America. Not satisfied with such immense territories, Russia as ambitious as ever, is speculating at this moment on the personal situation of the Sultan with a view to carry out her iniquitous designs against Constantinople and Turkey.—*Courrier du Canada*, 16th Aug., 1865



The wisest of thy kings, and made him war  
 With error more and crime, that him whose name  
 Than direful Hannibal's that spread dismay  
 More terrible; that was a hero age.  
 Lustrous the name and honored was the sway  
 Of him magnanimous, who could engage  
 All Europe's sympathy, and cause revere  
 Thy laws humanity in war's fell hour;  
 And liberty, long lost, to all so dear,  
 Gen'rous restored whilst shone great vict'ry's power

---

In undiminished glory, as were heard  
 The cheering words that bade the vanquished live,\*  
 In honor live, ere yet fatal appeared  
 Time's latest bale, the bitter feuds that give  
 New horrors forth and far and near outspread  
 The crime-dyed banner of intestine strife;  
 Such ills the Tzar exultant could not dread;  
 Heaven spread its ægis o'er so great a life.

Ill omened age, that bids another reign;  
 For him thy star, bright liberty, hath shone,  
 Bootless, o'er self-bound Russia; in vain  
 Toileth he earnest in thy cause, alone  
 Against a nation,† retribution just  
 For him who tyrant like, with cruel hand,  
 Even as inspires the withering lust  
 Of ill got power, crushes that fated land  
 Rich in the growth of heroes Ill starred day,  
 O youthful Tzar, first that beheld thee strike  
 A people brave and true—in freedom's ray  
 So long that gloried. Thine, O how unlike  
 That sway paternal, which resistless claimed  
 Men's willing homage and a halo threw  
 Of matchless glory over him long named  
 The father of his people. O renew  
 That age of gold! Thine iron rule no more,  
 Ill favored, curse thy land, and blight thy fame.  
 Let Justice reign, and they who oft of yore  
 In freedom's battle led the van, thy name

---

\* The Emperor Alexander's consideration for the French Nation.

† The Tzar Alexander has decreed improvements in Russia jurisprudence, such as trial by jury, &c., in opposition to a majority of his senate.

Will ever bless. Ill augured else thy ways;  
 Till then no laurel wreath shall deck thy brow,  
 No favoring auspice all thy mortal days,  
 Thine or thy people's conquering power may show;  
 By Heaven's decree, defeat must e'er be thine.  
 What but the will thou spurnest, made thee yield,  
 When to thy shores, athwart the foaming brine,  
 Two nations came, renowned on flood and field,  
 They for their fleets and seamen bold, wide famed,  
 And stalwart men and brave; and they of old  
 For valiant deeds long praised,—now high their name  
 For numerous bands well trained,—nor less extolled.  
 Their agile Zouaves who brightest laurels claim.

O ne'er shall Muscovy such ills retrieve.  
 Insulted Heaven forbids. Her sons to France  
 Continual speed, great lessons to receive—  
 —In warlike arts? No, but the lascive dance.

To England too, her people ceaseless flow,  
 No doubt the ways of liberty to learn,  
 That serfs emancipated all may know  
 What they may dare beneath a Tzar so stern,  
 And what relation each one truly bears  
 (A slave so late and now a lordly boor).  
 In the unwonted order, such appears  
 Lofty their aim to be. If so, no more  
 Let them despair. But, if they merely seek  
 New modes to learn,—how to their new estate  
 They best their coats shall suit, how cook their steak.  
 And if, since Paul, long beards be still in date,  
 How their moustaches trim,—their study now,  
 If shaggy beards such freemen please no more,  
 Their chins uncouth in fashion's height to mow,  
 And they like waiting gentlewomen show.  
 Once sought a Muscovite our happy shore.  
 But aims more grand were his. He early found  
 All that of art we knew, and learning's store.  
 In spoils unknown before, he made abound,  
 His rugged country. Toiled he not in vain  
 In Britain's dockyards, and that wondrous art,  
 The secret of our power, as richest gain  
 Possessed, and to a people wide apart  
 As yet, from other men, and barb'rous, showed

How ships to build, and plough the surging main  
 With floating armies. Greatly thus endowed  
 Peter his Russia. His to restrain  
 The fiercest people, and improvement's way  
 Ardent pursue, whilst yet in war's bright field,  
 Lustrous he shone. and ever, neath his sway  
 Nations compelled; Ne'er doomed lowly to yield.

No such Ruler now can Russia claim.  
 Sage is the *man* and liberal his views.  
 Not so the Tzar. His the unenvied fame  
 Of tyrant rule. O, cruel, he renews  
 That iron age when Nicholas held sway,  
 And hapless Poland's sons, to exile driven,  
 Their country's fate bewailed, all hope away,  
 On earth nought left them save their trust in heaven.

In vain, O Tzar, on Russia shall dawn  
 Fair Freedom's Sun.\* What though to Freeman's light,  
 Thou giv'st an Empire, rude that light withdrawn;  
 And dismal clouds, dark as Tartarean night,  
 O'er Poland thrown, a people once so famed,  
 In arms so great, in all that can adorn,—  
 That nation's can exalt, o'er all, bright named  
 In Liberty's high cause,—whose early morn  
 Radiant with promise, over Europe shone  
 In glory of noon-day, whilst yet in gloom  
 The nations dwelt, as yet no conquest won  
 Save what the sword could gain. O woful doom!  
 Crushed is thy Champion, Liberty! and thine,  
 O Europe! rescued, oft, when bold displayed  
 Their flag and strove thy glory to outshine  
 Usurping infidels, yet fled dismayed.

O'neath the Power, by which thou reign'st, bow down,  
 Heaven's purpose thwart not. O let now prevail  
 Wise counsel ere too late,—ere yet are flown,  
 O mighty Tzar, all means that can avail,  
 Thine own, thine Empire's fortunes to retrieve.  
 The will, thou scornest, in the loud thunder speaks;  
 The orphan's prayer the frowning skies receive;  
 The widowed mother's groan that frequent breaks

---

\* An allusion to the laudable endeavours of the Tzar Alexander to abolish serfdom and establish free institutions in Russia.

Upon the saddened ear, a nation's tears  
 And dark despair, the exile's piteous moan,—  
 Cry loud to Heaven. Hast thou no rising fears?  
 Of all that live, unmoved art thou alone?  
 Unmoved amid the plagues that waste thy land,  
 Thy burning cities, and thy drenched fields,  
 Thy people writhing 'neath the flaming hand  
 Of angry Heaven, thy clime no fruit that yields  
 To patient toil,—strange frost and summer snow,  
 Even in thy northern zone, unwonted sight,

---

Loud hurricanes athwart thy steppes that blow,  
 That sweep the plains and every prospect blight.  
 Die the starved flocks, disease the people mows,  
 Like harvest scythe, and all out o'er the realm  
 Gaunt famine stalks, and dark and dismal shows  
 The lowering plague cloud ready to o'erwhelm.

Shake not these woes, O Tzar, thine inmost heart?  
 Not hardened quite as yet, thy tender years  
 Best promise give, Thine, yet the noble part,  
 A people's wounds to heal. Full flowed thy tears  
 When fell thy youthful Son, a pledge to Heaven,—  
 A hostage from thy hearth so early torn,  
 When bled thy land, erewhile, and hopeless riven  
 Were thy strongholds,—when o'er the ocean borne  
 Bold foes thine Empire shook. Ah! freely flowed  
 The scalding tear. In fragments now is thrown  
 A people once so great,—now lowly bowed  
 Their grandeur to the dust, their glory gone.  
 The nations weep—Hast thou no tears to shed?  
 Unnatural art thou, to all feeling dead!

---

OTTAWA, August, 1865.

## DIES IRÆ.

---

Day of anger, day of dread !  
The world in fire shall pass away :  
The doom in David's and Sibylla's lay

Oh ! what fear shall then prevail,  
When God shall come, the judge of man,  
And all his deeds inexorable scan !

Loud shall the last trumpet sound ;  
Shall hear the silent grave its tone,  
Shall face each startled soul the judgment throne.

Death and Nature both shall see,  
Spring from the dust each creature forth,  
Before the Judge severe, to plead its worth.

The doom book in Heaven writ,  
Wherein the witness all is read  
Mankind to judge, that day will be outspread.

On his throne the Sov'reign Judge,  
Each hidden deed all earth shall see,  
And unavenged no mortal crime shall be.

What, ah ! wretched, shall I say ?  
What patron's aid shall I invoke,  
When scarce the good shall 'scape stern justice's stroke ?

Awful Thou, Heaven's Majesty !  
Yet free doth thy salvation flow ;  
Bid ope Thy mercy's fountain,—favor show.

Forget not, Saviour Lord,  
 My guilt hath caused thy mortal life.  
 Give me to conquer in the final strife.

Just Thou art, avenging judge ;  
 Oh ! yet ere dawn that awful day,  
 Do Thou, in pity, wipe each stain away.

Ever scourges me remorse,  
 Ever burns me sin's devouring shame,  
 I, suppliant now, Thy generous pity claim.

Thou did'st Magdalen forgive,  
 And heard'st the robber's humble prayer ;  
 Me, too, (I hope in Thee) Thou'lt gracious spare

Ah ! how worthless all my vows !  
 Yet, for Thy bounteous, Heavenly name,  
 My soul Thou'lt save from Hell's eternal flame

Ever 'mongst thy faithful few,—  
 Thy chosen ones,—Thy throne beside,  
 My place secure,—far from Thy foes divide.

Be Thine enemies abashed !  
 Hopeless, condemned to endless fire ;  
 Amidst Thy saints to dwell shall I aspire.

Humble and suppliant ever,  
 Contrite, my soul each sin deploras ;  
 Mine end be peace,—my treasure Heavenly stores.

Oh ! that day ! what tears shall flow !  
 When guilt-stain'd man from dust shall come.  
 The Judgment seat around, to meet his doom.

Spare, O Lord, each sinner spare,  
 Thy mercy, Jesus, liberal show,  
 Thy blessed peace eternally bestow.

AMEN

## SONG OF CYMODOCE,

A GRECIAN LADY, IMPRISONED AT ROME FOR THE  
CHRISTIAN FAITH.

---

Swiftly, swiftly speed, Ansonian sails,  
Swiftly, O swiftly, plough the dark blue sea;  
Lend, mighty Neptune, lend thy favoring gales,  
Let all thy min' string slaves propitious be.

Waft me, O waft me to the happy shore  
Where flows the bright Pamisus' silvery tide;  
Where oft in youth's gay morning, roamed of yore  
My guileless steps, once more, O, faithful guide  
The child of Greece. Birds of the Libyan sky  
On beauteous wings that bear hope's cheering song,  
Far, to Ithome's height, O quickly fly;  
These anxious words impart:

"From spouse and parents' hearth, an exile long,  
"Great Homer's child, to pleasing home restored,  
"Messenia's laurels will rejoice to view,  
"And with a Father and a spouse adored,  
"Youth's happy days delighted will renew."

Oh! when shall to my longing soul be given,  
All that it loved of old? My native Greece:  
The flowery mead—the stainless azure heaven,—  
The limpid murmuring brook, sweet scene of peace,  
Where, rocked in pleasure's lap, my childhood's hours  
Flew blissful on; not more the tender fawn  
When joyful bounding from her shady bowers,  
Led by the rustic pipe, enjoyed life's dawn.  
Alas, how changed my lot! Oh! piteous state!

Oh ! cruel doom ! in noisome lonely cell,  
 The hapless victim of relentless fate,  
 In the fell tyrant's land, I hopeless dwell.  
 Fain would I raise the merry linnets' strain ;  
 Like moaning of funereal lyre, my song  
 Meanwhile. Yet, surely, bear I, not in vain,  
 This wedding garb ; now glad will I prolong  
 The joy-note ; like happiest mother now,  
 In ecstasy, I clasp my darling boy,  
 He, the while, clings fond to my shelt'ring side,  
 Even as the timid bird, when foes annoy,  
 Cowers 'neath the parent wing. But down my pride !  
 Ah ! wretched, here, of misery the prey,  
 Lone timid bird am I, to sorrow given,  
 From parent's roof and kindred torn away,  
 From all I loved, and from my country riven.  
 Father and spouse, ah ! why this long delay ?  
 Could I my country's Genii implore,  
 Enquire what immolated victims say !  
 But no ; the God I reverently adore  
 Forbids :—the Cross alone, my light, my stay.

---



This World is all a Fleeting Show,  
&c., &c., &c.

MOORE

---

Who'd not this transient world forego,  
And longing look through Faith to Heaven?—  
—To Heaven beyond life's fleeting show,  
Where joys that perish not are given?

No tears are there the eye that dim,  
Nor false the smiles which light that sphere;  
The lips are true that raise the hymn—  
—The Hymn of rapture sounding there.

Its glory knows no flick'ring flame;  
Like brightest morning aye it glows;  
To day and yesterday the same,  
No fading hues it can disclose.

And love is there and beauty's bloom,  
Not blossoms gathered to decay;  
Deceitful hope hath there no room,  
Nor pleasure's lure to block our way.

There tossed no more on stormy wave,  
The wanderers of earth find rest;  
Beyond life's bourn—beyond the grave,  
With glories ever new they're blessed.

Nor lights that realm fond Fancy's beam,  
Nor doubting Reason's feeble ray;  
Ten thousand Suns reflecting gleam  
The light of God's eternal day.

Serene that world; no tempest howls;  
No surging waves can shake its peace;  
Calm and untroubled are all souls;  
From care and warfare they've release.

---

## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

---

Praise, praise ever, to God be given !  
Thee, Lord alone, all men proclaim ;  
Parent of all adored in Heaven,  
On earth, Eternal One Thy Name !

Thee, rapt, extol the angel choirs,  
The Heavens and all the Heavenly powers ;  
The Cherub's strain to Thee aspires,  
The Seraphim his song outpours.

With endless as with glad acclaim,  
Enraptured, they Thy glory sing,  
Holy, thrice holy is Thy name,  
Oh, thou, Lord God, great Sabaoth's King !

Thy majesty the world pervades,  
The Heavens immense thy glory own ;  
Apostles in exalted grades,  
The Prophet band of high renown,  
The Martyr host in robes of light,  
The Holy Church all earth around,  
Thee, Majesty, sole great and bright,  
Confess, and loud Thy praise resound.

Thy venerable only son  
True God, alike, we, faithful, praise.

To Him, the same, till time be done,  
 The Spirit Paraclete, our lays  
 We ceaseless pour, Christ ever more,  
 Of God alone, eternal sprung,  
 In Truth and Spirit we adore.  
 Oh ! let Thy praise be cordial sung !

Our erring, fallen race to save,  
 The meek and lowly Virgin's womb  
 Thou willing sought'st, and freely gave  
 In expiation to the tomb,  
 The life which snatched from death its sting,  
 And Heaven's barred portals opened wide,  
 To all who faithful round Thee cling;  
 Whilst Thou, in glory, by the side  
 Of God the Father, reign'st supreme.  
 From thence, one day, Thou'lt powerful come  
 The world to judge. That hour extreme  
 Who shall abide ? But, Thou, the doom  
 Piteous avert ! Thy servants plead,  
 For whom was shed thy precious blood.  
 Oh ! in their utmost, direst need,  
 Thine aid extend ; Thy Mercy's flood  
 Ne'er cease to flow ; and 'midst Thy Saints,  
 Our place secure, in Glory's state,  
 All power beyond of wordly taints,  
 Of erring, blind, capricious fate.

Thy people, Lord, look down to save,  
 Thy choicest blessings ever pour  
 On them whom Heaven propitious gave  
 To dwell in shadow of Thy power.

Oh, be they ever 'neath Thy sway !  
 Do Thou exalt them evermore !  
 Humble and earnest, as they pray,  
 Bounteous dispense Thy loving Store.

Each day, our voice to Thee we raise :  
 From age to age, we bless Thy name,  
 And bid our children speak Thy praise—  
 The praise Divine none else can claim.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, that free from stain,  
We pass Time's bourn! Thy guard bestow:  
Sin's luring snares, like victims slain  
O'erthrown, Thy shielding mercy shew.

Fails not, good Lord, our Trust in Thee;  
When Faint and weak, in darkest hour,  
Boundless to us thy graces be.

Oh, never can we doubt Thy power,  
And never shall confusion see.

AMEN.

---

## ECCE QUAM BONUM., &c.

(*Psalm CXXII.*)

---

Aught is there 'neath the azure skies  
More good, more sweet, than Concord's ties ?  
Less sweet the o'drous balm, when spread  
On Aaron's consecrated head,  
Adown his beard and on his breast,  
It flows, and o'er his broidered vest.  
Less sweet the fertilizing showers  
That water Zion's leafy bowers ;  
Less sweet the sparkling dews that glow  
On shady Hermon's verdant brow.  
Choice blessing aye, by Heaven's decree,  
And life Divine, its meed eternally.

---

# WELCOME

TO THE

HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE, M. P. P.,

*Minister of Agriculture, &c., &c., &c.,*

ON HIS

ARRIVAL AT OTTAWA, MAY 27<sup>TH</sup>, 1867.

FROM HIS PUBLIC AND IMPORTANT MISSION TO EUROPE IN CONNECTION  
WITH THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

---

Favored of cities most, where rolls thy tide,  
Grand Ottawa! No more by Tiber's wave  
Moves the triumphal car; nor doth abide  
The hero's name to cruel death that gave  
His slaughtered thousands. Glories ever new,  
Yet ancient more, their brightest wreaths entwine  
Thy Victor chiefs to crown, thy patriots true,  
Thy Statesmen sage, who wisely could combine  
Their noblest meed to win! Rejoice, O Peace!  
Thy victory complete! To latest time  
A nation great be thine! Nor let it cease  
Thy praise to hymn, whilst echo to the chime  
Of rushing waters, Ottawa's Senate Halls,  
And Statesmen grave shall crowd around her Towers  
From climes remote, and Warriors brave her walls  
Shall Guard. Thou, last, but not the least, 'mong Powers,  
Shalt reign, loved Ottawa! From age to age  
Thy Patriot Statesmen thou shalt joyful hail,

With Victor bays shalt deck each favorite Sage !  
Proud Victor bays ! bought not by Orphan's wail !  
Nor slaughter-dyed, as was the wont of yore .  
When rose the triumph shout, amid the throng,  
The haughty Victor dripping still with gore !  
Such was thy glory, war ! alas ! too long !  
Peace brings a conquest greater far than thine,  
Her power creative gives her high command,  
And lo ! from out the storm-tossed foaming brine,  
'Twixt Oceans twain,—by wild Atlantic's strand  
An Empire springs ! Firm ever be thy sway,  
Auspicious power ! Long may thy Statesmen sage  
Bright honor win ! And, often, as to-day,  
Triumphal glories crown this favored age !  
And oft, to grace a chosen votary's brow,  
May Clio come ! And, aye, may willing twine  
Her laurel wreath, Molpomene, as now ;  
And with the Sister Muse the Muses all combine !

---



## "IN DEFENCE." \*

---

ST. ANDREW'S DAY, 1868.

Lift high the lay !  
'Tis Scotia's day !  
Foremost in Glory's scroll,  
The Lion Flag unroll !

That Lion bold no victor owned,  
While vanquished nations quailed around,  
As Rome's proud Eagle sought the fray,  
And eager grasped his destined prey.

Lo ! conquests new ! and Empires vast  
O'er Earth appear ! thou'rt fallen at last !  
Brave as of yore, thou'lt own a Conqu'rors sway !  
Yield to the Gaul's invincible array !

No !—Not mighty CHARLEMAGNE himself shall dare  
Thy Lion in his mountain home to scare.  
Thy love he'll court,—thy envied favor gain,  
And cast his TREASURE round thy Lion's mane ! †

---

\* The motto under the crest on the Seal of St. Andrew's Society of  
Ottawa.

† In the year of our Lord 790, the Emperor CHARLEMAGNE sought an alliance with ACHATUS, King of Scotland. In memory of the "League" which was at that time formed between the greatest Empire of the day and the Northern nation, the "DOUBLE TREASURE" with *fleurs de lys*, was added to the Royal Arms of Scotland. This "Tressure" constitutes the ornamental frame which is still seen around the bearing of the Lion.

Still, as of old, defiant thou wilt scowl,  
 When from his eyry flies the Northern owl.  
 Firm "*in defence*," thou wilt the fight prolong,  
 And beard the Dane, so stalwart and so strong.

In fields of fame thy patriot blood shall flow,  
 And bravest deeds shall latest ages know,  
 Till foiled at last, each Scandinavian band  
 Shall hasten vanquished from thy rock-bound strand.

Lo ! Norman Lords now rush like thunder down,  
 In bootless fury meet thy Lion's frown.  
 O, vain, proud EDWARD ! vain thy dread array !  
 The dauntless BRUCE has marshalled for the fray !

Now days of peace are thine, my Scotia fair,  
 Yet sleepeth not thy Lion in his lair.  
 Still, "*in defence*," along thy limpid streams,  
 High in his flaming hand, terrific gleams  
 Thy victor sword, to foe that never yields.  
 Now as of yore, that oft in lustrous fields,  
 Lays fell oppression low, the slave sets free,  
 And waves the Cross of Freedom o'er the sea.

Aye, "*in defence*," thy giant battle cry !  
 Lo freemen's wail ascends the pitying sky.  
 Forth from its scabbard starts thy claymore true,  
 And he who could the trembling earth bedew  
 With widow's tears and Europe's patriot blood,  
 The Vandal Corsican, whose victor car,  
 Like Juggernaut's, in strange, unwonted war,  
 Made noblest nations, prostrate, bleeding, bow  
 Before the idol, on whose traitor brow,  
 In colors false, was painted VICTORY,  
 Is cast, a sacrifice to LIBERTY,  
 Down in the deep, like a devouring brand,  
 Hissing and spent, far from thy favored strand. ‡

---

‡ The part which Scotland's warriors bore in the prolonged war against the Emperor NAPOLEON is well understood. The undaunted bravery shewn by the Scottish Regiments at the great battle which terminated NAPOLEON'S career, is matter of historic celebrity. SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his "*Field of Waterloo*," makes special mention of Colonel MILLER, son of SIR WILLIAM MILLER, LORD GLENLEE, Colonel CAMERON, of Fassiefern, so often distinguished

The Mongol would his tyrant rule renew,  
 Earth's fairest fields with blood and ruin strew.  
 Thine to defend. Choice heroes, at thy word,  
 Speed o'er the ocean wide ;—bears CLYDE\* thy sword,  
 O'er India's plains thy conquering Lion roars,—  
 Crumbles each tower, as erst on Judah's shores,  
 When rose o'er hill and plain the trumpet's swell,  
 Down, down, each Heathen stronghold tott'ring fell.

---

in LORD WELLINGTON's despatches from Spain, and Colonel the Honorable  
 SIR ALEXANDER GORDON, brother to the late Earl of Aberdeen.

"Period of honour as of woes,  
 What bright careers, 'twas thine to close !

Saw'st gallant MILLER's failing eye,  
 Still bent where Albion's-banners fly,  
 And CAMERON in the shock of Steel.  
 Die like the offspring of Lochiel ?"


The Scottish heroes who survived the battle are equally renowned. Who can forget the prowess of the late General SIR JAMES MACDONELL, son of Glengarry, who, single handed, defended the gate at Hougomont against a host of enemies, or that of Sergeant FRASER, the first who came to his aid ? Sir Walter Scott speaks of Hougomont as "immortal in the rolls of fame !"

"Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,  
 And Cressy be an unknown spot,  
 And Blenheim's name be new ;  
 But still in story and in song,  
 For many an age remembered long,  
 Shall live the Towers of Hougomont  
 And Field of WATERLOO.

\* The names of Clyde and Outram who bore so distinguished a part in the suppression of the Indian mutiny will never be forgotten. It is not, of course intended to deny their well and hard won honours to Havelock and the other heroes of that glorious campaign. But the more special duties attendant on the national festival, must have precedence on occasion of its celebration.

A Poem, necessarily short, could not, it is believed, be more appropriately concluded than by an allusion to the most romantic incident of the Indian war. When the Scottish Brigade under the command of Lord Clyde was marching to the relief of Lucknow, which they so gloriously captured, a Scotch girl, as is related, heard the sound of the bagpipes long before it was possible for anybody else to hear this martial music, within the walls of Lucknow. To the great joy of the British Garrison, the event proved that she only spoke truly when she intimated that powerful aid was at hand.

Now, in the war-vexed Hindoo land, afar,  
Sweetly thy pibroch sounds ;—hope's brightest star  
Shines o'er the host beleaguèred, and its ray  
The fateful gloom dispels. "'Tis Freedom's day!"  
The Scottish maiden cries, "hear'st not the tones,  
Borne on the balmy gale, o'er India's Zones?  
It is, it is the bagpipe's cheering lay!  
We live! we're free! Ye Tartar hordes away!"



LINES OF WELCOME  
TO Mr. CHARLES SANGSTER.

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At a banquet in honor of Mr. Sulte, the poet, the chairman, H. J. Friel, Esq., Mayor of the city, gave the memory of the late Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, which was honored in solemn silence.

The Rev. Æ. McD. Dawson made a most eloquent speech, dwelling on the merits of the late Mr. McGee as an orator and historical writer, as well as a poet, during the delivery of which he was frequently applauded.

Father Dawson then took the opportunity to refer to Mr. Charles Sangster, the poet, and read the following lines, which he had composed in honor of the occasion of that gentleman's taking up his residence in Ottawa.—*Ottawa Times, August 28th, 1868.*

TO THE GENIUS OF THE OTTAWA.

O welcome the Bard to Ottawa's shore!  
Oft shall its echoes resound to his lay;  
Wide o'er its gay fields, its greenwoods all o'er,  
O hail ye this happiest, glorious day!

All sorrow depart! In thy dew-bright hall,  
In—garment of mist—thy festal array,—  
Loud ring thy Paeans! Lo! prompt at thy call.  
Comes the Bard, 'side Ott'wa's Genius to stay!

No longer, my Sprite, in gloom as of yore,  
'Mid forest lone, shalt thou comfortless dwell;

Aloft now thy thoughts like spray sparks shall soar,  
For lo! thou art girt with Poesy's spell!

Harsh was the roar of thine Ottawa's wave  
As wildly it rushed through the pine-clad grove;  
Grand, but uncheering the sight was, it gave;  
Now vocal, O joy! with Truth, Song and Love!

Thy Friend he of old; thy teachings he sought;  
Choice wisdom found,—song in thy Cascade's chime—  
Truth's brightest pearls, India's wealth that ne'er bought  
Joy to his soul was thy tale of gone time.

Enraptured he looked on thy Queenly brow;  
Thou, thy diadem donned of sparkling showers,  
Satest throned, thy palace halls with hues, that glow  
Varied as rainbows, decked,—blest sunlit bowers!

Listening he stood; thy wondrous tale was told  
Of ages hoar—of Eras buried long  
In the deep, dark, unfathomed days of old,—  
Treasures locked up of story and of song.

Thy peaceful reign of many thousand years,  
Ere strife disturbed thee in thy vapour dome,  
Delighted learned he. Then, through floods of tears,  
They sorrow spoke. Around thy startled home  
The red man raged,—cast, o'er thy surging tide,  
His war whoop wild; his yell—his vengeful roar  
Resounding far, loud heard from side to side,  
From rock to rock, along thy echoing shore.

Patient but sad, within thy dewy grot,  
Forward Thou look'dst with ever hopeful mind,  
To times more blest. Lo! now, how grand thy lot!  
How favored thou 'mong all of spirit kind!

Thy prayer is heard. No more in deadly strife  
The Red man strives. The gory tomahawk  
Defiles no more, nor the reeking scalp knife  
Thy lucent wave. Lo! fearless now thy walk  
Forth from thy shady groves—thy halls of showers;  
No foes are near. Around thy palace dwell

Races unknown before ;—Bold Europe's powers  
 Thy faithful guard ! Mourn not in lonely cell !  
 All nature's steeped in joy ; the grave old woods  
 Wear brighter hues, 'ne'er frightened any more  
 By savage warfare's yells ; calm roll thy floods  
 Awakened only by the Cascade's roar ;  
 Light bounds the Red man now to Freedom's tones  
 The fiendish war-dance o'er ; he joys to live  
 Subdued but free ; in Peace he glad atones  
 For crimes ancestral. O genius ! forgive—  
 Forget the past ! Lo ! here thy poet friend !  
 Attentive he surveys thy airy halls,  
 Glad hears thy magic voice that yet will send  
 New joy, new music, when the muse he calls,  
 Down to his raptured soul ! Forgive, great Sprite,  
 If from thy waters far, in sparkling wine,  
 Once for thy Poet's sake, we seek delight ;  
 With interest he'll pay Thee ; glory Thine,  
 Such as o'er Tiber's wave a halo spread,  
 Immortal stamped the tuneful Maro's name,  
 And thine, where'er thy checkered tale is read,  
 Will yet consign to never-dying Fame.

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## PROLOGUE TO KING ALFRED.

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The grand dramatic piece *Alfred the Great* advertised to take place at the University of St. Joseph's, was presented by the students of that institution to a large, intelligent and appreciative audience last evening in very excellent style. The scenic arrangements were unexceptionable, and the dresses and costumes of the actors rich and gorgeous.

The large hall of the College was well filled by a great number of the Clergy of the city, and surrounding parishes, and by a large concourse of the Ladies and Gentry of the place, who all seemed well pleased with the evening's performances which commenced with the following prologue delivered by Master Mitchell, son of Hon. P. Mitchell, Minister of the Marine and Fishery Department:—*Ottawa Times, Wednesday, July 1, 1868.*

## PROLOGUE TO KING ALFRED,

DELIVERED ON OCCASION OF THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, OTTAWA, 30TH JUNE, 1868.

What! play King Alfred!  
How dare you, children of the woods!  
In your lone forests, think you, can resound  
A name so grand, famed the wide world around?  
The Conqueror of the barbaric Dane  
Boots it to sing, o'er dreary swamp and plain,  
Where rang, erewhile, the Indian war whoop wild,  
And savage deeds the virgin earth defiled?  
Scarce yet hath died away the red man's yell,



Dire crime stalks forth from its congenial hell,\*  
 And ye will speak of ALFRED—holiest name,  
 Dearest, Sweetest in the bright rolls of Fame!  
 Wot ye not, sure, how grand that monarch's throne!  
 Firm-built, that with unwonted glory shone,  
 Deep, secure, in his people's heart of hearts,  
 Scorning, sublime, all guileful fiendish arts!

Know we not Alfred?

Greatest in lustrous line of Victor Kings!  
 Nor Victor King alone. Each Bard that sings  
 The smiling arts of Peace, his praise resounds,  
 Wise law and equal to his Fame redounds.  
 Seek ye the monument that bids his name  
 For ever live?—that Britons aye will claim  
 Their birth-right and heir-loom? Long as the wave  
 Our favored shores shall guard, and circling lave  
 Our Heaven-blessed Isles, the CONSTITUTION FREE  
 Great Alfred's deathless monument shall be;  
 Proud monument no adverse power can shake!  
 Nor war of Dane wise Alfred's will could break;  
 Nor tyrant King, nor damning Bigot's hate  
 Could e'er efface this glory of our State.  
 Still with new foes it struggles as of old,  
 And conquers still. Will yet, ere long, be told  
 Its noblest victory; green Erin's self  
 Will raptured hail King Alfred in the Guelph!

Here in this spot to letters vowed,  
 Forbid not we should honor him who bowed  
 To lettered wisdom in age as rude,  
 Ruder than ours, when echoes the dark wood  
 To the bold axe-man's blows. No more the yell  
 Of savage red man heard, a magic spell  
 Heart stirring, peace-inspiring, thrown around,  
 Of crime will purge the land, and mark it holy ground!  
 That spell famed ALFRED's mightiest name!

---

\* An allusion to the foulest deed of the time—the murder of the Hon.  
 T. D. McGee.

## LINES

ON THE OPENING OF THE EDUCATIONAL HOUSE OF THE CONGREGATION,  
(FORMERLY THE VICTORIA HOTEL,) OTTAWA, 1st MAY, 1869.

---

*"Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves."*  
(VIRGIL.)

Build high thy nest, fond mortal, build it high ;  
Thy wonted cunning's all in vain.  
Thine art and curious labour boldly try ;  
Thy toil is for another's gain.

So, defly wove the Roman Bard his song ;  
Not for himself the witching strain ;  
Lo ! to a stranger doth his fame belong  
Who, cruel, robbed the tuneful swain.

Raise high thy gorgeous temples mighty Rome !  
Thy stately Palaces uprear !  
Not for thy fav'rite Gods the costly dome ;  
E'en now the better age is near !

Is thine the lofty Basilic no more ;  
Ne'er, for thy pompous rites again,  
Shall ope the Fane, its portals as of yore ;  
Thy grandest toil, O Rome, is vain !

Ascends the smoke of incense never more,  
Nor lion in thy Capitol  
And spacious amphitheatres shall roar ;  
All silent,—save thy death's dull toll !

Now fallen thy Gods, thine Emperors dethroned,  
 In Temple now and lordly Hall,  
 The Christian's holy anthem is intoned,  
 The Heavens inclining to his call.

And Thou, the proudest city of the woods !  
 Build high thine edifices grand ;  
 Thou dost but vainly waste thy treasured goods ;  
 For others works thy well skilled hand.

But not like Heathen Rome's, thy willing toil ;  
 Thou, gen'rous, could'st a Palace raise,—  
 A shelter to the stranger on thy soil ;  
 And this thy never dying praise.

To wearied and wayfaring 'twas thine aim,  
 Cordial the bread of strength to break.  
 This merit shall we say thou canst not claim ?  
 Ah ! no ! since for THE SAVIOUR'S sake,

Is broken here, each day, the bread of life,—  
 That bread which knowledge is and truth,  
 Light to the blind, toil's rest, and peace 'mid strife,  
 Soul to the strong and hope of youth !



# LAMENT

FOR THE

RIGHT REVEREND JAMES GILLIS, D. D.,\*

BISHOP OF EDINBURGH,

&c., &c., &c.

But yesterday! (we call it years, indeed, (x)  
So slowly, yet so swiftly flows Time's course,)  
By Death's sad couch, in hour of direst need,  
Mourning, thou stood'st, lone by that Prelate's corse  
Whose venerable age thy tears forbade,  
And hope inspired, that thou should'st long remain,  
Faithful, as he had been, in that high grade,  
To which a people's love thy mind could gain.

And, hopeful, through hoar Time's eventful days,  
Didst thou look out, and many promised years,  
With richest blessing fraught, beheld'st, thy ways  
Ever to prosper and dispel thy fears.  
But vain those high aspirings! Time, with thee,  
False reckoning hath kept. Scarce yet begun  
Thy greatest, noblest works, in fell envy,  
Remorseless, she's thy thread of life outspun.

---

\* Canada justly claims the late celebrated Bishop. Montreal was the City of his birth. And he studied there, at the Seminary, until he was fourteen years of age, when he went with his parents to Scotland.

Too brief thy span! yet much didst thou achieve,  
 Enlightened Prelate! Still around the Throne  
 Of mighty Bourbon, doomed so soon to grieve  
 Its downfall, ere its powerful sway was gone,  
 Stood marshalled haughty France's chivalry;  
 And thine the task, to wield a keener sword  
 Than Bourbon's, long so famed in history.  
 Vain their essay who dared repel thy word, (1)  
 And Christian, pious men, list'ning, consoled,  
 Beheld great Paul himself, as erst he spoke  
 In Athens' learned Senate, and unrolled  
 Salvation's plan, and Pagan minds awoke,  
 And bade them revel in the noonday Light  
 Of Revelation,—Heaven's best boon to man,—  
 Joys unknown before,—deep, untold delight,—  
 Bright thoughts, their utmost grasp of mind outspan.

Mourn, loved Edina! more was thine this Paul  
 Than e'er thou'lt know. Thine all his thoughts, his care.  
 For thee, for thine, not for the kindred Gaul,  
 His love profound, no toil could ever spare.  
 High soared his mind. No common man was he.  
 Enthusiast say'st thou? Well, what e'er was done  
 Without enthusiasm? What e'er could be,  
 Improvement's views apart, that ever won  
 With firm resolve, the destined, wished for end,  
 That haughty minds, impatient of control,  
 To their great purposes could nobly bend,  
 And bid celestial thunder dazzling roll?

Dear, ever, to his Patriot heart thy Fame.  
 Vouchsafed had bounteous Heaven, the progress power  
 Thy glories to extend, a mightier name  
 Thou'dst have, than Heroes gave, the world out o'er.  
 His sphere though limited, he made thee shine,  
 Like favored Orleans of high renown.  
 Lo! now in Europe's Tale, two Stars conjoin.  
 In one, two glories live;—these both thine own.  
 Heroic Joan, conqu'ring Orleans' pride!  
 This pride thou'lt share, remaining constant bound,  
 By ties historic, to fair Joan's side;  
 Now Orleans and thou, one classic ground. (2) 2

Holier than Aaron's Heavenly Priesthood, thine.  
High, to it loftiest heights, thou soar'dst sublime.

In thought, in deed, in eloquence Divine,  
Thy memory shall outlive devouring time.

Fade may Ravignan's and Lacordaire's fame;  
Thine secure, the admiring world shall engrave,  
Deep in its heart of hearts, thy honored name,  
In mockery of the cold oblivious grave.

With Orlean's gifted Prelate, long conjoined,  
In holiest bonds of Christian amity;

Like him, thou, earnest, fervent, taught'st mankind  
Great lessons of the Church's Liberty.

Thy glowing words the haughtiest minds enchained,  
Like his, whom ages style the Golden Tongue, (A)

The wayward and the wavering they restrained,  
And listening Senates on thine accents hung.

Thine was the gift, rebellious wills to quell,  
The Athanasins of degenerate times,

Few dared against thy earnest will rebel,  
And vainly flaunt, in open day, their crimes. (B)

An Ambrose wert thou at the Church's Gate,  
Although with Golden ring, and Royal Crown,

Should come the sinner, still with pride elate,  
And sin unwept, and guilty thoughts high flown,

Thou bad'st him stand aloof, and meekly stay  
The Flock apart,—HIM seek who bore our stain,

Lowly of mind, and penitent to pray,  
With joyful heart, then enter CHRIST's high Fane.

And open was thy Soul to Friendship's ray.  
Tender wert thou, Like Augustine, and kind.

By goodness still, and love, thou ledst the way,  
Whilst gushed, in torrents, from thy well stored mind,

Uncompromising Truth. If stern thy mood,  
Indignant rolled thy sin-condemning word,

Dark, hardened guilt, all pale and trembling stood,  
Dumb, quailing, shunned the Presence of the Lord.

But, softly, sweetly, flowed thy gentler tones;  
"Ne'er broken be the bruised reed," says HE,

Who for our erring weakness all atones,  
And pleads for us, His own sad agony.

Nobly he strove, thy honored shrine to save,  
 Scotia's Saint James! Thou, long, on German plains,  
 Resplendent shone. But, from thy destined grave,  
 Thy life to snatch, vain were his care and pains.

Parent of Learning's Homes, thou gav'st to men, (3)  
 Through num'rous streams, enlightening, saving Truth.  
 One thousand years and more, by word and pen, (4)  
 'Twas thine, to teach famed Europe's noblest youth.

Dark o'er those ages, brooded direful strife.  
 Reign'd war supreme. But for thy warning voice,  
 To better Worlds that called, inspired new Life,  
 Lost were mankind, in ignorance and vice.

Most Holy Benedict! was thine the task,  
 High o'er the moral waste, aloft to bear  
 Loved Science' Torch, that made all Europe bask  
 In the bright Sun, that ever shone so fair,  
 Thy Fanes throughout, the matchless, radiant Sun  
 Of Life bestowing Faith, in maziest way,  
 Unerring guide, like to that Light, which shone  
 O'er Israel's Host, and made the night as day.

Time favoring rolls;—thine honors prosp'ring grow.  
 Witness brave Scotia's sons, the noblest, best, (5)

Within thy walls that dwelt, and made them glow  
 With genius' fires, filling thy wise behest.

New scenes, new wars, new men, a world all new!  
 Still tranquil thou, amidst the toiling race

Of late sprung heros! Reverent, they review  
 Thy storied years, nor from thy walls efface (6)

The record hoar, that centuries had engraved,  
 Deep, in thy choral aisles. They, in their turn,

Thy lessons hear, and they, the foe that braved  
 So gallantly, now with new rapture burn.

The statesman and the sage, with care outworn,  
 The warrior, by toil and strife, bent down,  
 The homeless exile, from his country torn,  
 Dwell by thy hearth, and thou, St. James alone, (7)

Amid the general crash of States, art seen  
 In pristine glory,—not one honor gone,  
 Thy light refulgent still, erect thy mien,  
 More than thine ancient, was thy modern Fame.


And he, the Bard, a world's applause could gain, (8)  
 Of Scotia sprung, new lustre on thy name,  
 In deathless song conferred, as erst in pain,  
 By thy lone streams, mourning and sad, he poured,  
 O'er Erin's banished son, his thrilling lay.  
 Or soaring high, in tones sublime, he towered,  
 And sang of Hohenlinden's glorious day.  
 But, thou hast been, St. James, and art no more!  
 Spared thee, dread, scourging war, in peace to fall,  
 Of avarice the prey. Thou, long that bore  
 A Nation's light, who shall thy life recall?

Niggard Bavaria! was such thy need, (9)  
 Thine ancient Church so fallen, that thou should'st steal  
 The widow's mite, to satisfy thy greed?  
 In vain, thou plead'st, 'twas for the gen'ral weal.  
 Rememb'rest not, that Justice is the good,  
 The gen'ral good, of nations of men?  
 Thou couldst not, in thy democratic mood,  
 This truth behold;—it fled thy downward ken.  
 Such, ever, Continental Democrats  
 Not an enlightened people's noble mind,  
 Nor the high soul of born Aristocrats,  
 Nor that of old, which, powerful, ruled mankind,  
 Rejected Royalty,—thy ways could guide.  
 No counsel, wise and kingly, might avail (10)  
 'Gainst thy rapacious hand, and thou'lt abide.  
 The with'ring scorn, that ever shall prevail.

And thou whom proud Toledo's mitre crowned!  
 But Peace,—indignant muse! Thou 'rt humbled now.  
 The weeping Sister whom thy pride disowned,  
 Forgives thy slight, and will not, spiteful, vow  
 Eternal vengeance. More will she rejoice  
 In thy regenerate country's hopeful state,  
 And more Iberia's Future will she poise,  
 And praise the glories of her new-born Fate.

But, speak we now of Him, whose early call,  
 In days of fitful change, a place to fill,  
 That common minds could only hopeless thrall,  
 Our age endowed, and is our honor still.



 This child of Destiny, in days long gone,  
 VILLE-MARIE claimed. But no, aspiring land! (C)  
 Too youthful, yet, thou could'st not call thine own,  
 A son so nobly born, his lot too grand.

His country she, whom ages have endowed  
 With Patriots, Heroes, Sages, goodly throng!  
 And Scotia's Fate hath generous allowed,  
 To Scotia, ever, shall his Fame belong.

Truth's fearless herald, o'er her smiling plains,  
 And in her crowded cities, long his name  
 For work and word extolled, and anxious pains  
 He, faithful, patient, bore, as well became

His Minister, who, meek and humble, strove  
 Heaven's Gift on Earth to spread, and ever gave  
 Bright proofs to man, of His Paternal Love,  
 And bade forgive, as He Himself forgave."

Witness, ye teeming fields, where Gala flows,  
 Where fabled Eildon rears its verdant brow,  
 And Melrose' hallowed light in ruin glows,—(D)  
 Melrose, of old so bright, less bright than now.

The vase, so sang the Bard, in fragments thrown,  
 Of roses still the freshening perfume bears;

So, Holy Fane, thy shrines and altar gone,  
 The Pilgrim more thy sacred influence shares.

And thou, sweet silver Tweed, that reigned'st, of old, (E)  
 Of Scotia's Trade, the Queen, now pour thy lays

In mournful mood o'er him, who more than gold,  
 Thy soil enriched, and claims thy brightest bays.

Even as thy classic Erskine, pattern bright  
 Of taste refined, and filial love, who gave

Thy streams along, sweet bowers that could delight  
 Declining age, and soothe the sinking Brave.

With theirs, immortal, shall endure his name,  
 Who o'er thy waters shed their deathless strain.

The Bard, the Saint, alike Divine, to Fame  
 Belong;—in one, their memories shall remain.

Thy honored Scott, 'mong Scotia's Great, renowned,  
 To songs unheard before, attuned his lyre.

So, he whom long thy erring sons disowned,  
 With mind high soaring, caught Celestial Fire;

And bade it blaze, as erst was seen to burn  
 The warning beal fire, from thy hills that drove  
 The robber foe ; and made him basely turn,  
 So rolled his Thunder ;—all was peace and love.

And speak, Columba's Fane, by Solway shore ;  
 And Nith's fair vale, that daring claimed  
 Our age's secret,—Steam's amazing power,—  
 His cherished home, DALSWINTON'S MILLER, named (F)  
 Who bade the cleaving steamship plough the main ;  
 Mightiest Reformer of advancing Time,  
 Be his, loved Albion, thy noblest strain,  
 Who pours into thy lap, from every clime,  
 In stream continuous, all thy varied store  
 Of boundless wealth, and far extends thy fame  
 To distant lands, and on thine Empire more  
 Bestows, than Mede or Roman e'er could claim.

But mourn, sweet Land, thy glory needs no song.  
 No more along thy plains, shall Heavenward call  
 The inspiring voice ;—No more shall it prolong  
 The choral strain ;—grim death extends his pall,  
 Lone Clouden groans, and echoes to the wail, (G)  
 The ruined aisle, where Scotia's fated Queen (H)  
 Sighed o'er her warriors fallen, and e'er her sail  
 She spread, yet, hopeful, prayed, her griefs unseen.

And they will earnest mourn, where tranquil Tay (I)  
 With Northern waves, fearless, commingling, bears  
 Her wealth untold ; and, where, of yore, held sway  
 The untutored Pict, brave Scotia's sons, with tears (J)  
 Will pay their grateful tribute ; and, thy bays,  
 Loved City, styled "The Fair," will ever crown (K)  
 The Patriot and Sage, whose Heavenly ways  
 Thou lov'dst, reforming, and could'st call thine own.  
 And, far, where Caledonia's "MINSTREL" song (L)  
 Its rapture flung, and wide o'er teeming plains,  
 To Birnam's classic shades, the wail prolong ; (M)  
 None worthy more, such melancholy strains.  
 Where ope the portals of the mountain Land ;  
 Thy vales, Dunkeld, spontaneous in his praise (N)  
 Their lyre shall tune, and, o'er thy heath-grown strand,

In solemn tones, the choral anthem raise.

Nor will forget to mourn that noble Fane,  
'Mid hospitable bowers, where frequent join

In social bliss, from care exempt and pain,  
The Warrior and sage, whilst cordial combine

Gravity and Wit, with choice rural joys,  
That ever on thy hills, and by thy streams,  
Abound, fair land. The mind with thee, employs  
Healthful, its Powers, nor e'er of Luxury dreams.

If art shall please, along the storied wall,

In rich profusion, lustrous, it displays

Its glowing hoard, inviting to recall,  
Of Greece, Rome, Italy, the glorious days.

If taste prefer, in rapture thou may'st view  
Scenes varied, rare, that will your thoughts engage (O)

The day throughout, and far to worlds all new

On vivid Fancy's devious pilgrimage,

Your mind convey,—now mingling in the chase.

O'er boundless meads, and now from rocky heights

In Alpine grandeur, towering into space,

Unwonted views beholding,—dazzling sights,—

Vast rivers, in our narrower lands unknown,

Internal seas, which cities, fields adorn,

Isles, mountains, in these rolling Oceans thrown,—

Suns, skies, stars,—bright as an Orient morn.

Be hushed Imagination, stay thy wing.

DUNBLANE, the Faithful, claims thy sorrowing lay. (P)

And thou, Royal home, that gav'st to England's king, (Q)

Shelter and safety, in that direful day,

When banished Richard sought the peaceful strand

Of Scotia ever true, where reigned of old,

The Island Monarch,—Lord of half the land,

Hospitable and kind, though brave and bold,—

STIRLING, that saw'st of yore, rolled back the Power

That humbled Gaul, in turn, by Patriot arms,

Ta flight compelled; ah! now, your tears outpour,

His grave to deck, more than for war's alarms.

Ye too, shall grieve, DUNFERMLINE's Regal Towers,

Where flowed so late, the Patriotic tear

O'er HIM who, Scion of thine ancient Powers,

Thy grief could claim;—weep as on BRUCE's bier! (S)

But, most, EDINA, mourn ! His gifts more thine ;  
Thy skill in art, thy bright historic page,

All that the mind could store, or taste refine,  
Genius with Science crown, and thought engage  
In high pursuit, with thee, he early found.

In vig'rous youth, thy learned sons he sought,  
Caught inspiration from thy Classic ground,—  
Of glowing eloquence, the grace unbought.

Richly and well, did he repay thy care ;  
And time will be, famed age, when thou'lt conceive,  
How in the march, he lagged not, but would share  
Thy progress power. Yet will Scotia receive

His life bestowing views, and wise shall live,  
As none till now have lived,—a people, bound

By concord's ties, and noblest lessons give  
To jarring sects, and hostile tribes, all round  
The spacious world,—proving how peace may reign,  
And bless'd of Him, to all, who said, " Good will,"

Sweet Union dear, that never can disdain  
A Brother man,—though fallen, a Brother still.

With MURRAY, thus, he strove thy ways to guide, (T)  
And him alike, who from thy RALPH had sprung, (U)  
And liberal ORMELIE, free from bigot pride. (V)

He, too, though to his infant Church he clung,  
That Church they called " the Free," nobly combined  
Sage plans to execute, by sectary way,

Untrammelled yet. And, thus, were youth inclined  
To sacred Truth,—from evil torn away.

And long shall Erin. true, and steadfast tell  
How in her cause, he toiled, and bade her live  
Mong free-born men, and, patient hope, and well,  
The wished for age, when fruitful time should give  
Renewed existence,—bright, propitious days.

With Britons, in their varied works, conjoin,—  
A lot, meanwhile, more grand than warrior's bays,  
Strenuous, with them to conquer, now combine.

Much he aspired her children's state to raise,  
Witness that Fane, amidst Edina's towers,  
Where thousands meet, the glorious name to praise,  
And man, in thought sublime, his soul outpours.

More longed he to achieve, and would have done,

Works grander still, our eyes would have beheld,  
 Lustrous, his name would live, in living stone,  
 But jealous time her favoring aid withheld.

Of mightiest men, long praised, who late held place  
 'Mong Scotia's sons, he filled the lofty seat.

But lo! I judge him! No. He sate with grace,  
 Their labours not unworthy to complete;

And high this praise, his name fearless to join,  
 With his of ancient line, whose stainless life [I]

With learning crowned, shall ever fragrant shine,  
 Towering, serene, beyond all critic strife.

With him of Heroes sprung, Iberia claimed, [II]  
 With him Iberian Mitre longed to crown,

For Saintly zeal, and Patriot Wisdom famed,  
 Will he compare; like merits all his own.

Even with that light august, which later shone, [III]  
 He might be kindred joined; but cruel fate

Envious forbids. The Pontiff sage that's gone,  
 Whom faithful hearts still mourn, Divinely great,

Like Patriarch of old, his honoured years  
 Useful prolonged. His venerable state

Few may behold. Alone, he claims our tears.  
 And great like His, was thy expanded mind,

That, liberal, could the varied world unfold,  
 In charity unfeigned, enlightened, kind.

Richer thy welling heart than India's gold;  
 By narrow views unfettered; Peace thy word,

Alike to all, and near thee, trusting, claimed  
 Each weary soul that, earnest, sought the Lord;

Shelter and Hope. Long, long wilt thou be famed,  
 'Mong them, our age's lights, who from them flung

Ignoble prejudice, and wisdom's way

E'er deemed, whilst to their honoured cause they clung,

Thoughts to revere, wide from their own astray.

Witness Adolphus. Thou can'st truly say,

His early friend, faithful in days long gone,  
 Ere yet untimely fate had torn away

Thy priceless life, how brightly ever shone  
 His Spirit's fairness; how he zealous spoke

In sage's warfare, anxious to sustain  
 Truth, one, essential; nor yet rash, awoke

The hostile mind, from the foul venom stain  
Nobly exempt, of bigot rage, fierce, proud,  
That argument defies, and reason's light  
Contemptuous shuns, and, scowling, throws its shroud  
On thoughts, facts, words, affrighted truth to blight.

But foreign was He all, in manner, gait?—  
It only was the culture of his mind,  
That to the highest, holiest mental state,  
Ceaseless aspired, by Gallia's art refined,  
And natural bent, that ever anxious sought  
Whate'er was perfect, beautiful and good.  
Hence was to him that "grace of life unbought,"  
Our statesman praised; hence his more polished mood.

When, in his earlier days, the Northern wave  
Bore Gallia's exile to Edina's shore,  
He, not ungrateful, cordial welcome gave,  
He but obeyed thy gen'rous will—no more.  
And Scotia, long so hospitable famed,  
Magnanimous rejoiced, a son she owned,  
Who could misfortune, soothing, greet, that claimed  
His care not less, that 't was Gaul's King uncrowned.

Happy, Britannia, thy favored land!—  
May never be the day, when adverse fate  
Scornful repelled, shall shun thy wave bound strand,  
And struck by party, or by tyrant hate,  
A refuge seek,—a peaceful, honored stay,  
Far from thy shores, in stranger, distant climes  
More prosp'rous, potent, grown, thy power away,  
Or less than now. May Heaven avert such times!  
The exile ne'er, in vain, thy shelter claims.  
No care of thine, his country or his cause;  
No less the humblest, than the mightiest names  
Have ever sought the safety of thy laws.

So he, whose lot we mourn, ne'er yet beheld,  
And steeled his soul, the banished, or forlorn,  
His favor need, nor e'er his care withheld.  
Alike to him the child in bondage born,  
And he whose sires in royal purple shone.

The fall'n lot, the care-worn sorrowing brow,  
 The happier days, the gifts of fortune gone,  
 E'er caused the sympathetic tear to flow.

And equal was bestowed his Past'ral zeal.  
 Gallia, indeed, might loving kindred own,  
 And fair Italia for Religion's weal,  
 Her skill in art, and learning's high renown,  
 Superior claim prefer; while Britain's sons  
 A faithful Patriot's love might all engage.  
 Celts to him the same, Ausonians, Saxons,  
 Debtor was he, gen'rous, alike to all.  
 Greek or remote Barbarian, bond or free,  
 Gentile or Jew, as taught the inspired Paul,  
 CHRIST'S Flock in all, his lib'ral gift to see.

Expanded views, the glory of our age,  
 His mind illumed, and great Redemption's plan,  
 He knew, and could this Truth sublime unfold,  
 For all was given, who bore the name of man;  
 Varied, though one, the Heavenly Shepherd's Fold.

This Fold to guard, extend, his constant care.  
 Its sorrows his,—its joys his brightest crown.  
 Its walls to build, time's breaches to repair,  
 His thoughts employed; and this, his chief renown,  
 That whilst, with vig'rous hand, he earnest toiled,  
 The sword, like Judah's valiant Prince he bore, (IV.)  
 And when foes, jealous, bold, in pride defiled  
 The sacred pile, displayed his conqu'ring power,  
 Rolled back the battle's tide, and bad reverse  
 The sacred place, so glorious of old;  
 In glory yet renewed to rise, whate'er  
 The baseless tales, by Prophet vain foretold.

To war of words, more than was meet inclined?  
 No. Such not the truth. Aggressive never.  
 But e'er should they who boasted learning's mind,  
 The fight engage, forth from well stored quiver,  
 With quick, unerring aim, his darts he flung,  
 And, they who, inexperienced, victory sought,

Struck down, with humbled crest, and bough unstrung,  
Astonished fled, new wisdom dearly bought.

And, surely, not so poor the cause he owned,  
As none dare speak, its honor to sustain;  
So deep in mire of libel, hopeless, drowned,  
That honest words shall ne'er its truth maintain.

If cause like this there be, 't was not the trust  
To him divinely given,—the sacred call  
To Israel's Holy Fold, that ever must  
Her champions arm, who, herald like, to all  
Her laws proclaim, and fearless of disdain,  
The trumpet sound, her Banquet, rich prepared,  
That chosen souls may share, and they may gain  
Who, ne'er before, such bliss to seek, have dared.

A watchman true, high on her towers he stood,  
Her Peace to guard; not his the ignoble part,  
— Silent to cower, when bold, in hostile mood,  
Approached the foe; he owned no coward heart.

Such not his daily toil, in peaceful hours,—  
Those blessed hours, so frequent now enjoyed,  
When tyrant rule no more the mind overpowers,  
Nor cherished life, poisoned, destroyed,

In sacrifice continual, writhes, nor dares,  
Hopeful, look up, and sigh for Freedom gone.

On Time's wing change hath come; and cheerful shares  
Each Briton now, rich gifts, none may disown,—

Liberty's sweet gifts,—thought no thrall that bears,  
Save Heavenly Wisdom's sway,—words—acts,—all free,

And, what the faithful soul delights and cheers,  
Religion free, in new prosperity

Rejoicing, as in days of pristine power,  
Ere yet, by Time's dull course, her bright car wheels

Encumbered, clogged, sad and reluctant, bore  
A crushing weight,—a weight the soul that steels  
'Gainst influencing Truth,—the incubus

Of worldly favor, that, deceitful, smiles,  
Invites to prosper, luring, thus, and thus,

Whilst ruin waits upon its treach'rous wiles.

These Halcyon days, his best, habitual care,  
The highest, holiest duty to fulfil,



His Priesthood's work sublime,—continual prayer;  
 Thus, earnest, and sincere, to that High Will  
 Deferring, which, in Heavenly Wisdom, made  
 Each heart an altar, whereon sacrifice,  
 In richest, choicest offerings, daily laid,  
 To the eternal Throne, doth grateful rise,  
 Like od'rous incense; such famed magians brought  
 From eastern clime, the cradle of mankind,  
 Where first, aspiring souls their author sought,  
 And soared, like Seraphim, the adoring mind.

Nor, now, with time, have ceased these lofty cares;  
 'Tis but a change of scene; and cruel fate  
 No victory hath won; its victim shares,  
 Subdued its power, in glory increate,  
 The office high, angelic, which erewhile,  
 In robe of light arrayed, and bade Him bear  
 God's message unto men, and strenuous toil  
 In Christ's great cause, that all might list'ning hear,  
 Truth-hearing, believe, and meet-homage pay,  
 Adoration, heartfelt, earnest, profound,  
 To HIM ever; who LIFE IS, KNOWLEDGE, WAY,  
 Whose throne most soaring intellects surround.

From earth removed, but to associate  
 With spirits bright, pure essences, sublime,  
 In bliss that dwell, in Heaven's exalted state,  
 Whose sole employ, scarce known in earthly clime,  
 His will to execute, who reigns alone,†  
 Stand in His presence, and, delighted, bear  
 In "golden vials," to the Almighty throne,‡  
 Vows of devoted souls, best, holiest prayer.

Is ever glorious seen amidst this throng,  
 Still, "as if slain," the LAMB that all atones.\*  
 A thousand and ten thousand tongues prolong,  
 Through Heaven's Dome, the Alleluia tones,  
 That loud, His praise announce, and Seraphs kneel  
 Around His mercy seat, and glowing pour  
 Their burning thoughts, and blissful min'st'ring feel,  
 That worlds on worlds, upon their wings of power,  
 Are Heavenward borne.—'Mid these, now rapt adores

He who on earth, so late, in humblest mood,  
The LAMB adored, and of HIS temp'ral stores,  
That he could give, deemed it his Sovereign good,  
A dwelling not unworthy to provide,  
Where willing souls, CHRIST'S loving MYSTERY  
Might honor, morning, noon, and eventide;  
Fate, death, grave, oh ! where is your victory ?

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# NOTES

TO THE

## POEM ON BISHOP GILLIS.

NOTE X.—“But yesterday, &c.”

Bishop Gillis succeeded to the mitre, and became virtually, although with the title only, of “VICAR APOSTOLIC,” BISHOP OF EDINBURGH, and the EASTERN DISTRICT OF SCOTLAND, at the decease of his immediate predecessor, BISHOP CARRUTHERS, on the twenty-fourth day of May, 1852. His widely lamented death was announced by the *Scotsman*, (Edinburgh Newspaper), of 27th February, 1864, in the following words:

“DEATH OF BISHOP GILLIS.—There will be deep regret far beyond the limits of his Church at the announcement of the death of the Right Rev. James Gillis, D.D.; virtually though not titularly, Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh and the East of Scotland. Bishop Gillis has been for months, more or less, an invalid, but a few weeks ago he rallied, and remained in comparatively fair health until the late return of severe weather. On Tuesday, Feb. 23, his illness underwent a rather sudden aggravation, and he gradually sank until he expired at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Bishop Gillis' age was 62. His father was a native of the Scottish Highlands, his mother a French Canadian; and doubtless his lineage on the mother's side, along with his early training, contributed largely to make him so much of a Frenchman as he was in appearance and manner. He was ordained priest in 1827, consecrated Bishop of Limyra in 1838, acted several years as coadjutor of the late Bishop Carruthers, and since that greatly beloved prelate's death has acted as Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District of Scotland. Bishop Gillis possessed great general accomplishments and a polished manner; and though very zealous for his Church, he had many friends and admirers differing widely from him in opinion. He was eminent as an orator and preacher, not only in English, but perhaps even more in French. So highly was he esteemed as a French pulpit orator, that he was lately selected by the French Bishops to preach before the Emperor the sermon at the Commemoration of Joan of Arc. By the death of Bishop Gillis the Catholic Church in Scotland has lost a prelate of untiring zeal and extensive influence, and Scotland herself has lost a son fairly entitled to be classed as eminent.”

NOTE 1.—“Vain their essay, who dared repel thy word.”

Shortly before the events of July, 1830, Bishop Gillis preached, with universal acceptance, before the Court and Aristocracy of France. Although his object was only to interest the French people and their rulers in the cause of the Scottish Catholic Church, which was, at that time, beginning to revive, he produced a profound religious impression by his extraordinary eloquence, which was pronounced by competent judges, to be unrivalled. His knowledge of the French language could not be surpassed. His diction was considered pure and unexceptionable at the polished Court of Charles X.

NOTE 2.—“Now Orleans and thou, one classic ground.”

Bishop Gillis was invited by the Bishops of France to preach at Orleans, on occasion of the magnificent national celebration there, of a centenary festival in honor of Joan of Arc. The French people, and they were largely represented in the Cathedral of Orleans,—together with their Emperor, their Prelates and their Senate, listened with no ordinary delight, to the truly grand oration of the Scottish Bishop. The people of Orleans, in order to mark their appreciation of the learned and highly gifted Prelate, confided to his care a valuable relic—the HEART OF KING HENRY II. OF ENGLAND—which had been so long preserved in their city, in order that it might be borne back in safety, to the country over which that monarch had reigned.

NOTE 3.—“Parent of Learning’s Homes.”

FOURTEEN Scotch Monasteries in Germany, had sprung from the Foundations of the Scottish Benedictine House of St. James at Ratisbon.—(See a very able article—“*Scottish Religious Houses Abroad*,”—in the “*Edinburgh Review*,” for January, 1864.)

NOTE 4.—“One thousand years and more.”

The Foundation of the Monastery of St. James, was co-eval with the Norman Conquest. But, it was a consequence of the wonderful Scoto-Irish civilization in the sixth and seventh centuries, which is, now at length, beginning to attract the attention of the more fashionable LITERATI. It was more directly the result of those Hospitals of the Scots which Holy men of that nation had built in Germany, previously to the ninth century.

NOTE 5.—“Scotia’s sons, the noblest, best.”

In the latter years of St. James, after the re-modelling of the establishment by Father Placidus Fleming, of the Scottish Family of the Earls of Wigtown, many of the leading families of Scotland sent their sons to be educated under the superintendence of the Benedictine Fathers. Of these some thirty made their religious profession, either as Benedictines at Ratisbon, as Cistercians at Waldsassen, or as Theatines at Munich, whilst ten, as nearly as can be at present ascertained, became Secular Priests for the Scottish Mission. The greater number remained Laymen. Among their

names, are observed those of Gordon of Beldorney, Gordon of Dorleathers, Gordon of Lecheson, Gordon of Letterfourie, Anderson of Teinet, Arbuthnot of Rora, Du'guid, Auchenleck, Drummond (of the Dukes of Perth), Leslie of Balquain, and Menzies of Pitfoddels.

NOTE 6.—“Nor from thy walls efface the record, &c.”

At the Peace of Amiens, Napoleon spared the Institution, exempting it from secularization, on the ground that it was an educational establishment.

The learned Edinburgh Reviewer informs us, quoting Romana Robertson's Journal, that at this period, (the Peace of Amiens,) “The Lord Abbot Arbuthnot, and several members of the community were to be seen in the first circles of that Imperial City (Ratisbon, where the Diet assembled,) where their extensive acquirements, and of some of the number it may be said, their brilliant talents, gave them a conspicuous position.” The British Envoy generally availed himself of their services, as Interpreters at the Diet, and, “not unfrequently commissioned them to act in his stead.”

NOTE 7.—“Dwell by thy hearth, &c.”

Hospitality was always characteristic of the Benedictine House of St. James. It remained to the latest hour, true to its time-honored traditions. In the days of Father Placidus, the accomplished writer in the Review above quoted, informs us, “we find traces of aged Scottish Gentlemen, who had been engaged in foreign military service, weary of the wars, coming to pass a tranquil old age, without the vows, in this Cloister; such as George Gordon, a Brother of the Earl of Aboyne. Sir George Etherige, the gay companion of Charles II. had kindly relations with St. James, for he left them a library of valuable books.”

NOTE 8.—“And he the Bard, &c.”

Among those who resorted to the Classic Halls of St. James, at the commencement of the present century, was Campbell the Poet. He was most kindly received, his biographer states, by his fellow-countrymen, the members of the Benedictine Community at Ratisbon. It was here that he first beheld the sad realities, and the horrors of war, and derived from thence his inspiration of “the noblest lyric in the English language,” his Ode on the battle of Hohenlinden. From the walls of the Monastery, he beheld sights which nothing could ever obliterate from his recollection. In company with his new friends, the monks of St. James, he witnessed a charge of Klennan's cavalry upon the French, under Greneir.

NOTE 9.—“Niggard Bavaria! was such thy need,  
Thine Ancient Church so fallen, that thou should'st steal  
The widow's mite, &c.”

It is not yet very long since the unpleasant intelligence was published, that the Bavarian Government had seized and appropriated for Bavarian purposes, the Church and Monastery of St. James, with whatever property remained in connection with these buildings. None of these properties

were Bavarian. The circumstance that they were held for eight hundred years under the protection of German Governments, did not constitute them such. And the Government of Bavaria felt that in taking possession of them, they were guilty of an iniquitous act. They acknowledge this by pretending to pay for them. People do not pay for what is already their own. A forced sale, even at an adequate price, does not constitute a just transfer of property. Far less is such transfer effected without any sale at all, by a violent seizure, in opposition to the wishes and earnest remonstrances of the party or parties in possession. A comparatively small sum given, as compensation, on account of such seizure, does not remedy the matter. The Church of St. James alone is worth ten times the sum (£10,000) with which Bavaria pretends to pay for the properties it has unjustly seized. The Government of that country, perhaps, calculated on the Protestant temper of the British Government. They may have been mistaken, however, and they may even discover that they have only forgotten that in the age in which we live, there is a new spirit abroad, which has not yet travelled so far as certain parts of Germany—the spirit of Justice, which metes out equal measure to all, irrespective of religious opinions. It is by no means extravagant to suppose, therefore, that Justice may yet be done. *Fiat!*

The following beautiful passage from the *Edinburgh Review* for January last, will shew that the Church of the SCHOTTEN KLOSTER of Ratisbon is not here over-rated.

"The British Traveller who visits the ancient and beautiful City of Regensburg, the *Regina Castra* of the Romans, the *Ratis bona*, or convenient landing place, of the Middle Age, where, in early times, the Latin merchant bartered the commodities of civilized life, for the furs of the eternal forest; where, in the days of Arnulph the bastard, a mighty commerce had established itself: and where, for many a year, the Diet of the *Holy Reich* used to assemble,—will not have exhausted the objects of interest in that most picturesque Cathedral City, unless he sees what is termed, the *Kirche des Schotten Klosters Zu S. Jacob*. He will there find a most remarkable Romanesque Church, which owes to the later poverty of the Monastery, a comparative immunity from *sei-cento* restoration. He will note the two Eastern Towers, of great beauty and grace; the well developed narthex, in the upper part of which is the Benedictine Choir; the solemn Cloister paved with the sepulchral stones of many generations; and above all the rich and elaborate Norman doorway, unique so far as Germany is concerned, and recalling the peculiar sculptured stones which are found, most plentifully, in the Eastern Counties of Scotland, as well as the serpentine and interlacing decorations which are noted as the distinctive ornamentation of the ancient Celtic manuscripts. In this almost deserted spot, he will recognize the dwelling place for nearly 800 years, of a small and interesting colony of his countrymen, who, after having done their work, have yielded to time, and to circumstances, and, not without some remonstrance, have, lately, surrendered their property, for the use of the Episcopal Seminary, to the authorities of the Bavarian Government."

That this surrender was by no means voluntary, is clearly established by the same well informed Reviewer.

"In 1848, the Government of Bavaria founding on the difficulty of perpetuating a succession of Scottish Benedictines, determined to transfer the establishment to Bavarian members of that order. The Scottish Vicars Apostolic resisted on the plea that the Government had no right to alienate an Institution, intimately associated with such a School for the secular education of Scotsmen as was the Foundation of Abbot Fleming, and they

succeeded for a time, in staving off the evil day; but, within the last three years, a new enemy, in the form of the Bishop of Ratisbon, has succeeded in making good his point. Finding the remains of the ancient Nunnery of the Oberminster, a very insufficient Episcopal Seminary, he determined upon possessing himself of the Schotten Kloster, and in spite of a spirited protest by Father Anselm Robertson, the only remaining professed Father, and the last of the Scottish Benedictines, this Prelate has induced the Bavarian Government to possess themselves of the buildings, and to bestow upon the Scotch, in lieu of all their possessions, the inadequate compensation of £10,000, and, thus, the venerable foundation of Marianus, the last record of a Scotch civilization of nearly a thousand years duration, has passed, it is to be feared, for ever into German hands."

The Reviewer may not be mistaken as regards the conduct of the Bishop in the nefarious transaction, (and this remark is not made from a conviction that Bishops are essentially above doing mean and dishonest things), but, it is well known that when, about 1848, Bishop Gillis went to Germany, in order to negotiate with the Bavarian Government, as the representative of the Scotch Vicars Apostolic, he was kindly received by the Bishop of Ratisbon, who moreover, employed his good services in support of the object he had in view. Since that time, however, there may have arisen a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph.

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NOTE 10.—"No counsel wise and kingly, &c."

When Bishop Gillis was deputed by the other Bishops of Scotland, to negotiate with the Bavarian Government, with a view to the preservation of the Scotch Benedictine House of Ratisbon, he was graciously received by King Louis, who advised, moreover, that his ministry should arrange the matter in a manner satisfactory to the Bishops of Scotland.

NOTE A.—"Like his whom ages style the Golden-Tongue." St. John Chrysostom.

NOTE B.—"And vainly flaunt, in open day, their crimes."

This line was suggested by a circumstance which occurred many years ago, and which may now, not inappropriately, be called to mind, as it not only proves the power of Pastoral zeal and truly Christian eloquence, but shows, also, at the same time, what the opinion of a learned and pious Bishop was, in regard to a species of pastime which has, of late, enjoyed more than its due share of notice by the press, but, which has, nevertheless, subjected the principal actors on a recent occasion, to certain legal consequences, which are, perhaps, as hard to bear, as, at least, any ordinary "milling." The Bishop having learned that it was proposed to hold a prize fight, in the neighbourhood of the city, at which, many of the members of one of the congregations over which he presided, were to be the principal spectators, he addressed the assembled people, so vigorously on the iniquity of such spectacles, pointing out their demoralizing and retrograde tendency, and shewing, likewise, that he was perfectly well acquainted with all the details of the intended arrangements, that the proposed conspiracy, against peace and order, was abandoned. The oration that proved so successful, could be likened to nothing less than the celebrated speech in which Cicero, the Prince of Orators, informed the Roman

Senate, of Cataline's most minute proceedings, and struck terror into the hearts of the conspirators.

NOTE C.—"Ville-Marie."

Montreal, called also *Ville-Marie*, the birth-place of Bishop Gillis. It is at present the most populous City of British North America.

NOTE D.—"Melrose."

"The ancient and beautiful Monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire, as when newly wrought. In some of the Cloisters, as is hinted in the next Canto, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulations. This superb Convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the Monks were of the Cistercian Order."—(*Sir Walter Scott, Lay of the last Minstrél, "Appendix."*)

NOTE E.—The Tweed—Berwick (on the Tweed.)

The great mart for foreign commerce, in the kingdom (of Scotland) previous to 1296, appears to have been Berwick. The importance of this place was considerable. Even in the reign of Malcolm IV., it possessed more ships than any other town in Scotland, and was exposed from its wealth, to visits from the piratical fleets of the Norwegians.

The wealth and importance of this ancient emporium of commerce, became so great in the reign of Alexander II., as to excite the admiration of contemporary authors, one of whom calls it a "second Alexandria," and eulogises the inhabitants for the extent of their donations to religious houses. "But we have," says McPherson, in his *Annals of Commerce*, "better authority than the voice of panegyric, for the prosperity of Berwick; as we find the customs of it assigned by King Alexander, to a merchant of Gascoigne for £2,197 8s. sterling, a sum equal to 32,061 bolls of wheat, at the usual price of sixteen pennies."\*

NOTE F.—"His cherished home, Dalswinton's Miller, named."

So long ago as 1707, the idea existed that vessels might be propelled by steam. Several experiments were, at that time tried by M. Papin, on the river Fulda. In 1783, similar attempts were made by de Jouffroy in France, and Fitch in America. "The first practically successful steamboat," says the *Illustrated London News*, of January 9th, 1864, "was worked in 1787 by Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton in Scotland."

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\* The Customs of England, from Easter 1281, till Easter 1282, netted £3,411 19s. 11½. The value of money at the time, was the same in both countries.



## NOTE G.—“Lone Clouden.”

A tributary of the Nith, celebrated in Scottish song. On its banks stand the ruins of the once magnificent Collegiate Church of Lincluden.

## NOTE H.—“The ruined aisle, where Scotia's fated Queen.”

DUNDRENNAN ABBEY, where QUEEN MARY of Scotland, after the fatal field of Langside, spent the night preceding that ill-fated day, on which, the unhappy Princess embarked for a land, which, for once proved ungenerous.

## NOTE I.—“Where tranquil Tay, &amp;c.”

The great commercial City of Dundee, where there are two large Catholic Churches, and a numerous body of Catholics.

## NOTE J.—“Where of yore, held sway,

The untutored Pict, &c.”

ABERNETHY, the ancient Pictish Capital.

## NOTE K.—“Loved City, styled ‘the Fair,’ &amp;c.”

The ancient City of PERTH on the river Tay. On account of the surpassing beauty of its scenery, it is called “the fair city.” In the time of the Romans, there appears to have been a hamlet or village of some kind where the city now stands. When the invading legions first came in sight of it, they could not avoid exclaiming: “*Ecce Tiberim, ecce Romam!*”

## NOTE L.—“And far where Caledonia's ‘MINSTREL’ song, &amp;c.”

Lawrence Kirk, the birth-place of Beattie, the author of “The MINSTREL,” &c., &c.

## NOTE M.—“To Birnam's classic shades, &amp;c.”

Birnam hill, near Dunkeld, celebrated by Shakspeare. —*See Macbeth.*

## NOTE N.—“Thy vales Dunkeld.”

The Cathedral of this See has not been demolished. Gawin Douglas, known as the poetical translator of Virgil's *Æneid*, was Bishop of Dunkeld.

## NOTE O.—“Scenes, varied, rare, &amp;c.”

In allusion to the highly artistic representations of American scenery, which decorate some of the apartments of Murthly Castle, on the Tay, near Dunkeld, Scotland.

## NOTE P.—“Dumblane, the faithful, &amp;c.”

An allusion to the courageous resistance made by the Clergy of Dumblane, when a lawless mob came to “purify” the Cathedral.

## NOTE Q.—“And thou, Royal Home, that gav'st to England's King Shelter and safety, &amp;c.”

It is now a well established fact that Richard II. of England, escaped from the Castle of Pontefract, where he was supposed to have died soon after his deposition, and that he found means to convey himself in the disguise of a poor traveller to the Western Isles of Scotland, where he was accidentally recognized by a lady who had known him in Ireland, and who was sister-in-law to Donald Lord of the Isles. Clothed in this mean habit, the unhappy Monarch sat down in the kitchen of the Castle (of Dunavertie) belonging to this Island Prince, fearful even in this remote region, of being discovered and delivered up to Henry. He was treated however with much kindness, and given in charge to Lord Montgomery, who carried him to the Court of Robert III., where he was received with honor. It is certain, adds the eminent historian, Mr. Patrick Fraser-Tytler, that during the continuance of the reign of Robert III., and after his death, throughout the regency of Albany, a period of nineteen years, this mysterious person was treated with the consideration befitting the rank of a king, although detained in a sort of honorable captivity; and it was constantly asserted in England and France, and believed by many of those best able to obtain accurate information, that King Richard was alive and kept in Scotland. So much, indeed, was this the case, that the reign of Henry IV. and that of his successor, were disturbed by repeated conspiracies, which were invariably connected with that country, and which had for their object his (Richard's) restoration to the throne. It is certain also, that in contemporary records of unquestionable authenticity, he is spoken of as Richard the Second, King of England; that he lived and died in the Palace of Stirling; and that he was buried with the name, state and honors of that unfortunate Monarch.

These facts are all confirmed by quotations from Bower, a contemporary historian and the continuator of Fordun, as well as many other documents of indisputable authority. Bower's account of the death of Richard, in 1419, is confirmed by an ancient manuscript (*Extracta ex Chronicis Scotiæ*), preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh: “Richard the Second, King of England, died in the Castle of Stirling, in the aforesaid year (1419), and was buried on the feast of St. Lucie the Virgin, on the North side of the High Altar of the Preaching Friars.”

King Richard's Royal image was painted there, and over it, were written the following lines:

“*Angliæ Ricardus jacet hic Rex ipse sepultus.  
Lancastæ quem Dux dejecit arte, mota prodicione,  
Prodicione potens, sceptro potitur iniquo.  
Supplicium luit hujus-ipsius omne genus.  
Ricardum inferis hunc Scotia sustulit annis  
Qui Caustro Striveling vitæ peregit iter,  
Anno milleno quaterceno quoque deno  
Et nono Christi, Regis finis fuit iste.*”

The Church of the Dominican, or Preaching Friars, no longer exists. But, the celebrated writer, Boece, speaks of this inscription over King Richard's Tomb, as visible in his day.—*Boece Hist.* p. 339.

The Chamberlain accounts translated and quoted by Fraser Tytler, are conclusive as to the long sojourn of King Richard at the Scottish Court. The first passage occurs at the end of the accounts for the year 1408. It is as follows: "Be it remembered also, that the said Lord Govenor, down to the present time, has neither demanded nor received any allowance for the sums expended in the support of Richard King of England, and the messengers of France and Wales, at different times, coming into the country, upon whom he has defrayed much, as is well known."—*Rotuli compotorum, vol. III., p. 18.*

At the conclusion of accounts for the year 1414, there is the following passage: "Be it remembered, also, that our Lord, the Duke, Governor of the Kingdom, has not received any allowance, or credit for the expenses of King Richard, incurred from the period of the death of his brother, our Lord, the King of good memory, last deceased."—*Ib. vol. III., p. 18.* A similar statement is found, and in precisely the same words, at the termination of the Chamberlain accounts for the year 1415.

At the conclusion of these accounts for the year 1417, occurs the following passage: "Be it remembered that the Lord Governor has not received any allowance for the expenses and burdens which he sustained for the custody of King Richard of England, from the time of the death of the late King his brother of good memory, being a period of eleven years, which expenses, the Lords Auditors of accounts estimate, at the least, to have amounted, annually, to the sum of a hundred marks, which for the past years, makes in all, seven hundred and thirty-three pounds, six shillings and eight pence."—*Ib. p. 95.*

It was generally believed in France, also, that King Richard had escaped and was in safety. A Poet of the time, Creton, addressed to him an epistle in prose, in order to express his joy at his escape, and his astonishment that he should have been able to survive the wretched condition to which he had been traitorously reduced. The epistle is thus inscribed: "Ainsi come vraye amour requiert, à très noble Prince et vraye Catholique, Richart D'Engle-terre, Je, Creton, ton liege serviteur, te renvoye ceste Epistre." 2.

The same Poet wrote a Ballad, called, "the metrical History of the deposition of Richard the Second." The first stanza is as follows:

"O vous Seignors de sang Royal de France,  
Mettez la main aux armes, vistement,  
Et vous avez certaine cognaissance  
Du Roy qui tant a souffert de tourment  
Par faulx Anglois, qui traiteusement  
Lui out tollu la domination;  
Et puis de mort fait condemnation.  
Mais Dieu, qui est le vray juge es saintz cieulx,  
Lui a sauvé la vie. Main et tart  
Chascun let dit par tut, jeunes et vieulx,  
C'est d'Albion le noble Roy Richart."

NOTE R.—"Stirling that saw'st of yore, &c."

The Castle of Stirling overlooks the Field of Bannockburn.

## NOTE S.—“As on BRUCE's bier, &amp;c.”

The late EARL OF ELGIN, whose lamented death so shortly preceded that of the gifted PRELATE. Dunfermline was for several centuries the burial place of the Royal Family. It was also the Royal residence till the accession of James I. to the English crown. Its historical associations are of the highest interest. The unfortunate Charles I. was born in its Palace, and Robert I., the Bruce of Bannockburn, lies buried under the Tower of its Church.

## NOTE T.—“MURRAY.”

The late SIR JOHN MURRAY, Bart., known as LORD MURRAY of Henderland, a distinguished Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland.

## NOTE U.—“From thy RALPH had sprung.”

ABERCROMBY—LORD DUMFERMLINE, long known as Speaker of the House of Commons.

## NOTE V.—“ORMELIE.”

The late MARQUESS OF BREADALBANE, so long celebrated as LORD ORMELIE.

## NOTE I.—BISHOP HAY.

Born at Edinburgh in 1729; died 1811. He was the last of the Hays of Moncton, a branch of the Family of the Marquess of Tweeddale.

Bishop Hay was not only a pattern of unaffected Piety and Pastoral zeal, but also a profound Theologian and painstaking Biblical Scholar. He is well known to the Catholic world by his learned works: “The Sincere Christian,” “The Pious Christian,” “A Treatise on Miracles,” &c., &c., &c.

## NOTE II.—BISHOP CAMERON.

Born 1747; died 7th February, 1828. In 1780, he was appointed Rector of the Scotch College at Valladolid in Spain, by Bishop Hay, whom, at a later period, he succeeded as Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh.

He was so highly appreciated when in Spain, that he was prevailed upon to supply the place of the aged Bishop of Valladolid. He was Administrator of that Diocese for about three years, when on the demise of the Venerable Prelate, he was strongly urged, both at Valladolid, and by the Government of Spain to accept the vacant mitre. But nothing could divert him from his purpose of returning to Scotland, in order to devote his energies to the service of his country.

Such a character could not fail to win golden opinions amongst the intelligent citizens of Edinburgh. The following quotation from a work which enjoyed great popularity at the time of its publication, will show in what estimation this Prelate was generally held. The author was a Protestant, and if we may judge by the impartial and frequently unsparing manner in which he deals with many of the public characters delineated

in his book, he was by no means disposed, either to overpraise, or to depreciate, on account of rank or position, whether in Church or State. He speaks, as follows, of Bishop Cameron, under the name of *Bishop Perfect*:

"He looks straightforward to the interests of his religion, and to rendering it amiable, exemplary, easy and respectable. He is mild, unaffected, cheerful and gentlemanlike. There is a beauty of holiness which exalts him, and a highly finished polish of manners which fits him for any Court in Europe; nay, there is in him, even such a vivacity of expression, accompanied by politeness, and the beams emanating from a good heart, which so play over and lighten his countenance and his smile, that you might fancy him handsome while conversing with him. No man could ever have been better chosen to accommodate his religion to a country inimical to it than the Bishop is. Besides these qualities, he is a man of science, and of deep reading, which, however, has never disfigured him into a bookworm, nor unfitted him for society, nor fettered him with a monastic air. In a word, he is a *rara avis*, being a Bishop without a Bishopric, a Scotchman without national prejudice, a zealot without bigotry, a man of learning without pedantry, and a Roman Catholic without prejudices, religious, political or in any possible shape."

#### NOTE III.—BISHOP CARRUTHERS.

This "greatly beloved Prelate"—we use the language of the well informed and liberal minded, as recorded in the *Scotsman* newspaper (see Feb'y. 27, 1864), departed this life on the 24th day of May, 1852, at the advanced age of 83.

NOTE IV.—"The sword, like Judah's valiant Prince, he bore."—(*Vide II. Esdras, cap. 4.*)

Bishop Gillis' "LETTER TO THE MODERATOR OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, containing a refutation of certain statements made in that Assembly by the REV. FRED. MONOD," and also, his smaller work on TAHITI, shew how ably, and how temperately, the learned Prelate could wield, on occasion, the sword of controversy. It was generally remarked that when he conceived it to be his duty to discuss any controverted matter, he invariably did so as became the Preacher of peace, not in the spirit of disputation and angry controversy. The works alluded to, were published by Mr. Marshall, Edinburgh, and at 61, (now 53), New Bond Street, London.

NOTE †—"His will to execute," &c.

*Ministri ejus qui facitis verbum ejus.*

NOTE †—"Having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the Saints."—Apoc. V. 8.

NOTE \*—"In the midst of the Throne and of the four living creatures, and in the midst of the Ancients, a LAMB standing as it were slain." "*Tanquam occisum.*"—Apoc. V. 8.

## The late Bishop Gillis, of Edinburgh.

*(From the Tribune.)*

SKETCH OF THE REV. MR. DAWSON'S LECTURE ON THE LATE BISHOP GILLIS, DELIVERED IN ST. PATRICK'S HALL, OTTAWA, ON SUNDAY EVENING, 19th JUNE, 1864.

The liberal portion of the Protestant press in recording the death of Bishop Gillis, had remarked that not only the Catholics of Scotland, but also the country itself, had lost "an eminent man," and, indeed, there was scarcely a Prelate of our time, so highly distinguished. There were pious and very learned Bishops, but with the single exception of Mgr. Dupanloup of Orleans, none had been more prominently before the European world, in the zealous fulfilment of his sacerdotal functions. His fame would ever belong to the nation to whose families he owed his descent, and which had been so long the scene of his labours and the witness of his success. But Canada, the land of his birth, might well be proud of so great a son. His extraordinary eloquence, more a gift than an acquisition, was warmly admired at the polished Court of Charles X. of France.

At a later period, such was the estimation in which he was held, the Bishops of France invited him to preach in the Cathedral of Orleans at the national celebration in honor of Joan of Arc, the heroic liberatrix of her country. On that occasion the people marked their appreciation of his character by confiding to his care a precious relic which had long remained in their keeping, the heart of Henry II. of England, in order that it might be safely borne back to the country over which that monarch had reigned.

His earnest labours in behalf of the Church to which the learned Prelate was called, were as successful, as they were strenuous and unceasing. He bore a principal part in providing funds for the reviving missions of Edinburgh, and he succeeded in endowing them with invaluable institutions. The Guild of St. Joseph, entirely his creation, will long survive, and prove a lasting monument to his memory. Generations to come will praise him for having introduced into the Scottish metropolis, that devout and accomplished community of Religious Ladies, who act in the two-fold capacity of Sisters of Charity and teachers of youth.

Of no Minister of religion could it be more truly said, that "he loved the beauty of God's house." The principal Catholic Church of the city which he improved and decorated, bears witness to his unquestioned taste, and to the soundness of his views as regards the ornamentation of churches.

St. Patrick's Church, Lothian Road, in the erection of which, together with his venerated predecessor, he shared so largely, entitled him to the gratitude of the Irish portion of his fellow-citizens. But this work, however important at the time it was accomplished, is now lost sight of in the presence of the greater things that have since been done. To the zeal and munificence of Bishop Gillis alone are the Irish people of Edinburgh indebted for that more spacious and magnificent church, known as "New St. Patrick's," which, may we hope, will long remain a bright ornament in the most densely populated portion of the city.

The Chapel of St. Margaret, although not of large dimensions, would itself suffice to show that his ideas of ecclesiastical architecture were in perfect harmony with those of the greatest masters. This is further shewn by the cordial and liberal manner in which he seconded the labours of the celebrated Welby de Pugin, in his endeavours, which have proved so generally successful, to revive, throughout the British Empire, that beautiful and most appropriate style of Church architecture, which had so long been one of his chief glories.

It had been remarked that the deceased Bishop was "addicted to controversy." If to repel with becoming spirit the calumnies that have been heaped upon the Church, of which he was a minister, could lay him open to this charge, he must, indeed, be found guilty; but if, when driven by hard necessity to defend himself and the cause which he had espoused, he spoke and wrote in the language of courtesy and moderation, we must hold him to be honorably acquitted. And such was the verdict of the enlightened portion of the Protestant world, by whom he was held in the highest estimation. With Protestants, too, he was accustomed to live on terms of friendship, and concur with them in the promotion of schemes of charity, benevolence and improvement. The country now laments the loss of many of those large-minded men—who co-operated with him—such as Lords Murray and Dunfermline (Abercrombie), together with the Marquis of Braedalbane, who, although a member latterly of the Free Presbyterian Church, had always been, like the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, a friendly advocate of the Catholic cause.

His energetic efforts to preserve the celebrated Scottish Benedictine Monastery at Ratisbon, must be gratefully remembered by the polite and learned, as well as by the whole Catholic world. In order to effect this purpose, he went to Germany as the representative of the Catholic Bishops of Scotland. Highly recommended by the liberal government of the time, he succeeded in obtaining the favour of King Louis of Bavaria, who advised his ministry to deal generously with him, as regarded the object of his mission. Finally, however, he only prevailed so far as to retard for some time the unjustifiable act of spoliation, which we have now at last to bewail. It was not the fault of Bishop Gillis, if that splendid monument of Scoto-Celtic civilization in Germany, which had outlived the disorders and the disasters of the dark ages, and which, in a later age, even the fierce Bonaparte respected, came, in our days, to be annihilated.

## REVIEWS.

### No. I.

BIBLIOTHECA CANADENSIS, OR MANUAL OF CANADIAN LITERATURE; BY  
HENRY J. MORGAN, OTTAWA, 1867.

Canadian, or to use an expression which, although now indeed not more general, will be better understood, British North American Literature is still in its infancy. But it glories in a sound constitution and gives promise of a vigorous manhood. It can already point to its Historians, its Poets, its Orators, its Essayists, and a goodly array of Scientific writers. What may we not, therefore, expect of its maturer age?

Like the country itself, it commences its high career under the most favourable auspices, but it has many difficulties to contend with. No nation that can be named ever entered on a course of national existence under more advantageous circumstances than the Dominion of Canada. So, Canadian Literature may be said to be equally favored. It has not, as had the letters of more ancient communities at their commencement, to fight its way through all but impenetrable ignorance, and with no other weapons than languages which had as yet to be created, which grew with their growth, and which, together with them, attained the highest possible degree of elegance and perfection. These languages, so rich, so polished, so perfect, are the ready and willing handmaids of Canadian Literature. It has not to go in search of modes of expression. It has not to excavate, from the dead tongues of the long buried ages of the past, a language for itself. The weapon of speech is put into its hand, like the Damascus blade with its keen edge and shining steel, fit for immediate use. Its inventive powers are completely under its control; unshackled by the fetters that so formidably impeded the march of mind in former ages. It may devote all its energies to thought. New veins



may be struck, new combinations conceived, and truths, long veiled in impenetrable mystery, brought to light. Every day brings to our knowledge treasures which, from the beginning of time, have lain hid in the depths of the earth. Who knows what greater treasures may be drawn to the light of day, from the still profounder depths of the human intellect?

But it cannot be denied that there are many serious impediments to the growth of Canadian literature. In these new times and newer lands of the West there is no *preux chevalier* or mighty feudal baron to pluck a diamond from his coronet, or a link from his chain of gold, as a recompense to the successful bard. Nor does there exist such a thing as the patronage of later times, nor, to compensate for its hardly to be regretted loss, is there in these recently settled wilds, an appreciative public. We are not rich in Byrons and Tom Moores; but if we were, where is the publishing firm wealthy enough, or having spirit enough, to give £3,000 sterling for one production of their muse? But the star of hope will guide our men of letters through the difficulties and hindrances of the present time. Mind lives in the future. Our men of genius whilst they delight in the prospect that lies before them, will find true pleasure also in the sacrifices of the present passing hour, and the certainty of enduring fame will cheer them amid privations and disappointed hopes.

It is no matter for surprise, if in a young community, almost wholly engrossed with the care of providing for its material wants, there should be little leisure for the cultivation of letters, scarcely time for reading anything beyond the news of the day, and consequently little desire for such works as are calculated to afford rational and wholesome entertainment. Add to this, that it but too often happens that any leisure which our people can command, is not made available for their own mental culture and the interests of Canadian literature. Productions of a lighter character, sensational and not over moral tales, together with sophistical treatises, written frequently in the most exciting style, and insidiously advocating principles that are subversive of the happiness of mankind, are constantly emanating from the press of the great cities of this continent and are distributed at a cheap rate to the citizens of our nascent state. This is no fair literary rivalry. It can be characterized only

as a vile pandering to the lower appetites and passions, and an unworthy endeavour to excite them to rebellion against the mind—their constitutional and legitimate sovereign. But if our Universities and Colleges and numerous schools are destined, as they are designed, to exercise a beneficial influence in the land, the time must soon be at an end when the mental food of our people can be derived from such poisoned sources. Then, indeed, we may hope that a new era will dawn on our country, and that the healthy tone of public feeling will render impossible all contamination from beyond our borders, and will encourage only that truly noble emulation which ought to exist between men of genius, men of letters and men of principle, in every nation under the sun.

In promoting these great objects the work before us is eminently calculated to do good service. The author has taken extraordinary pains in ascertaining the names, the literary productions, and the biographies of Canadian authors, as well as other writers whose labors have tended to advance the interests or extend the fame of these countries. He enters into the most minute details, and, without wearying the reader by their unnecessary length. From the most voluminous authors to the writers of the smallest pamphlets of 8 and 12 and 23 pages, none are forgotten. If we may be allowed to find fault in any degree, where there is so much that is deserving of the highest praise, we would say that some of the biographical notices appear to depart from the rule which the author had laid down for himself. They contain information, which, although most valuable, will, to the uninitiated, at least, appear to be unnecessary, together with quotations from newspapers and reviews, the substance of which, we humbly conceive, or a few lines of the *ipsissima verba*, would have been amply sufficient. We do not insist, that this is a fault, although it be a deviation from the author's rule. For our own part it would only afford us pleasure to read much longer biographical notices, all through the work. There is no man of ability or learning, who has devoted his talents to the cause of literature, whose history does not possess for us the highest interest. We congratulate Mr. Morgan on the completion of his laborious task, and conclude by expressing our wish that his work may meet with all the success to which its many merits give it an undoubted claim.

## Reviews.

## No. II.

DREAMLAND AND OTHER POEMS; BY CHARLES MAIR.

MONTREAL—Dawson Bros. LONDON—Sampson, Low, &amp;c.

[From the Ottawa Citizen, October 7th, 1868.]

The author of this pretty little volume has not disappointed the literary public. It is quite equal to the most sanguine expectations that the warmest admirers of Mr. MAIR's poetical talent could have entertained. His work, though inconsiderable as regards bulk, is truly great as a production of genius, or rather of art and genius combined. A great master of the poetic art has said, "*nascitur non fit Poeta*." The Divine gift must be born with the favored child of the muses. But art must also play its part. "*Sape stylus lum. veritas*," says the poetical dictator, and your poem will be all the better for being subjected to this severe ordeal of the *stylus* during no less a period than seven long years. A formidable time truly, for the youthful Bard, conscious of his powers, to remain satisfied with obscurity ere he can touch the inheritance to which he is born, or dare to pluck the tempting wreath which awaits him, from the temple of Fame. We cannot say whether our author has resorted to a seven years' application of the terrible *stylus*. But this we know, and the same must be manifest to every one who reads his book, with unjaudiced eyes, that he has applied it to good purpose. Genius alone could never have produced such a work. Education, and no ordinary education must be allowed its share in so great an achievement. The poems in Mr. Mair's volume give proof of the highest cultivation. They whose genius shines, with all the charm of enigma and incomprehensibility, through sesquipedalian

stanzas and intolerable doggrels, will make little account of the perfection of art which can only result from culture and the most rigid mental discipline. Our only wonder, in reading Mr. Mair's poems, is that so young an author should have attained this perfection. And yet that it has cost him much persevering labor to reach such heights of excellence, there is no room to doubt. The inevitable law which declares that genius shall not be independent of toil and discipline, removes all question as to the fact. What may be considered a fault, if fault indeed it be, in Mr. Mair's productions, the extreme polish resulting from a finished education and much reading, rather than from contact with the world, affords to us an additional proof that our author has known how to combine, with the gift of nature, that art, without which, it would remain latent and veiled from view, like the diamond embedded in the rock, or would only burst forth, like the fire of the volcano, to disorganize and devastate.

It will be said, perhaps, that the youthful poet employs some words that are not much in use, and which however respectable, inasmuch as they hold their place in the Dictionary, would nevertheless be more honored, if we may so express it, "*in the breach than the observance.*" But it must be remembered that poetry has its privilege, and that time and society with their powerful correctives, rub off infallibly, the dust, and clear away even the mists of the school. Some critic has accused our author of having gone so far as to indulge in the *spasmodic* and unintelligible, sacrificing to the exigencies of Rhyme. If this be so we must humbly confess that we have not had sufficient penetration to discover the blemish. And it may be that our admiration has blinded us to smaller faults. We may even, like Horace, to whom all of the critic tribe must bow, presume to ignore such things.

"*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine non Ego paucis  
Offendar maculis,*" (*Hor : ars poetica.*)

We cannot admit that our young poet offers sacrifice so largely as a recent critic pretends, to the Moloch of Rhyme. It would be hard to make us believe, for instance, that the expression "*watery doom*" in the beautiful poem "*Night and Morn,*" has been chosen merely in order to suit the purposes of Rhyme. Is not the learned critic aware that many peo-

ple in England are addicted to the habit of pronouncing *dome* as if it were written *doom*? "*Watery dome*" may be very appropriately used to signify the ocean, whether we consider it as a vast abode, or as the great covering, which in dome-like form, envelopes so much of the terrestrial globe. That the author has written *dome*, as it must be pronounced in his poem, or that the printer has so printed it, is either a fault of transcription or an error of that very erring institution, the Press. The great beauty of the Poem would atone for many lesser, and even for a tolerable amount of major faults, if any such there were: "*Ubi plura nitent, &c.*" But, indeed, all the poems in this small but rare collection, are very beautiful. Let us select one or two at random. What could be more pathetic than "*Alice*?" No wonder if tears gushed down the fond mother's cheeks whilst her dying child still possessing her fine appreciation of the beauties of nature, longed for the Spring.

"Nor her sad swift tears could she hide,  
Nor her sighs could she stifle I trow,  
For the drooping child still cried "come!"  
To the sweet Spring mead let us pass,  
For I long for the wild bee's hum,  
And the grasshopper's chirp in the grass!"

The address to a "*Morning Cloud*" is very grand. The quoting of a few words can only convey an imperfect idea:

O golden shape! Fair full blown flower of Heaven!  
Gift of the dawn and far possessing sea!  
Thou foster child of sun-shine and the free  
Wild air of summer, wherefore art thou given  
To mock us with delights which quickly flee  
Th' inviting of our souls!

Pursuing this profoundly melancholy thread of thought, the poet continues:

Nought lasts but sorrow, all things else decay,  
And time is full of losing and forgetting.

Our days are grief and scarcely worth their setting,  
Wherein there is repose and slumber deep,  
And therefore are we thankful for our sleep.

Perchance therein we lose ourselves, and keep  
Part of an ageless silence;

Then how he speaks of what is so wisely but mysteriously appointed !

Th' inscrutable decree which brought us here  
Makes myriads wretched and shall keep them so  
Till death uplifts the bars for those who wait  
And yearn along the soundless gulfs of fate ;

He would have us wait, nevertheless, beneath the  
" *Glorious Sun.*"

Let light come to our eyes, for it is good  
To see the small flowers open one by one,  
And see the wild wings fleeting through the wood.  
They grow and perish uncomplainingly,  
And blameless live and end their blameless years.  
And mayhap we are blind and cannot see  
The rainbow shining, in the mist of tears ;  
And mayhap we are dull, and cannot feel  
The touch which strengthens and the lips which heal.

" *The Little Wren*" is an exquisite piece. The subject of it, if we divine aright, is a more important one than feathered Wrens and Robins are accustomed to discuss.

We like "*The North Wind's Tale.*" We could listen with unmingled pleasure to old Boreas if he would give up his stern usage of blowing

" *Great gusts which sweep away men's breath,*"

and would only discourse in such sweet and melodious lines as those in which our poet makes him relate his tale of suffering and death. But they who would know Mr. Mair must read for themselves. His sonnets are very beautiful, and notwithstanding the difficulties of this kind of composition, poetically correct. We shall conclude with a few lines of his fine tribute to the memory of the late Honorable D'ARCY MCGEE.

Cold is the agent brow,  
And cold the lips are now,  
Which parted, and strange rapture and delight  
Came to men's hearts and minds  
Like journeyings of the winds,  
Or stars which shine, or flowers which blow by night,  
And Fancy, like a dream, drew by  
The curtains of a cloudless destiny.

Yea, we like children stood,  
 When in his lofty mood,  
 He spoke of manly deeds which we might claim,  
 And made responses fit  
 While heavenly genius lit  
 His melancholy eyes with lambent flame,  
 And saw the distant aureoles,  
 And felt the future thunder in our souls.

. . . . .

And, in his visions true,  
 There came high forms anew—  
 Dim outlines of a nation yet to stand,  
 Knit to the Empire's fate,  
 In power and virtue great,  
 The Lords and reapers of a virgin land—  
 A mighty realm, where, liberty  
 Shall roof the northern climes from sea to sea.

The denunciation of the murderers is very grand. It is deserving of our attention if it were only because it shews in very powerful language, what God and good men think of such libels on humanity.

The Poems of Charles Mair are indeed a gift, and a right Royal one, to the new Dominion. As regards correct, flowing, elegant, melodious versification, true, chastened, original, elevated thought, the most exquisite pathos, and philosophy, at the same time, of a high standard, nothing superior, if indeed anything equal to the compositions of our Bard, have as yet appeared in Canada. Well might this gifted votary of the muses say with Rome's immortal Poet:

*Favete linguis; carmina non prius  
 Audita, Musarum Sacerdos,  
 Virginibus puerisque canto.*

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[From the Daily Union, Ottawa, January 16, 1886.]

## Death of the Rev. Thomas O'Boyle.

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It is our melancholy duty to record the death of a learned and exemplary Priest, the Rev. Thomas O'Boyle, P.P. of Osgoode, C. W. He had been suffering for a considerable time, from cancer, and his anxiety to be freed from this painful and lingering disease, had induced him to apply one of those severe remedies which, however powerful in eradicating cancers, seldom fail to prove fatal to the patient. The Rev. gentleman was able to discharge his parochial duties until the day after Christmas day, when he thought that he ought not any longer to delay having recourse to the dangerous remedy. It caused the most excruciating torture, and then inflammation and swelling in the throat, chest and hands. Unable to take any nourishment, he sank rapidly, and after having made his will and participated in the sacraments of the Church, through the kind ministrations of his friend and fellow laborer, the Rev. Mr. O'Brien of Gloucester, he departed this life on Sunday the 7th inst. Dr. Allen, of Metcalfe, watched over his last moments with all the care and considerate kindness of a faithful friend. In justice to this gentleman, it must be stated that it was not by his advice that the fatal plaster was applied.

The funeral service was performed on Wednesday, the 10th inst., in the Parish Church, which owes its erection to the zealous care of the deceased. The Rev. Mr. Morell, of Russell, chanted the Mass of Requiem; Rev. Messrs. McGraw and O'Brien, acting as Deacon and sub-deacon. Immediately before the last funeral rites, the Rev. Æ. McD. Dawson, of the Cathedral, Ottawa, delivered a well merited eulogium. Taking for his text, the words, "Blessed are the



dead who die in the Lord," he contrasted the death of the unbelieving who have no hope, with that of the faithful christian, who, dying "in the Lord," is delivered from the "bondage of fear," and, in the awful passage from time to eternity, is cheered by the firm belief that he is surrounded by the merits of his Divine Redeemer, washed of every stain of sin in His all-atoning merits, and that "his works—(whatever he has done in the cause of Christ, and for the glory of God) do follow him."

Of none could it be more truly said than of the deceased, that the virtues, works and labours of his life, were such as to afford him consolation at the hour of death, and to justify the belief, so cheering to his mourning friends and faithful flock, that his lot is now, and forever, with the blessed in the Kingdom of Heaven.

It would be superfluous to give the details of a life which, all who heard him knew, was devoted to the cause of religion and the service of God. Who ever fulfilled more piously the sacred duties of the priesthood and the laborious offices of his parochial charge? Who could have labored more zealously to promote the spiritual, and, as far as lay in his power, and was consistent with his calling, the temporal well-being of his people? It could be truly said of him that "he followed peace with all men;" not only by reconciling differences between the members of his flock, but also by giving frequent proofs of that *good will*, the most desired characteristic of the age, which tends so powerfully to effect a reconciliation of all who bear the christian name.

They had always known him as a faithful minister of God's word, neither disguising its severities, nor withholding its consolations,—inspiring always the well founded hope which cheers the earnest and persevering christian in the days of his probation. His flock had ever revered him as a zealous and charitable "Dispenser" amongst them, of the "mysteries of God"; but he would also live long in their remembrance because of the singular affection which he bore to his fellow countrymen, his zeal in promoting every undertaking that was calculated to increase their happiness, the care with which he studied their history, and his scholarly knowledge of their ancient language. This knowledge he possessed not as a mere accomplishment. Skilled also in the Greek and Hebrew tongues, he made it

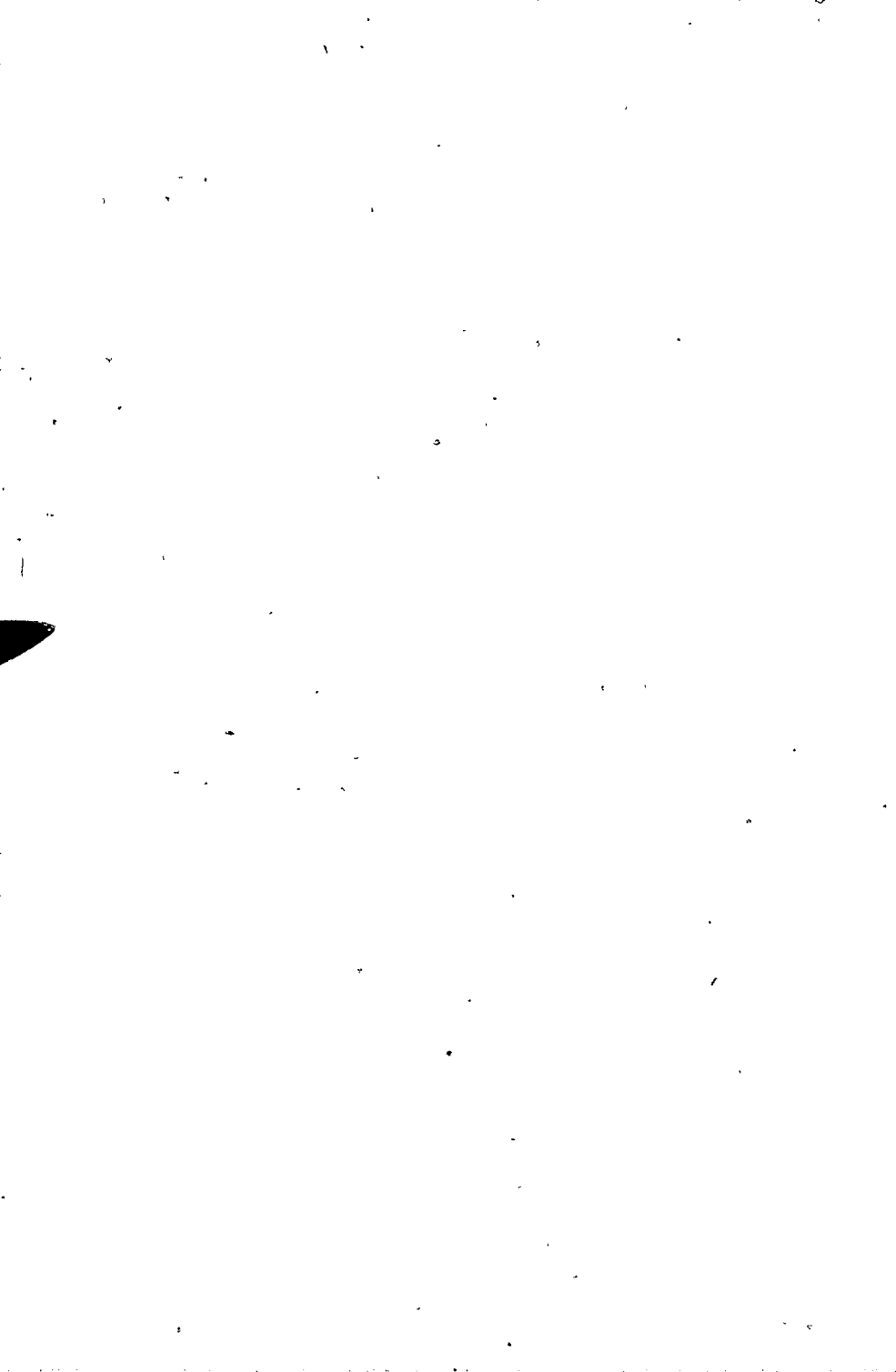
available in the cause of truth, devoted it to the service of his country in preparing a Gaelic version from the original of the Holy Gospels. His friends regret, and the learned have also cause to regret that time was not allowed him to complete this valuable labour.

His pious works and labours of love so zealously undertaken for his Brethren upon earth, were no longer theirs. They had *followed him*. If they surround his bier with a halo of earthly fame, they did infinitely more in the world beyond the grave. Wrapped in the greater,—the inappreciable works of HIM “who gave Himself for us,” merged in the ocean of His unfathomable love, they encircle him now, we have the confidence to think, with a “Crown of life,”—even life everlasting in Heaven.

The funeral was attended by the great body of his sorrowing Parishioners. The Right Reverend the Bishop of Ottawa, several Priests of the Diocese, and some of the Oblat Fathers of the College of Ottawa occupied places in the Sanctuary at the Mass of Requiem, and followed the remains of the lamented deceased to their resting place in the adjoining Cemetery. Mr. O’Boyle was in his forty-sixth year. The Church and Presbytery which he built remain the property of the Church. The bulk of his private property he bequeathed to his nearest relations, setting apart a few sums for religious purposes, and some moveable property for the use of his successor. His Library—not very large, but select, he directed to be sent to His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.

THE END





## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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Some of the compositions contained in this volume have been already noticed by the Press. It may not be out of place to reproduce the remarks of the *Canadian Review* and the *Ottawa Union*.

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OUR STRENGTH AND THEIR STRENGTH; THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY; and other Papers chiefly relating to the Dominion of Canada. By the Rev. Æneas MacDonell Dawson. Printed at the *Times* Office, Ottawa. 326 p. 8vo. 1870.

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(From *La Revue Canadienne*.)

This work, an early copy of which has been communicated to us, is not as yet published. It will shortly appear, however, and we shall therefore speak of it by anticipation. The author does not come before the public without a well-founded claim to its sympathy and attention. \* \* \* \* \* His labours are not limited to a speciality. His thirst for knowledge requires a more extended field. He can pass adroitly from a dry page of political economy to a charming invocation of the Muses, and literally fulfils the word of Boileau:

"Sans cesse en écrivant variez vos discours."  
("Cease not, in writing, to vary your discourse.")

This cannot fail to strike the reader as he peruses the elegant and substantial pages of the Rev. Mr. Dawson's volume. His *modus dicendi* is perspicuous, often brilliant, and always subdued. The works which the book contains have almost all appeared already in *Reviews* and news-

papers, sometimes without the author's signature, but always welcomed with that interest which they were so well calculated to excite.

Mr. Dawson begins his work by accounting for the first portion of his title: "*Our Strength, &c.*"

It is a series of political letters which were published in the *Ottawa Times* in reply to the arguments of the Manchester School on the British Colonial question. As is well known, this School endeavours to demonstrate that it is time for the British Empire to set about dismembering itself by separating from its numerous Colonies, the preservation of which, they insist, can only prove a burden to the Imperial Treasury. These theories, although wholly unfounded, have already gained ground in the opinion of the English people. They have found an echo even in the Palace of Westminster, and have, moreover, for their chief advocate there, the Right Honorable Robt. Lowe, who is, at present, a member of the Gladstone Cabinet, and whose opinions have commanded some attention. They are far, however, from having made such way as to induce us to believe in their speedy success. They appear, even, to be falling out of favor in very influential circles where Anti-Colonial views are known to prevail. We need not seek any better proof of this fact than the fall of the *Star*, one of the principal organs of the Manchester School, the recent conversion of the oracle of English journalism, *The London Times*, and the last letter which was published by Professor Goldwin Smith in the *Daily News* of the British Capital. This gentleman is pre-eminently the head of the School which opposes the Colonies. He has always spoken out distinctly in favor of the rupture of Colonial connection. He softens his tone considerably, however, in the letter to which we allude. He extols the importance and wealth of the British Colonies, and, as contradictions do not cost him a great deal, he affirms, although the contrary be alleged, that he has never been in favor of the separation of Great Britain from her Colonies throughout the world, except in the event of the branches having sufficient sap and maturity to grow up alone, when severed from the parent stock, under the fostering shade of representative institutions.

The Rev. Mr. Dawson has made a defence of the Colonial policy of Great Britain, as full of weighty considera-

tions as it is ably written. He fully demonstrates that the mother country could not now abandon its numerous possessions without dealing a terrible blow to its commerce, its prosperity and its power, without yielding up the prominent *role* which has devolved upon it in the direction of European affairs.

The second work in the volume relates to the North West Territory. It points out the natural resources and the material state of the vast regions which Canada has just acquired. The author believes in the fertility of the soil of those immense countries which will soon cease to be available only as hunting and fur-bearing grounds for the use of the Hudson's Bay Company, and will enjoy all the advantages of the new political organization which is on the point of being established. Mr. Dawson refers to the authority of several ocular witnesses in support of his views.

Next comes an eulogium of the lamented Mr. H. J. Friel, late Mayor of the Canadian Capital. This gentleman was one of the oldest inhabitants of Ottawa, and he contributed powerfully by his intelligence and energy towards the progress of that city. He was also a distinguished writer and journalist. During the several years of his public career, his literary and political labours attracted considerable attention. The late Mr. Friel passed away at the moment when his services were best appreciated, and when his prospects were the brightest. He was always a zealous defender of the rights of his Irish fellow-citizens, and a fervent Catholic.

We have noticed also a very interesting study on the Poets of Canada. It is of great length, and is enriched with quotations. It contains, also, most valuable information on the state of Canadian literature. It consists of two parts, in the first of which Mr. Dawson, himself a poet, speaks of the English writers who have left poems deserving of mention. In the second he treats in detail of the Canadian poets who have written in French. As may be supposed, the list of English literary characters is longer than ours. It is easily observed that the poetical effusions of our authors are perfectly well known to Mr. Dawson. He has read their longest compositions as well as their shortest sonnets. And, so, he generally speaks of them with as much intelli-

gence as sympathy. Some of his opinions on the distinctive merit of the inspirations of our poets, may, however, be questioned. We believe, for instance, that he is wrong in comparing the style of M. Garneau, who was not only a great historian, but also an eminent poet, to that of the Songster of the Lake (Lamartine.) We consider them to be very different. Such errors of appreciation are very excusable, and we owe thanks to the author for having conceived the excellent idea of making known so well our men of letters to the English public \* \* \* \* \*

The volume contains, moreover, an oration in praise of the late deeply regretted Thomas D'Arcy McGee. There was great friendship and mutual esteem between our author and this celebrated man. Knowing him so well, he could not but speak worthily of him. This eulogy will be read with pleasure by all the admirers—and who was not an admirer—of the Prince of Canadian Orators.

Mr. Dawson concludes his work with a considerable number of poems, and some reviews of English works. We shall not pretend to give an opinion of the poetical compositions of a Bard who writes his inspirations in the language of Milton. But like all the other works in the volume, they must serve to enhance the value of this collection.

We desire for the author all the encouragement which he deserves, and, we believe that his book will awaken so much interest that, like the volume of which Boileau speaks, it will be

“ \* \* \* Souvent chez Barbin entouré d'acheteurs.”  
 ( \* \* \* “ Often sought at Barbin's by crowds of purchasers.” )

Some of the poems above referred to, when locally published, were noticed in several journals.

The *Ottawa Union* says:—

The *lament* for Bishop Gillis is a beautiful specimen of the Epic style, and an appropriate tribute to the talents, learning and christian charity of one of the most eminent



men of our day. The notes to the *lament* are of great historical value.

The *Dies Irae*, one of the noblest of the early christian hymns, has been ascribed to Saint Athanasius. The authorship is, however, uncertain; but it dates back to the fourth or probably the third century of the Christian Era. The sublime latin version is well known, and only in one instance have we seen as good a translation, or rather rendering, as that offered by the Rev. Mr. Dawson, although several versions have been attempted. The style and subject present many difficulties which are greatly increased by the peculiar measure of the original. In this case at least, we have a vigorous and masterly rendering as near the original as any translation in our language can go.

*Te Deum Laudamus*, the noblest hymn ever composed in any language, and, by far, the most magnificent and triumphant in our own, is very happily versified, and with such a subject, as much has been done as is possible. But, the noble English translation is poetry of the most sublime description in every line, and no rendering can in any way improve its absolute harmony and *actual music*.

The little volume, throughout, evidences the high literary attainments of our reverend fellow-citizen, and reflects great credit on his taste and poetic capacity.

A subsequent issue of the *Union* presented a more detailed notice: "We had the pleasure some time since of receiving proof sheets of a collection of poems by the Rev. Æneas McDonell Dawson, and we then felt it our duty to compliment the talented author on his valuable contribution to Canadian Literature. A few days ago we received a handsomely bound copy of the work. \* \* \* In the narrow compass of a newspaper notice, we can hardly do justice to the merits of these compositions. The style, as may be supposed, is chaste, finished and delicately worded. Imagination, the true charm of verse, the author possesses in an eminent degree, and, the poetic fire, giving life, spirit and force, is, by no means, of the smouldering kind."

Then follow quotations from the poem in memory of the late Lord Elgin, and from the lines for St. Andrew's Day: "All strife away," &c.

"The rev. author's address to an Edinburgh friend, breathes the lofty spirit of an adopted citizen. After a pathetic wafting of praise to the land of his Sires, he thus foretells the greatness of the land he lives in:—

"With you hath been what here may be,  
Yea, will be yet, and we shall see  
New glories crown this virgin land,  
Whate'er is beautiful and grand  
Its own become, as time pours forth  
Of art and toil the varied store,  
Us now enriching, as of yore,  
The father people with the spoil  
Of ages gone, the treasured hoard  
Into the lap unceasing poured  
Of generations as they rise.  
By lib'rai sires, whose high emprise  
Bids earth and air and ocean wide  
Their wealth untold with man divide.

"The gifts so fair, that blessed their toil,—  
LAWS EQUAL,—grace Canadian soil.  
Nor to her conquering patriot sires  
Ungrateful, Canada aspires,  
Onward, in time's great march to speed,  
Like them to win the victor's meed."

Proceeding in his eulogy, localities are mentioned. Alluding to our Canadian men of genius, he says:—

"With soaring view they anxious tend  
The opening intellect to bend,  
By lures that art and science lend.  
Thus, where by great St. Lawrence tide,  
Stately arise in martial pride,  
Quebec's famed walls, and Diamond's towers  
Defiance frown to hostile powers  
The painter's varied skill displays  
The artist mind of other days,  
The architect's ingenious lore  
The art of times gone by, even more  
Sets forth, as wond'ring you behold  
Those massive works now gray and old,  
That oft have beat the foeman back,  
Repelling, firm, each bold attack  
As powerless fell the shattering ball  
Against the compact bomb-proof wall."

"Nor fail with time our wisdom powers,  
Of modern skill the genius ours.  
Witness those edifices grand  
That deck the foaming Ottawa's land:

Magnificent in all their parts,  
 The Architect's and Sculptor's arts,  
 Our people's taste and generous will  
 Glorious display, as on to fill  
 Their high career, they eager speed  
 By honor's path, more pleased the meed  
 Of industry to win, than fame  
 Of hero bold, whose laurelled name  
 In fields of blood that lustrous shone,  
 Survives,—a shadow, bright, but lone."

We must find place for this glowing tribute to a Canadian autumn:—

"And lo! this Autumn feast to grace,  
 Their beauteous leaves the woods apace  
 With loveliest tints endless adorn,  
 These ever-changing hues each morn  
 Rapt you descry in aspect new  
 Of many colored robe, the view  
 So rich and cheering, varied, grand,  
 That annual decks this Western land,  
 The forests vast in their array,  
 The glories of our autumn day  
 With fields and flowers conspire to raise,  
 And waft to distant shores its praise."

The book closes with the following fervent thoughts and aspirations:—

"Deign, gentle PEACE, thine aid to lend,  
 Thy yoke beneath, willing to bend,  
 Let all incline. This favored soil  
 Ever to bless, the sons of toil,  
 Aye happy speed in the grand way  
 This better age hath traced. E'er grow  
 With time their growth. Bounteous bestow  
 The progress meed. With garlands new  
 Thy votaries enwreath. Their view  
 Guide onward, till thy crowns of gold  
 Their brows encircle, wealth untold,  
 And all thy treasures, Peace, abound,  
 And Happiness each hearth surround."

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